

What was the Best Age for Women?
by MARJORIE BOWEN

The Quiver

October
1925

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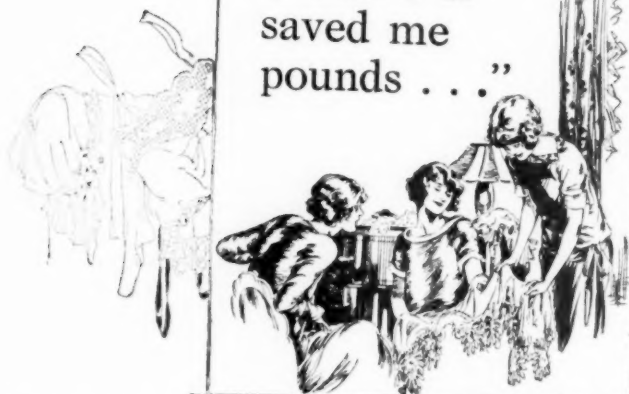
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28
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SHADES

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Blue (Light),
Blue (Mars),
Blue (Royal),
Blue (Saxe),
Brown,
Brown (Bracken),
Cardinal,
Daffodil,
Emerald,
Green (Dark),
Green (Light),
Grey,
Heliotrope,
Jade,
Maroon,
Mauve,
Myrtle,
Navy,
Nipper,
Old Rose,
Pink,
Pink (Shell),
Purple,
Red,
Red (Pillar Box),
Red,
Vermilion.

4^D

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a hobby . . . an
ever so fascinat-
ing hobby! Then
I found it
saved me
pounds . . ."



I LOATHED the colour
of a frock I bought
at the sales, but the
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So I got a Drummer Dye
and . . . well, it's the
frock you've just been
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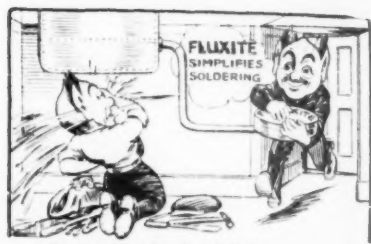


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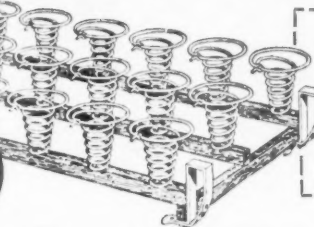
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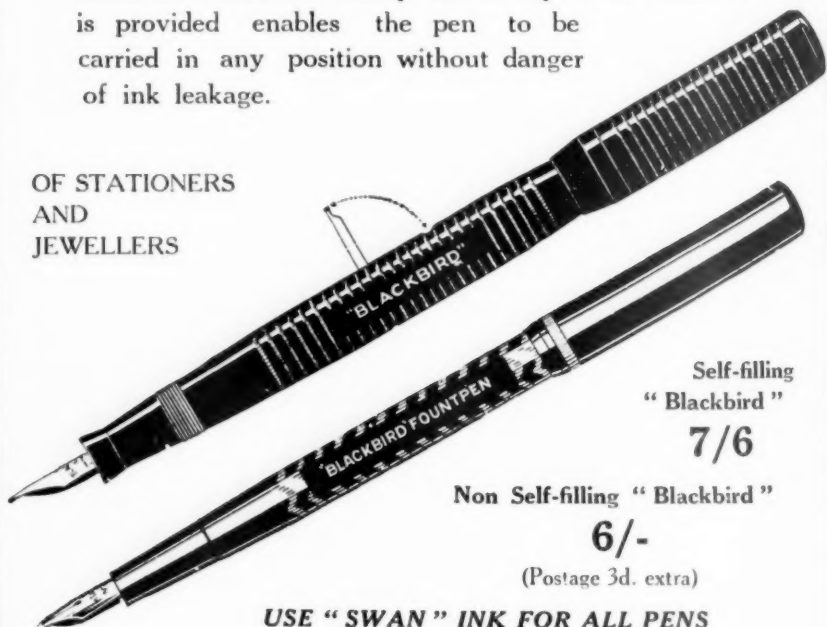
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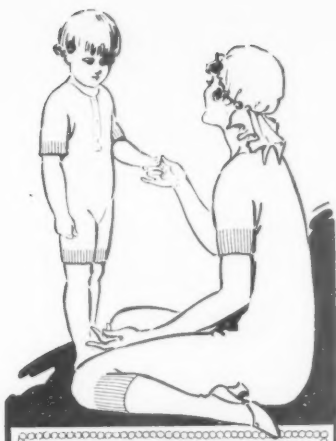
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The Editor's Announcement Page

New Serial by O. DOUGLAS

My New Volume starts next month, and I have much pleasure in announcing that the serial story is to be written by O. Douglas, the well-known and highly popular author of "Penny Plain," "Ann and her Mother," "The Setons," etc.

Hans Andersen, in one of his quaint conceits, pictures a wonderful flute which, when sounded, proclaimed "Everything in its proper place," whereat the baron flew into the herdman's cottage, and the tutor into the place of his lord. A dangerous flute! This is the idea at the back of "The Proper Place," as O. Douglas's new story is called. It gives a graphic picture of Scottish life, and of those drastic changes the war, like the magic flute, has wrought.

This should be one of the most popular serials we have had for a long time.

The Editor

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IF you are a victim there is no need for you to go to Switzerland, the Black Forest, a tropical climate or a foreign spa, where at the best you can only obtain temporary relief. A real cure for the disease exists, and can be obtained in England, used in your own home whilst you live your ordinary life. If I cannot rid you of the disease, providing you follow my advice and use the remedy as instructed, you can safely consider yourself incurable, although thousands of cases have been considered incurable by the Medical Profession that I have had no difficulty in bringing back to health. Public bodies are now just realising the possible value of the remedy, although so far it has been denied an official test, which would establish its value and consequently abolish T.B. as a dangerous disease.

From the "Northern Daily Telegraph," Monday, May 11th, 1925.

At the last meeting of the Lancashire County Council, Mr. W. M. Rogerson brought before the members—when discussing the minutes of the Tuberculosis Committee—the claims of the specific supplied by Mr. Charles H. Stevens, Wimbledon.

We may mention in this connection that Dr. Sechehaye, a Swiss specialist, has recently, for the third year in succession, read a paper at the Geneva Medical Congress on his experience with the remedy supplied by Mr. Stevens, having treated hundreds of cases. The doctor concluded as follows: "The figures given are only a statement destined to make the considerable value of a remedy understood, which, taken in time, allows, in most cases, a victorious fight against the disease, and insures a quick and more certain remedy."

This harmonises with the opinion of an English physician who had been in general practice for over forty years in a large industrial centre, and had treated a large number of consumptive cases. In a communication to Mr. T. P. Ritzema, of Blackburn, two years ago, he summed up his opinion about Mr. Stevens' remedy as follows: "(1) That it is absolutely harmless. I have used it on patients of all ages. The younger the patient, the more rapid is its beneficial action, as a rule. (2) That, if it has not cured, it has benefited every case of Pulmonary Tuberculosis in which I have tried it. (3) That if treatment is commenced in the early stages, a cure may be guaranteed in practically every case."

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The QUIVER

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Some men are proverbially good at grasping opportunities as they come—and some are notoriously good at missing them.

We all have our opportunities. Why do we miss them?

Well, to seize the chances that life brings us needs quick vision, but it needs more than this. Faith, courage, self-confidence, judgment: these are all essential if we would make the most of the opportunities that come our way. For come our way they do and will. Do not blame fate or Providence for your failures. Remember: vision, faith, self-confidence, courage—and go ahead.



""Thank you kindly," quavered Martha, going through.
'There's ne'er such a marrer in all Forde'"—p. 1115

Drawn by
H. Collier

Martha Goodban's Marrow

by
MICHAEL KENT

AS was customary on Saturday morning Benjie brought the cottage club accounts to his aunt, Mrs. Delafield. He found her in the glasshouse, very straight, very dignified, gloved and gabardined, holding council with Griggs on the condition of the Hall roses. Her autocratic, patriarchal rule in Forde and the love of flowers were her two passions.

"I'm disappointed in the Duchess, Griggs; she's reverting. She'll lose her tone and become just common."

Griggs nodded sympathetically. "It takes years of nursing to hoist 'em out of the rut, ma'am, an' some'll slip back in a season. You can't make gentlefolk, even with rose trees, in a year or two."

Naturally that reminded her of Topover.

"By the way," said she, "just inside Topover gates I noticed a rather new variety, a standard almost white but shading at the edges through primrose to pink. Will you find out its name, Griggs, and make a note of it for next year?"

Griggs rubbed his chin. "No manner of use, ma'am. She's in no catalogue, nor won't be yet awhile. She's Smithers' blossom."

Mrs. Delafield smiled distantly. "Only to be obtained from Messrs. Smithers, who are the sole agents?" she queried.

That was in a humour that Griggs did not quite grasp. "I don't think Sir Dan Smithers——"

"Sir Daniel Smithers," corrected Mrs. Delafield.

"Sir Daniel Smithers, he don't sell anything at the house, ma'am," he returned. "And I've asked his first gardener, but I might have saved me breath."

"Ah, the club books!" Mrs. Delafield was glad of the interruption. "I'll come, Benjie."

She never passed accounts without looking at them, even when she did not understand. Mrs. Delafield had been bred in the faith that her name and sign was a thing of value not to be lightly lent.

"Twenty-seven pounds ten," said she. "The last few weeks it has always been less than twenty pounds. Are you sure your sums are right, Benjamin?"

"Quite, Aunt Mary." Benjie was rather pleased with the figures. It was his aunt's pet idea for encouraging the cottage dwellers in Forde to buy their houses. "We've had a lift. Sir Dan Smithers——"

"Sir Daniel Smithers," interrupted Mrs. Delafield.

"Sorry." Benjie grinned. "It's the popular form. Sir Daniel has come down nobly, added ten shillings this week to the deposits of each of his own people. The bona fide savings are less, because of Whitsuntide."

"Unwarrantable interference," commented Mrs. Delafield.

"It hits up the total," the young man reminded her.

"Fiddlesticks!" Aunt Mary shook her grey head at him. "I want our people to buy their own cottages and be independent. He's buying them and making them dependent."

"Shall I call and talk it over with the old chap?" asked Benjie.

"No," returned his aunt. "The Hall does not call on its own greengrocer. Why should it call on other people's?"

But Mrs. Delafield, who had lived, wife and widow, thirty years at the Hall, was being rather hard on a new neighbour.

In the distant Midlands Smithers was well known.

Not so long before Sir Dan, supervising the weighing out of his lorries, would tell how his grandfather came into Dontham with a pack on his back. "And I've had the mayor's chain round my neck, and Bob Poyser to walk in front with stuffed calves and a silver-gilt bedpost, all by giving proper weight!"

Time has been good to almost all who help to fill larders, and Dan with wonder had found himself rich. That only interested him on account of Blossom. He had no use for wealth for himself.

THE QUIVER

Blossom had been a name of his own giving. "She come like a blossom, winsome and white on a branch that had no green on it."

There had been no other to assent or to gainsay, for the branch was dead.

So through middle life Dan had walked lonely. "There, there," he had said of Blossom's mother at the first dark step of the way, "she's gone to a better place, and life's for the living. Isaac, you set about dibbling them seedlings."

Since then all his life had been bound up in his daughter.

But the man had no elasticity. He was the same Dan after success, after transplanting to Forde, very careful about his contract, open of hand and pitiful, humbly anxious to improve himself in those high spheres to which his pile was pushing him, and most solicitous for his Blossom.

Forde is a hard market for a man who would buy gentility. The Hall is in the valley and Topover on the hill. In the church the Hall hatchments, set there as the old squires died, line half an aisle. Lords of Topover kneel in alabaster, breeched, bearded, ruffed, and con eternally their new book of common prayer beside the font. That new book is now an old, old book, but their faith still lives in Forde, that God made "the quality" to be kind, strong and wise, and the mechanical man to be industrious and dutiful that by those five sure pillars mankind might climb to heaven.

The best that was in Forde did not understand Sir Dan's dress or his humour. They were shocked when unconsciously he formed the habit of going forth from church before the Hall party. The worst found his gentility an easy mark.

Certain pitfalls of a bygone etiquette ensnared him too. In his third week at Topover he had called at the Hall, which had not yet left cards.

"Tell the gentleman that I am not at home," said the lady of the manor, "and ask his business."

"Crimes," said Sir Dan, "I've no business; only dropped in neighbourly, seeing the lady on the terrace as I passed."

But in the Hall circles people do not say such things innocently without considering their implications, and "seeing the lady" was held as an ignorant attempt at rebuke. So yawned the gulf between the Hall and Topover.

That was rather hard on Benjie and Blossom.

Benjie, three months before, had come from a Swiss sanatorium, cured, to be his aunt's secretary and Blossom from a visit to Scotland. There would have been little significance in that had Benjie's taxi not found Forde Hill rather too much for it.

Blossom, streaking by in a limousine, sent her chauffeur to inquire into the casualty. The trouble was a burst tyre and a jack that had given up jacking.

"We'll fix that in a jiffy," said the limousine.

In the meantime Benjie sought the owner to return thanks.

The owner's complexion was delicious, her hair and eyes were miracles, and the fresh frankness of her a thing to thank God for. At least, that is Benjie distilled to one-twentieth of volume.

A word about Benjie Delafield. He was the son of a country parsonage with leanings towards the art of writing and tubercular lungs. The one, according to advice, had no market value, and the other having killed a university career had left him at a loose end. Thereon rich Aunt Mary had sent the boy to Davos, where he lay in the sun wrestling victoriously with T.B. She then brought him to the Hall, cured, to be a secretary and librarian, because he was nicely bred and there was no one else to inherit the Hall. But still in the night watches he took down his script of "A Fan in Arcady," begun laboriously up among the snows, and dreamed of the applause of listening senates. That's our Benjie.

Now he stood hat in hand and said, "Thank you."

"Not at all," returned Blossom. "To help lame dogs is the rule of the road."

"But you are a providence," protested Benjie. "I hate to keep my aunt waiting. I must be at the Hall before six."

"Do you live at the Hall?" she inquired. "Then you will have heard of dad. I'm Blossom Smithers."

Blossom had a refreshing way of jumping to conclusions.

Benjie explained who and what he was out of pure honesty, expecting to find a drop in the mercury, for his aunt had written icily about "upstarts." He was mistaken, however.

"Topping," said Blossom. "I find neighbours even before I arrive! We are bound to meet again. Dad's putting down a new tennis court."

How we jump!

By the time the two cars arrived abreast

MARTHA GOODBAN'S MARROW

at the top of Forde Hill Benjie knew what he wanted most in life.

On arrival he told the tale of his delay and deliverance.

"Miss Smithers is the daughter of a neighbouring baronet."

"True," said Aunt Mary, wrinkling her nose. "A baronet of the grosser sort—or at least of the greengrocer sort."

It left Benjie pondering.

But no meditations made things easier for him when a week later he met Blossom and Sir Dan in the village.

"Here's my first friend in Forde, dad," she said, entirely without afterthought; then to Benjie, "When shall we see you at Topover? Dad is dying to hear someone say nice things about his hot-houses!"

"How do, sir?" said Sir Dan, and put forward a hand ready to withdraw if necessary. "I'm new to this life. It's like a sin to me to be out before I've read the market quotations. I hope your aunt is blooming, sir."

"Quite," said Benjie, shaking hands. "You'll get into the swing soon. I must hurry to the bank with the building club money. They only send Forde a cashier for one hour every Saturday!"

Plainly the Smitherses had not yet realized that they were being barred.

"Building club," murmured Sir Dan, looking after the young man. "I'll have to have a finger in that."

And thus we come to where we started, but a little wiser for the tour.

Mrs. Delafield was certain that Sir Dan was a thruster who, failing an audience when he called, was now attempting justification by works. Yet it was easy to see that if she took a strong line over the club contributions it might be construed as jealousy of a reputation which she refused to purchase for herself. At last she decided that Benjie should go to Topover with a letter.

"Mrs. Delafield desires to record her appreciation of Sir Daniel Smithers' interest in her building club," it ran. "It is doubtless with the most altruistic intention that he subsidizes the contributions of those members for whom he has a fellow-feeling, but Mrs. Delafield must point out that this is subversive of her objects, since she keeps in view, in all her social activities, the need of her people to depend upon themselves in all enterprises that may tend to their own improvement. She is careful not to foster a habit of reliance which, itself a dangerous

anodyne, brings yet worse evils in its train."

Aunt Mary had judged that the autocratic manner was desirable. It shelved the personal social question between them and allowed of a few digs under a cloak of urbanity.

Benjie, arriving at Topover on a summer afternoon, found Sir Dan in his shirt sleeves tying up rambler roses. Blossom in an overall was standing by to direct. Blossom in the intervening three months had seen Benjie often. She had tried to. She liked it and it was her nature to be frank and friendly.

But Benjie had never found out how to be loyal to his aunt and amiable to his neighbour.

"Hullo, Delafield!" Sir Dan had seen him and belloyed a welcome. "Found your way here at last after all these weeks. Make him stay to tea, Blossom."

Benjie took off his hat. "Good afternoon, Miss Blossom. Afternoon, Sir Dan. I've got a letter for you from my aunt about the building club. She thinks you may like to discuss it with me."

"Pleased, I'm sure," said Sir Dan, and taking the note started to read with under jaw out-thrust. "Crimes," he murmured, coming up for a breather, "what's altruistic, lad? Whoa back! Here's another of 'em, 'anodyne.' I'll trot up to the library and look 'em up myself. Just take young Delafield along and show him the carnations, Blossom." He looked at Benjie. "I lay the Hall will sit up when they see our dahlias."

So Benjie, hugging his heart tight lest it should leap the barriers and lead his tongue to folly, followed the girl.

She was ideal, all that he had ever imagined or hoped, and her name was bitter to his aunt, who was his sole defence and stay. He was conscious, too, of Blossom's sympathy.

As she led him among the orderly banks of bloom he made his words banal, and that was the more hard because of her honesty.

"Why," asked she at last quite squarely, "why are you cross with me, Benjie?"

"I am not," he protested eagerly. "I couldn't be."

"Then you are worried." Blossom looked very sympathetic.

"I have no right to trouble you with my affairs," said Benjie desperately. "Shall we go back to the terrace?"

But she turned impulsively to him, her brown hand on his arm. "Aren't we all

THE QUIVER

here to help trouble? I would like to help you best of all. I—I—"

Then she, too, fell silent.

"No one can help me," he told her slowly, and did not move, for he would not shake off the detaining hand. "Only a rich man could ask for what I'd give my life to treasure—and I am poor, Blossom."

"Dad gives me a good allowance," she said, "though I spend it quickly. Would money help you, Benjie?"

That simplicity pierced him. He could only meet it with a directness as straight as her own. "I covet your father's brightest Blossom," he said. "Don't let it cloud your sunshine. I will never speak of it again."

"But," her other hand now clung to his lapel, "Benjie, I've dreamed of you and myself as sweethearts ever since we met."

"Hush, hush, my dear," he said. "You mustn't say that."

"It's true," she returned. "And I am proud and glad."

He turned his face away, for the proud, clear eyes so close to his were too alluring. "Father was poorer than you once."

Strangely that vitalized him who had before indulged a habit of melancholy as of a hermit, knowing himself too tender for the world's sharp rubs, who desires, rather than combat, to avoid life and content himself with a sad disdain.

"Oh, my dearest dear," he cried. "What you say honours me beyond my worth; but I cannot ask that you should wait for me."

"All a life, if need be, Benjie," she returned. "I've never thought of any other boy."

Then earth stood still while youth's eternal pact was sealed.

II

BENJIE made his way back triumphant to the Hall. As yet, Sir Dan knew nothing. Difficulties loomed ahead, but they did not appal Benjie.

He was a different boy, a boy with a purpose. Up to the moment in the glass-house he had nursed the thought that fate had loaded the dice against him. He had been passive. On a challenge he would not have deserted the traditions of his creed, but he would have never gone out to fight for them.

Now the world seemed to him a place to go forth blithely in to conquer. He framed his report to his aunt with the hope to move her to a feeling of neighbourliness.

"Sir Dan——"

"Sir Daniel," insisted Aunt Mary calmly.

"Sorry. Sir Daniel met me very well. He's awfully anxious to do everything to please you and——"

"Doubtless," interrupted Mrs. Delafield. "I will read his note."

She found a change in Benjie.

"RESPECTED MADAM," she read aloud, greeting occasional phrases with a lift of the brow. "Honoured with yours of even date *re* club, and very sorry, I am sure, to have put my foot in it, but in difficulties to see how I can draw back, having passed my word. I can only promise that it won't occur again.—Yours obediently,

"DAN SMITHERS."

"P.S.—Suppose I offer those that didn't get my bonus to stock them with fruit and veg when the cottages are built? That's worth money and they'd have to dig for it."

So far the lady read aloud, but at this point eyes outran tongue. "Blossom is certainly beautiful," she said.

"Wonderful," agreed Benjie, delighted with this praise of his most cherished. "She's absolutely the most——"

"I," continued Aunt Mary icily, "refer to the postscript, which says, 'Having come to my notice that you fancy roses, I am asking my gardener to bring you a basket of Smithers' Blossom.'"

For a second the boy was silent, then he burned his boats.

"I was referring to Blossom Smithers," he said proudly.

Never before had he perceived that it was a good thing in itself not to be silent but openly to confess the faith that was in him although the heavens might fall.

"I like Sir Dan," he went on. "Perhaps he has blundered through ignorance, but he is kind and honest and unpretentious. His daughter is the loveliest thing on earth."

The heavens did not fall; they slowly crumbled.

"An enemy in the camp," smiled Aunt Mary. "I sent you forth to curse, Benjamin. Does Sir Daniel know your opinion of his offspring?"

"I think you have been rather lacking in sympathy, auntie," protested the boy, ignoring the question. "I am sorry to say that, for I owe you a great deal."

"Even loyalty," said his aunt dryly.

"So much so," agreed Benjie, "that I hate to see you doing an injustice."



"Then earth stood still while
youth's eternal pact was sealed"

Drawn by
H. Collier

THE QUIVER

"Tcht!" returned Aunt Mary. "You never thought that till you fell in love with the girl."

And the sad end of it was that Benjie looked forward a month to start his race for wealth and beauty from the scratch mark.

His aunt had offered a bare annuity.

"Nothing without your goodwill," said he.

Tacitly it was understood that the inheritance was quite ruled out.

But he was a sublimated Benjie. He had taken stock of himself as so much bone, muscle, nerve and education, and—the heart of a lion to fight for the best prize worth winning.

That very night he took down the manuscript, "A Fan in Arcady," a vague and whimsical romance, full of insincere preciosities, painted rather than written, and painted all in half tones. He had never really hoped to publish it, though he had sent it out. Publishers had spoken doubtful well of it. "With certain modifications——"

"Not a comma," the disdainful artist had replied.

That night he read it through, and grew sick at its over-elaborate delicacy and tenuous wit. Thereon as dawn came he took the knife to it.

By night for two weeks he slashed at its vanities, infusing blood and breath into its unreal ghosts of people, and when he had finished he sincerely thought that there was no atom of virtue in it. Yet the book was all that he had to fight with. Off to the publisher with it! Two weeks later he had gone from Forde.

Aunt Mary did not change. The loss of her nephew was only another incident in the fight for her prestige. It was neither in her nature to revise judgments nor in her experience to realize that her neighbours' delinquencies were but inexperience and not a calculated impudence. The message when he had called, the snatching of her precedence at church, even the common nickname whose use he plainly fostered. "A pushful, vulgar upstart," said Mrs. Delafield.

And Blossom on the hilltop waved to Benjie's car as it slid down, then she walked across the lawns to Dad.

"You're looking peaky, child," said he.

III

So the sun in his courses carried reaping time to Forde and the yellow stacks arose

on their faggot settles, and at the feet of orchard ladders the baskets filled with fruit, a happy time of year.

But Forde lay under the ban of the feud.

Mrs. Delafield had lost her nephew, and the big house stood emptier for that, but her opinion had not changed. Sir Daniel—even in her thought Aunt Mary rejected the vulgar mode—Sir Daniel was an interloper, bent on pushing himself and his daughter into circles to which they were not born. Let aristocracy look to its borders! Yet move after move went to the baronet. The approach of the dahlia show worried her. All her life in Forde she had been accustomed to the first place. That she should take the first prizes had become entirely a matter of course, though just as naturally it was her custom gracefully to remit them to the runner up. Sir Daniel had grown up with earth on his hands and close to the magic by which bright blooms are born.

Moreover, Mrs. Delafield loved flowers ardently for themselves and loved also to think that the little gardens of Forde went bright with last year's outcasts from the hall, so that from Bishopstone on Thursday afternoons folk came to look and wonder at Forde a-bloom and ascribe it all to her.

But Sir Dan had at last seen set purpose and no chance in the march of events that left Topover socially in the cold. It had hurt him, for he was quite uncognizant of any wrongdoing.

He had shown a little spirit. "We'll show 'em we can grow a bloom or two," he was reported as saying. "When Sir Dan starts showing stand away from under!"

So it was to be war, war for the heart of Forde, and where it would have ended there is no knowing if Sir Dan had not met Martha Goodban in the village five days before the harvest festival.

Martha, having brought two sons into the world, had in later days doubled up with arthritis and gone all her life thereafter bowed. Destiny had not been kind to her, leaving her two sons in Picardy, where the white battalions keep their everlasting guard. So she went unsupported and alone.

Sir Dan, threading the village street at evening, found her moving crabwise across the lych gate of the church, curled round a marrow nearly as big as herself. The latch presented difficulties.

Martha, having no hand to spare, was attempting to raise the latch with her shoulder.

MARTHA GOODBAN'S MARROW

"Best let me bear a hand," said Sir Dan, reaching for the marrow.

"Don't you touch 'er," shrilled the old woman. "She's mine."

"At least," said Sir Dan, "I can open the gate. That for harvest thanksgiving, mother?"

"Thank you kindly," quavered Martha, going through. "There's ne'er such a marrer in all Forde. The Lord 'E gives us our fruit in due season, and I'm in 'opes 'E'll have joy of it. Maybe my boys'll know."

Sir Dan took off his cap as he left her and walked thoughtfully up the hill to Topover. He was too simple to find anything incongruous in the old woman's sacrifice and in the personal way in which she pictured it. But rather, introspectively, he recollected that for some years heaven had sent him a most plenteous harvest and that he had not made a very adequate return. To write a cheque for money that he would not miss involved no such sacrifice as Martha's. Halfway up the hill the Hall car passed. Mrs. Delafield sat very straight in it, looking neither to right nor to left.

"Ah, my lady," thought he, "you won't look so perky when I've carried off your dahlia prize!"

He admitted to himself that there was beyond Blossom nothing now that he cherished so much on earth as to finally rout that cold old woman. "And Sir Dan," quoth he to himself, "one way and another you're going to do it. We'll start with the flower show." He nodded his head towards the Hall, cool and dark in the valley. "I hope you'll have joy of it, my lady," said he.

"Have joy of it" reminded him of something, somewhere; that he had heard that phrase.

Ah, Martha, of course. Martha had hoped that the Lord would have joy of her marrow and that her boys might see. Queer!

And he went on walking up the hill. Sometimes for a few steps he went very fast and sometimes very slow, for his mind was being torn between two forces, and the protagonists in that struggle might be represented by Martha Goodban and Mrs. Delafield.

The end of that struggle arrived after dinner.

"Blossom," said he, "I'm seeding down every bloom I can raise for the church. It's harvest thanksgiving. We'll go along and make the place look nice."

"But, dad," she protested, "not the new varieties."

"Every Jack one," said Sir Dan. "It's the only thing it would trouble me to give. Naught else is sacrifice, and giving ain't giving without."

So by the strange means of Martha Goodban's marrow it came about that when Mrs. Delafield drove down to the church to see how Desborough had done the pulpit for her she saw another and a stranger thing.

Desborough was Mrs. Delafield's maid. She had very good taste. Mrs. Delafield had been accustomed for many years to leave the matter to her.

Now in such matters the pulpit is a place of much honour, but the windows are assigned to humbler folk. One can pile them with potatoes and apples, or even old man's beard.

Naturally at such season the dahlia provides a good deal of the generous colouring so evident at harvest time. Griggs had had his instructions to provide flowers and greenery suitable to the occasion and had met the case with a large store of feathery asparagus and of the commoner varieties of blooms.

So the lady of the manor, standing complacently in the shady aisle, admired the work of Desborough's hands. When she became aware that the windows were gay with unwonted colour. The embrasures glowed. A side glance showed them garnished with those wonderful blooms which had threatened her prestige in the approaching dahlia show. They must be Sir Daniel's. Certainly no one in Forde, possibly no one in England could provide a greater wealth of bloom.

She regarded it wondering. Was this a mere *coup de théâtre*, a boast as much as to say, "See, I can give these to the church and still have enough to beat the Hall with one hand tied behind my back"? Was it only a shifting of the battleground, "See what the Hall does for thanksgiving service and then look at Topover"?

With a little tremor, as though there had frowned upon her the ghosts of those long-dead Delafields whose coat armour hung on the wall, she realized the abyss to whose grim edge she had been led by her pride of race and place that she could think so unworthily, there and at that time. Surely her heart had room for more generous thoughts than those?

She entered into the high-walled Hall pew and sat down strangely moved.

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The church was empty. From the west the sun poured yellow up the aisle and glowed in the chancel so that the east window itself, darker against the sober eastern sky, showed dull against the gold-lit wall. The window was earliest English, and around its blunt-pointed arch a text ran in faded red and blue, a word of Paul, Paul who abased his own natural pride and aloofness that thereby he might save some, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

"What charity had I in the goods I have bestowed?"

Thus secluded in the half light, Mrs. Delafield pondered.

There came soft steps behind her and voices. "We've just had time to make a good job of it, my girl."

Mrs. Delafield hardly heard.

A girl's voice answered, "You have given up all your prize blooms, daddy. Aren't you sorry?"

For a moment Mrs. Delafield's ear was held before she moved to make her presence known.

"Sorry, Blossom? I'm glad. I'd harboured malice, my girl, keeping those blooms to hurt a neighbour who'd sooner not know us. Let that be. She's above us, and maybe in high society neighbours don't count for much. We're quite happy alone, Blossom, ain't we?" he ended a little anxiously.

"You dear old dad," said she. "Of course I'm happy with you."

They were both a little intent and did not notice Mrs. Delafield moving from her pew.

"Strife hurts, Blossom," said he. "I've cut it out. May the Lord have joy of it."

They turned at a light step behind them.

"May I congratulate you, Sir Dan?" said the lady of the manor gently, all the ice

gone from her voice. "Your windows are splendid. I have never seen the church look so beautiful."

For a second the old man regarded her dazedly.

She held out her hand.

"That's very kind of you," said Sir Dan, taking the proffered hand in a grip that hurt. "It's handsome of you to tell me so, indeed."

Mrs. Delafield turned to Blossom; the girl looked fragile and there was a wistfulness in her eyes that rather smote Mrs. Delafield.

"If you can both forgive a rather fractious old woman," she said, "I would be so happy if you both will come and lunch with me tomorrow. Benjie, I hope, will be spending the day with me."

"Thank you, thank you," said Sir Dan, turning his head aside because his gaze was misty. His eye chanced upon Martha Goodban's marrow, and his second "thank you" seemed, in fact, to have been directed to that noble vegetable proudly enthroned at the foot of the lectern.

"You will have heard from Benjie yourself how well his book is going," said Mrs. Delafield to Blossom. "It is splendid, isn't it?"

"It is," said Blossom. "But then, Benjie is wonderful, isn't he?"

"Quite," agreed Mrs. Delafield. "I think I must get you to persuade him not to leave us again."

As the three stepped out of the church the Topover car stood waiting.

Mrs. Delafield put her hand lightly on Sir Dan's arm. "I'm going to ask you to give me a lift home," said she.

And the eyes of all Forde beheld the miracle, a miracle wrought by Martha Goodban's marrow.

Surely the Lord had joy of it.



FOR THE LISTENER-IN

A special series of articles designed to help the "listener-in," and written by Mr. Percy A. Scholes, will be a feature of the new volume of
THE QUIVER.

What was the best period for Women?

by

MARJORIE BOWEN

IT would probably seem, on a cursory survey, that from a feminine point of view any period was preferable to the present one, that there was more shelter for women, more opportunity for a full, natural life, and, best of all, more romance.

Leaving out ancient and Eastern history, where laws, climate, habits and customs were, and are, so different from our own as to make a reasonable comparison impossible, and dealing with the Christian Era and Europe, we find several distinct epochs and most marked changes in the position of women, but really, in every period, the power and influence of the women was far greater than appears on the surface; even in the first thousand years A.D., when they were in a state entirely subservient to the men, there is every indication that they counted very much in the national life.

Women's Secret Influence

Indeed, the sway women have over men, as mothers, as wives, as lovers, and by reason of their beauty or their wit, is, of course, external, and, however carefully they may have been at different periods excluded from governments or active life, there can be no doubt of their immense secret influence, through the men, on the life, thought and colour of their times.

However dumb, veiled or submissive women were in public, there were always moments when they were alone with their sons, brothers or husbands, and the highly specialized feminine training of those days enabled them to turn such moments to complete advantage.

Then, too, is the question of the exceptional woman—she who is possessed of great beauty, personality, strength of character, or any particular talent; they have, in any period, found little difficulty in finding a sphere of action, and ambitious queens,

ferocious criminals and haughty, dominant heroines are common enough in these rude early times; it is sufficient to mention Queen Elfrida, Boadicea and the Empress Matilda from our own history to show the scope that women had to indulge their passions and display their vices and virtue.

The Embodiment of Domestic Virtue

The Anglo-Saxon and Norman lady was, in theory, the embodiment of domestic virtue, the very word "lady" meaning "loaf" giver, and the majority of women lived in their own homes, among their own families, absorbed in supplying the common needs.

It was a very simple life, extremely limited, with all the rules clearly defined; marriage was a matter of course, and if there was any property attached to the woman, she was usually disposed of from motives that had nothing to do with the heart—but probably this did not trouble her much, as she expected no better.

The one alternative to marriage was the cloister; all over Europe are churches and convents founded in these first thousand years of the Christian Era by princesses or noblewomen, who for some reason, now obscure, had remained unwed and chosen a saintly life. Most of these pious virgins were canonized; their following consisted of those who, through lack of looks or money, had not been sought in marriage, those who had a real vocation for a conventual life, and young girls whom their fathers could not afford to dower.

Down to the eighteenth century this broad cleavage in feminine life continued; it was, broadly speaking, family ties or a nunnery. Widows were generally expected to retire from the world, and these, unless exceptionally well dowered, as Eleanor, wife of Henry III, who married two kings in succession, did not generally form two unions.

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In the time of the Dandies

Indeed, it may be here remarked (and this is the black side of the picture) that the mortality among women was exceedingly high; very few women survived their husbands unless these were slain in battle, and it was no uncommon thing for a man to have two, three or four wives. A glance at the lives of the kings, great nobles and ruling potentates of any period up to the eighteenth century will prove how perilous it was to be a woman.

Appallingly Unhealthy

Ignorance of hygiene, shut-up lives, unhealthy fashions (this, right to the present day), the lack of skill in maternity, a thousand superstitions, prejudices and, probably, a good deal of roughness and lack of consideration on the part of the men, rendered a woman's chance of a long life extremely small. Despite constant perils, journeys, battles, executions, imprisonments, the men were healthier and longer lived, but, of course, the death-rate among both sexes would sound appalling at the present day.

Two of the rare pleasant glimpses that we get of women in these early ages are those of Alfred's mother offering the book (rare gift indeed then) to those of her sons who could learn to read first, and Queen Matilda and her ladies (though this is a little mythical) working at the Bayeux tapestry.



With the dawn of the Middle Ages, the increase of learning and culture brought from the East by the Crusaders, women's position became more assured.

The old romances of chivalry are full of the almost mystical beauty, nobility and graciousness of women; these deal with early and legendary periods, but the tone

of morals and manners is not that of the epoch with which they deal, but of the epoch in which they were written and read.

The Heights of Chivalry

The fresh, lovely and symbolical "Romance of the Rose," by Guillaume Lornis, reduced Love to a science and raised it to a religion; this poem coloured the relations of men and women and exalted the latter to almost fantastical heights; "Courts of Love," "Lists of Love," "Platonic Love," all that we now call chivalry, suddenly reached a height of delicate idealism and tender ardour; women, combining the attributes of the Virgin and Venus, were deified as a sex and every knight was, in theory, brought to the service of every lady.

It would seem that this was the very apogee, as it were, of feminine success, and that women, from being treated too much as animals, were now worshipped as divinities.

Unfortunately the ideals of chivalry were far too lofty for everyday use; they were very well in songs, or poems, to flaunt at tournaments or boast of at feasts, but as working rules they were found to be completely impracticable, and men continued to be swayed by their passions and their interests as before.

Under this glossy veneer women were treated cruelly, roughly, violently, jeered at, taken advantage of and in every way despoiled and left unprotected. Philip the Good, an excellent example of a mediæval knight, did not hesitate to despoil his helpless Jacqueline of Bavaria of her heritage, any more than the Duke of Gloucester hesi-



The gallant Frenchman—and his overdressed lady!

WHAT WAS THE BEST PERIOD FOR WOMEN?

tated to marry her for his own ends, and then abandon her when it suited his policy and inclination to do so. And what touch of chivalry is there, from beginning to end, in the stories of Joan of Arc, Mary of Scotland or Giovanna of Naples?

The troubadours might say what they would, but women were only, as before, safe as wives or nuns; any attempt to leave their well-beaten track was visited by disaster, shame and disgrace.

The daily life was now no doubt pleasanter; there were more refinements, more pleasures, books, music, tourneys, feasts, dances, elaborate needle-work for the rich, and a constant succession of fairs, saint days, religious and secular processions for the poor; but to many women, shut up in castle or hut in the country, the days must have been of bitter monotony, which even the most complicated tapestry could hardly fill with continual interest.

The feminine dress of the Middle Ages was most uncomfortable and unhealthy, the tight waist, laced chest, huge, heavy, dragging skirts, massive and often gigantic head-dress, bare shoulders, which continued with but little variation for hundreds of years, made anything but an enclosed life impossible to women, and must have been the cause of much delicacy, illness and unhappiness.

Nor were the stone rooms with small unglazed windows completely shuttered at night, the floors with rushes covering refuse, the beds surrounded by heavy curtains, the journeys in closed litters or wagons, at all conducive to health.

It is true that great ladies sometimes joined hawking parties, but here the side saddle, the head-dress and the cumbrous robes must have interfered with any enjoyment likely to arise from the exercise. Women riding often met with fatal accidents, as Mary of Burgundy, the heiress of the Low Countries, who married the Emperor Maximilian I; she was thrown from her horse and killed. The only wonder is that women could, in such attire, ride for miles, as they often did.

Becoming more Rational

The movement which is known as the

Renaissance did make a certain change in the status of women, the fantastic worship of chivalry changed into a more rational appreciation of women's qualities and a more rational consideration for feminine weaknesses.

Women began to be educated, even learned, as witness Queen Elizabeth Tudor, Lady Jane Dudley and that Italian galaxy which includes Vittoria Colonna and Isabella D'Este.

Men began to turn to women for intellectual companionship, stimulus and admiration, and the ideal woman of the Renaissance was not only lovely and ethereal, but noble, cultured and clever.

There was still no sign, however, of any of this really altering the daily lives of the ordinary women; the laws for the protection of women were entirely inadequate, there was no proper provision for the old, the sick, the poor, the so-called "outcast" woman. Maternity was still too often the subject of a sneer, and, unless a woman was placed and guarded, she inspired no respect.

The terrible rigid man-made law of absolute chastity and fidelity for women was a



When Grandmamma was young—but was it the golden age?

very real and potent thing, and any woman who infringed this risked a horrible death and everlasting disgrace.

This dread of masculine vengeance must have considerably coloured feminine outlook; a woman never belonged to *herself*, always to some man, or to the Church, and she was taught that sins against sex morality meant not only death and misery in this world, but hell in the next.

Of course, this severe code was frequently infringed, but always with terror and agony,

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and the discovery always attended by overwhelming shame and the fiercest of punishment.

The Convent—or a Husband

And it must be remembered that there was still no choice, even for a woman of genius, than between a convent and a husband.

Even Santa Teresa, great woman as she was, could find no outlet for her practical talents than in the service of the Church, and a hundred years later Christina of Sweden, who dared to strike out for herself, was regarded with pious horror and only tolerated because she was, or had been, a queen.

In truth, a queen was all a woman could be, save a wife or a nun.



The Reformation had finally disposed, in North Europe at least, of the last fantasies of chivalry, and had not improved the position of women otherwise.

First, through the destruction of the Holy Virgin cult, and, secondly, through repeated fulminations against what John Knox called "this monstrous regiment of women."

All that was gay, wanton, lovely or worldly appeared too often to the Protestant under feminine guise, and a stern resolve grimly to relegate their women to a penitent background animated many of the reformers, some of whom seemed indeed to consider "woman" as synonymous with "evil."

The convent, still supreme in Latin countries, had disappeared from those that had felt the influence of the Reformation, where its place was taken by a severely watched household and code of morals that allowed women no scope or latitude whatever for either enjoyment, interest or any self-expression.

Yet from the women thus confined into such a narrow sphere sprang many devoted and infatuated wives; helpless, shut in on themselves, naturally pure, faithful and loving, these women "specialized," as it were, in their husbands, and when the man was worthy, the result is a noble and lofty example.

The seventeenth century is full of such instances. Lucy Hutchinson, Lady Russell, Dorothy Temple, Queen Mary II come to mind at once; never were there such pious, devoted wives, such inconsolable widows.

Nevertheless, the laws and conditions

remained the same; there were now a few opportunities in art and literature, music and the stage; for women, they were few indeed, and the least liberty in any of these directions was regarded as outrageous licence, and a woman usually found that to leave her hearth was to leave her "character" and peace of mind behind too.

This was true of the eighteenth and half of the nineteenth centuries, and it is difficult now to understand how extraordinarily women were hedged about by these bogies of slander, scandal, gossip and malice; the fear of being guilty, not of a sin or an error but an "indiscretion," made the lives of many sensitive women a torture.

Strong personalities, like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lady Hester Stanhope, and "Georges Sand," who dared to go their own way were rare indeed, and even in these cases a heavy price had to be paid in public contumely, abuse and insolence.

Even Charlotte Brontë was terrified of her own books, which did not fail to provoke an attack from the impeccable Hannah More, the unhappy authoress being most deeply wounded by the bitter charge, which now sounds so comic, of being "unlady-like."

A Terrible Burden

The fact that this terrible burden of "propriety" and "decorum," this harsh, puritanical load of "discretion" and "ladylikeness," this awful code which you could *not break* without being cast into outer darkness, having been cast overboard, does surely make this age pleasanter for women to live in than any other.

It does not mean that rudeness, licence, or immorality is desirable, but the lack of these severe restraints, the lowering of the standard of Mrs. Grundy, does mean an enormous benefit to womenkind, the taking away of a thousand dreads, fears and self-consciousnesses.

It should also be remembered that women, for the first time in history, control their own property, that they are able, also for the first time, to earn their own livings and thus achieve economic independence, and that domestic conditions, pastimes, houses, food, clothes, etc., to-day are incomparably more healthy than they have ever been before—all these solid advantages are worth more than the dim glories of romance and chivalry. But romance must still be a part of every woman's life.

Starlight

by

Alice
Garland
Steele

SHE sat waiting alone in the house—for Marjorie. Her little maid, every evening after dinner, left the cool, trim kitchen, with its window curtains blowing kisses to the cool, trim little garden, and went forth to a cluttered alley at the worst end of the town where she could consort with her kind . . . it had always seemed pathetic to Margaret Rydesdale that she spoke of it as "going home"—and yet she understood. She had once felt that way about this house, about this room: even the worn places on the rug, and the rubbed place on the wall where the davenport stood now, were dear to her. Marjorie's baby feet had worn a track to the window seat, and her husband's broad shoulders had hunched the old leather chair out of shape, and every mark of age and shabbiness had meant that dear, familiar intercourse which is the soul's daily bread!

But now, so often she sat alone, waiting for Marjorie. Never for Jim. Sometimes, a strange sense of having lost her identity kept her even from grieving. It was as if that vivid person who was herself was too far removed to matter, or in any way count. She simply kept the house for Jim, her husband, and for Marjorie. That Jim had once been the lover of that other woman was among her treasures of memory. But she was like somebody who kept faded, lovely things under lock and key and rarely looked them in the face, because it would



"'Marjorie!' She put out a hand to steady herself"—p. 1126

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw

mean too much sadness. If Margaret Rydesdale could have summed up her portion for the past ten years of her married life she would have put it into one word—"difference." And the tragedy of difference is that it is never the same. It is always something other than the thing you once had!

Jim had changed. In the matter of hair growing slightly thinner about the temples. In ever increasing silences. In absorption in the daily paper. In his club. In that small, gripping office in the city that had

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its clutch on his life. And most profoundly in his relationship to her. Not that he was ever unkind. Jim would not have been unkind to a mongrel dog. It was just that somehow, in some way, life had come between them—that grey, working life that ushers in the milkman every morning, and is too tired or too bored to wait up at night and watch for stars! It was just, somehow, that love had faded out of it, in any active expression, and when love ceases to express itself it will soon cease to be. In its place it leaves a dull, useful thing called habit which is like a creature in a grey hood and cloak who carries a time-clock and keeps you going!

To-night she had sat down to a lonely dinner. Jim had phoned at the last moment that he would be late at the office, and probably not get home until 11.10. As for Marjorie, at seventeen you go, every night or so, to a dance. To-night she looked very attractive in an apple-green semi-evening gown trimmed with silver tinsel and cunning little roses, and she wore a silver filet in her bright hair! She had gone to the club for dinner and was staying for the dance. Mrs. Brentwood was chaperoning a gay and youthful crowd of six, and Marjorie had been asked as partner for "that charming new boy whose mother lives on the hill." To Moira Brentwood every goose was a swan, and the moon usually made of green cheese! Which means that Mrs. Brentwood was vivid, a little daring in the matter of gowns and conversation, and still full-blown in beauty at thirty or so, and in great demand by the younger set, being the sort of watchman who puts his lantern out and sits with his back to the crowd!

Margaret, for seven futile months, had systematically fought her influence over Marjorie. In the end she had rather sadly felt that she had come up against a blank wall, and comforted herself with the thought that Marjorie's clear-eyed championship was her very best shield and buckler. Believing so much good of this woman she would never see nor recognize evil! Nevertheless, sometimes she sat, as to-night, with hands interlaced, and restless, wandering gaze, and saw Marjorie a part of youth, joyous, eager, untutored, with her small feet dancing on the edge of precipices that every mother dreads yet has to take stock of; and saw also, in those Elysian Fields where geese were swans, and moonlight made jewels out of glass, Moira Brentwood as guide! She knew nothing wrong of Mrs.

Brentwood—she simply knew nothing good. Except good looks. And something else kept her silent. Jim had once expressed unqualified admiration. "She is a very beautiful woman," he had said, "that is why most women and no man will turn her down." Jim did not often offer an opinion. Silence was growing on him; in company he went off with it, like an after-dinner cigar. But this remark of his had somehow hurt her, because perhaps Mrs. Brentwood stood for everything which she was not—gay, unfettered, with neither husband nor child, she could still make holiday with youth! And Marjorie championed her cause, realizing at least that she had one!

She got up, looking at the small clock that ticked in the silence of the dining-room. It was time, at any rate, for Jim's train, and with the quiet forethought that still thought things out for him, she went and got a small tray and a plate of sandwiches and filled a thermos jug full of fresh coffee. Jim went to sleep on coffee—or kept awake with it—which she hardly knew. She carried it up the one flight to his room, across the hall from hers, and laid it on the table by his books. Even when he came home late, Jim read—some foolish detective story that still showed the boy in him, or else a dry report of the banking systems of the country. Once they had read together, in those early years when little Marjorie lay flushed with dreams in her crib, and she and Jim, downstairs, still with so much in common, went through an hour together, ending always with a few minutes on the dark little porch, generally with her hand tucked somewhere into his rough sleeve, where they could watch the stars above the houses opposite, and go over the record of the day.

She went down again and took up a magazine. But she did not read. She simply scanned the page and listened for Jim's key in the door, or rather for his step outside. She heard it when he struck the gravel path. And even before she saw him she knew that he was tired. Yet he would foolishly sit up in that close room—with strong coffee! If only she were brave enough not to give it to him. But it was force of habit with her to fulfil his little requirements, never to wait long enough to let him ask. Her methods were the same with Marjorie.

"Hello, still up?" He stood an instant outlined in the doorway, tall, with the square, lean jaw of the silent man—and yet something of the boy that she remembered.

"Yes. Marjorie has gone to the club. There is a dance."

"Well, personally I wish you'd keep her home more. You may not agree with me, but I think she does too much of this thing, at her age."

"I do agree with you." She said it quietly, looking up at him with her dark, discerning eyes.

"Well, then, why the dickens don't you act?" It was as if he had said, with that odd measure of stubbornness he sometimes implied—"you're her mother, aren't you?"

She regarded him a moment thoughtfully. "Jim, does it ever occur to you that Marjorie is growing up?"

He paused. "I suppose she is," he said bluntly, "but leaving you alone like this, night after night—I think it's a little selfish, Margaret."

She kept silence. She might have said, "You also leave me, Jim," but she had learned not to put herself into words. Instead she said, "Brenda made sandwiches today. I took some up for you."

"Who's taking Marjorie to this affair, anyhow?" he asked.

She flushed. "There are six of them. I don't know the particular boy. Moira Brentwood is chaperoning them."

"That woman!" he stopped, looking at her strangely. "Do you think," he said after a minute, "that is—good judgment on your part?"

She looked back at him. "You have approved of her yourself, verbally, at least once."

It was his turn to flush. "I admit her charm," he said, "but not her quality as a chaperon for my daughter. Please don't let this happen again," and then he seemed suddenly aware of being churlish. "You don't understand," he said, "Margaret, a woman of your sort couldn't possibly understand a woman of hers. But the idea of that child in that sort of company for a whole evening—well, I don't like it, that's all. If you can't take Marjorie to dances yourself, you'd better keep her home." He said it with an even voice, almost flatly. Yet Margaret felt the emphasis.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Sometimes it is difficult to—to know when to put up the bars and when to let them down. I'm really sorry, Jim." Her throat seemed suddenly to close.

He had looked at her quickly but silently. "That's all right, old girl," he said at last, "it's just that Marjorie means a mighty lot

to—well both of us. I think I'll get on to bed. I'm dead tired."

"I gave you coffee," she said, "but I wish you wouldn't drink it. I have an idea you don't sleep when you do."

He stared at her an instant. "That isn't what keeps me awake," he said, but he didn't go on with it. Instead he nodded. "I've got to leave early, will you mind getting down for the 7.8?"

She shook her head. "Of course not."

"Well, then, good night."

She echoed it. "Good night, Jim."

At the stairs he paused a moment. "You don't mind waiting up alone?"

"No, good night." She heard him go on quickly to the landing above, and then his door closed.

She sat on, the magazine still on her lap, pondering many things. Her life, Jim's life, Marjorie's so interwoven, and yet so separate; so involved, and yet so strangely things clear of each other, and without any real dependence. Jim could so easily get along without her. Marjorie could so readily do without both of them! And yet she herself—she felt all at once a thickness of tears in her throat, but would not let them leap to her eyes—she herself must learn to do this also. Yet she had watched the clock for Jim, and now she sat watching it for Marjorie!

Suddenly she got up. Surely it was very late. Surely the dance must be over. She remembered the club had a precise hour for the younger set—a heavy-eyed yet enterprising porter who had been known to turn them out at the stroke of twelve, by disconnecting the electric switches, and lock every door but the one, and then standing over it—in the dark! She smiled as she went out again to consult that little clock in the hall. The hands stood exactly at 12.45. There was, however, still a streak of light from Jim's bedroom, and the small night lamp made a soft glow in the dark of the upper hall. She went back, slowly, and feeling all at once strangely tired, as if some lamp of a too turbulent spirit had been turned down within her. She picked up the magazine again, and forced herself to a column.

Half an hour later she went to the door. The little street was still. A side street with little thoroughfare for traffic, that went to bed also when its lamps went out. She knew most of her neighbours, yet did she know them any better than they knew her? She felt all at once as if the shingled

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roofs were like the Noah's Ark houses of her childhood—if one could open them and hook them back, and take out the things inside—what surprises there would be! She wondered, for instance, if their own roof lifted, showed Jim silent, almost taciturn, alone in his man's room, showed her thinking out her little economies that Marjorie may have a new sport suit, or that the table linen might be replenished, showed that old trunk on the top floor that held a white dress and veil she had worn long ago, that would have hurt her to look at now! She was keeping the orange wreath for Marjorie—would, when the time came and Marjorie was older, pin it on with a brave air, and yet she knew that it can only be worn once, that its life is short, that its beauty dies; that where it has rested on a clear forehead the years leave little lines! In spite of all this she was keeping it, with a small prayer when she thought of it, for Marjorie.

She went back into the house, thoughtful, to look at the face of the clock again, to find the hands pointing to two of a new morning! She stood for an instant quite still, and then suddenly she began to feel the approach of real fear. Where on earth was Marjorie? Without stopping to question the advisability of it she walked quickly to the telephone and called a number. It was two o'clock, but she was going to talk to Moira Brentwood, indignation kept well under, but raging in her heart!

It took a few minutes for the answer to come. In the veiled voice of one who, whatever the surprise attack, will not give herself away. "Yes—this is Mrs. Brentwood."

She felt herself cold, speaking with precision in spite of her alarm. Could Mrs. Brentwood tell her what time Marjorie left the club house, and with whom? She was sorry to disturb her, but it was two o'clock and Marjorie had not come home! She broke off hastily to keep that gasping fear from choking the words out. And then, as the answer came, she stood rooted. Marjorie had left at eleven o'clock alone!

She found herself, after a minute of daze, asking a question. "Did you see her go?"

Mrs. Brentwood evidently thought carefully. There was silence, and then the veiled voice again. "Why, I think not. Really, there is nothing to worry about."

"Nothing!" And then the sword-flash went swiftly into that woman's too-soft flesh. "I beg your pardon, for forgetting

that you have never had a child!" She dropped the receiver on it bluntly, with hardness of spirit, and then, seeing the cord trailing, remembered to hang it up again, and stood an instant, overpowered by a strange faintness, leaning against the wall. Marjorie had left at eleven—alone. And now it was after two in the morning!

She put one hand up to her forehead. If she could only think out what might have happened to anybody, not just to Marjorie, but she could not think. Instead, her hands hanging limply, she paced the worn rug in the track of Marjorie's baby footsteps from door to window-seat, and from window-seat to door! What could she do? The night appalled her—so thick, so enveloping; it was as if someone had come from behind and were stifling her in a soft, breath-taking veil! She opened the front door, to close it again on the silence, and stood, straining her ears to listen. A dog barking up the street, a baby's fretful wail from the open window where there were several children, the honk of a late car tearing past, and then—the milkman! Why was it that the sound of those juggled cans came like a sick finality to the long-drawn night? Because night had passed now to grey, uncompromising morning.

She hurried out into the hallway, up the stairs to Jim's closed door.

"Jim! Oh, Jim!" and as he opened it to her hastily, standing there in his moment off guard, sleep still thickening his eyes, she told him, in a hurried, breathless sentence. "Jim, I had to come up. It is nearly four o'clock—and Marjorie has not come home!"

He steadied her with his arm, then let her go, went backward. "Wait a bit. Till I get something on. Now tell me." His tone was crisp, compelling. But she could only stare back at him numbly. Until finally he said, "Call up Mrs. Brentwood."

"I have. She thinks she left at eleven alone."

He turned at that, savagely. "Thinks! Good heavens, what a woman to trust a child with." And then he put his questions, in quick succession, "Who else was in the crowd; what men, I mean?"

She could assure him on that. "Not men, Jim, only boys," but all he said to it, still in that savage, unfamiliar voice, was, "Boys are men, they've got to be reckoned with, I tell you. Now wait! Since you can't give me any real facts, let me think!"



"He stood with one lean hand gripping Paul's shoulder, and the other about Marjorie"—p. 1127

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw

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He was dressing quickly, with a haste that made a fear clutch at her again. If Jim felt that about it—if he were afraid—for Marjorie! She caught suddenly at his arm. "Jim, you don't think—" she broke off mutely.

"That's just it, I don't think. Time enough for that when we know something," he said grimly, but all the same she dared not meet his eyes. She felt as if he were weighing her, finding her in some way wanting. And yet she had borne, and nursed, and reared, for seventeen years, while he stood aside and paid the monthly bills!

He turned. "I'm going to the club," he said quickly, "with the car. If I can't trace her there or at Mrs. Brentwood's I'll stop at headquarters and see Brennan." Already he was down in the lower hall, getting out his overcoat.

"You'd better let me have a wrap," he said, "in case I run across her." But in spite of the trite little sentence she caught the dead weight of his uncertainty. Jim was afraid too!

"Jim." It was all she could say, but he came across quietly and patted her arm. "Don't worry, old girl, it's probably all O.K."

She shook her head. She knew he was lying to keep her going. A moment later she heard him fumbling outside, throwing wide the garage door. She suddenly felt oppressed. She couldn't stand it any longer, the dull emptiness of a house without either Jim or Marjorie! Throwing on a scarf, she went outside, pulled at a porch seat, from behind the honeysuckle vine, a dry sob in her throat as she waited.

The syringa was in bloom. It made her think again of faint orange-blossom scents of her bridehood. There had been no Marjorie then, but there had been Jim. Now she felt bereft of both. Again fear struck at her; for moments that seemed hours she wrestled with it, found herself catching at straws. A car at the end of the street, not Jim's car, but showing that there were still souls abroad—she even fancied a light, subdued laugh, floating away on the night, like Marjorie's! Why, it was Marjorie. For a moment she trembled so that she could hardly bear it—the relief! then instantly she was on her feet—had pulled herself together.

A girl with wind-tossed, bright hair and a red evening cloak was hurrying up the gravel pathway.

"Why, Marjorie!"

"Oh, mummie, are you up? Don't scold. We simply lost track of time, darling, truly!"

Her face set. "Marjorie, your father has gone to hunt for you in the car."

The gravity of it struck across the night like a blow.

"Why . . . mummie!" The girl was trembling now, palpitating with those visible tremors that affect young things at the least unkindness. "Why, I can tell you how it was, mummie, if you'll let me explain."

She heard it with that still white, set look. "There are some things that cannot be explained, Marjorie. You knew we would worry, frightfully."

"Mummie, please!"

"You'd better go up to bed." In spite of her yearning arms she watched the girl take off her cloak, face her with small, pinched features that yet held something luminous, as if she had caught it from the night outside.

"Mummie, I'd better say it now. Something wonderful happened to us. Paul and I went for a ride, and—and we've come back engaged!" The girl's voice broke, died away.

"Marjorie!" She put out a hand to steady herself, there in the small hall, with the clock she had watched so long still ticking.

"Mummie, it sounds so strange, saying all this to you. We meant to tell you tomorrow. Paul is coming to see dad. And, mummie! We've got to be married right away!" She broke off, the light suddenly dying out of her eager face.

"Why, Marjorie." It was all she could say in that vortex of emotions that had her in their grip. "Why, Marjorie!"

"Oh, mummie, we must. It's because Paul has got to go away to—to South America. Oh, mummie, you would never have let dad go alone!"

"Listen, Marjorie. Will you come upstairs and try to tell me, from the very beginning?"

The girl, without a word, turned, and went up the stairs.

An hour later, waiting again in that vivid little living room, she opened the door to Jim, haggard, and looking incredibly drawn about the eyes.

"Is she here?" He said it quickly, stumbling over the threshold. "I traced them to Wyndam Heights. She's with a

boy named Raynor, but I've learned that he's all right!" She saw then, as he looked at her, how vital the matter had been to him!

"She is in bed," she said gravely, "but, Jim," she stopped, her lips trembling.

"Yes, what?" he was curt with fatigue.

"Jim, they have come back engaged."

He stared at her. "Good heavens, Marjorie! Why, but that's absurd."

She made a faint negative. "No, Jim; to us perhaps, but not to them."

"I tell you it's absurd, utter nonsense." His lean jaw set with stiffness.

She looked at him straightly. "Jim, I want you to hear what she said. They have been meeting at Mrs. Brentwood's. They're very young, Jim. And I think we've got to be careful how we handle it. The boy is coming to talk to you to-morrow. He has signed on as something or other for South America, and he leaves Wednesday at daybreak. They want to be married before he goes, Jim," her voice caught at some fullness in her throat, compounded in some strange way of amusement and tears.

He looked across at her. Said absolutely nothing.

"Jim," she said, "is—is anything else wrong?" Her voice died out in flatness.

"It's just that I'm dead beat, and I've got to get the 7.8."

Without another word she turned out the light and followed him up the stairs.



They had left the living room to Marjorie. Jim had come across to her, but he would not sit down. He stood grimly at her curtained window and stared out into the garden where darkness had fallen.

After a long silence she found voice for what she had to say. "Jim."

"Yes?" He swung on his heel, regarding her fixedly.

"Jim, in a moment they will call us. Jim, if it should be, for either of them, the Real Thing?"

"It is calldood." His voice was bitter.

"Jim, it may be the same thing that once happened to you and me."

He said nothing. But she could hear him breathe deeply, as if suddenly life had grown too much for him.

"Long ago, I grant you, Jim," she went on with it bravely, "but it was real. If—if it has meant nothing more to us, Jim, it has meant Marjorie."

He turned at that fiercely. "Good

heavens," he said, "don't you think I know?" And then, without waiting for their summons, he turned and strode down the stairs.

In the poignant half-hour that followed, one thing stood out clearly. That Jim reached down to the boy in Paul Raynor, and that Paul reached up to the man in Jim.

He stood with one lean hand gripping Paul's shoulder, and the other about Marjorie. He stood there and showed them what life was, as he and Margaret had lived it, tearing away veils.

"It's the dickens," he said, "all round. A big thing. It can mean almost anything. And Paul, it's sacred. You can't trifle with it any more than you could trifle with my little girl's heart, and not have it hurt one of you! If you and Marjorie are in dead earnest about this, we've got very little to say. The thing is, are you both in earnest?"

Marjorie sent him a whispering plea. "Oh, daddy!"

"I am waiting," he said, "for Paul to speak. Is it the Real Thing, Paul?"

The boy stared up at him dumbly, then his lips moved to frame one word. "Rather!"

"All right," said Jim, "now let us hear your views. Yours, Paul. For the time being I'm going to put Marjorie's at a discount."

The boy began. "We want awfully to get married," he said doggedly, "before I sail," and stopped.

"I see," said Jim. "Are you thinking of yourself, Paul, in this, or of Marjorie?"

There was a small, pregnant silence. The boy stared across at Margaret, then back at Jim. He did not look at Marjorie. "I see what you mean," he said thickly. "I didn't see it that way last night, but I do now. It's up to me to do something first out there, make good and then come back."

"That's the idea," said Jim steadily, "and you can bank on one thing, Paul, you do the making good and we'll do the other thing. We'll give you the very biggest thing that love has meant to us in eighteen years." He drew his right arm closer. "If in two years you have made good, and come back to us, we'll give you Marjorie!"

Margaret, standing with those thick tears in her eyes, suddenly saw something—there were thick tears in Jim's.

"And now," finished Jim in that rugged, slightly desperate voice, "clear out, both

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of you, and say your good-bye alone, along that starlit trail you found last night in your silly old car!" He was smiling grimly, gripping the boy's hand. Marjorie lifted herself on light-shod feet, threw an arm about his neck.

"Oh, daddy," she said. "Daddy, you and mummie are just wonderful to us!"

He released her quietly. "Well, you see," he said, "little girl, we've been there before. We found all this out for ourselves before you were born, Marjorie."

The car, jerked to high speed, bounded and leapt through the little street, while they stood on the porch, watching it. Quietness fell again. And sameness, and the high mood generally, tumbling about their feet. They were just an ordinary couple, he with thinning temples, and she with her dreams behind her, watching a strange youth carrying off Marjorie.

He turned. "Don't you want a shawl on, or something? It's chilly."

She shook her head. She could not overcome in a moment the thing that had so gripped at her heart-strings—was playing on them yet.

"No. How many stars there are, Jim," she said suddenly.

He nodded. "I've had a bad half-hour, Margaret. But at least I have something good to tell you. Things have cleared up for me in the business way. This morning I put through a deal that's been hanging fire for months. Yesterday it was a question of make or break! Now, well, you

won't have to economize any more. You can get that new rug."

She turned to him in the darkness. Something impelled her to speech, stumbling, like the things in her heart that were gripping her.

"Jim, I've never really wanted money or anything but you! And sometimes, I've felt as if I'd lost you, Jim," she broke off, tremulous.

He stood for a moment staring out into the darkness.

"I suppose, Margaret, I've been too dashed silent for you. You see, I've always taken certain things for granted."

"Yes, Jim."

"Well, such as our love, for instance. I've been too sure of you!"

"Jim!"

"And I've not taken time for—well, the expression of it."

"Oh, Jim!"

"But it came home to me to-night, old girl, that once we'd stepped on air too!"

She turned her face to him. "Love has never changed for me, Jim, from what it was then."

"Hasn't it?" he said thickly, and then he did something that sent the years flying . . . that brought back youth again, lovely, palpitant—he drew her within the circle of his arm, and leaning down, kissed her eyes, her cheek, her lips . . .!

Out of the whole world in that moment there were only he and she and the star light!



FOR THE YOUNGER ONES

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In a Bank Manager's Office

*The Glamour of the Inner
Chamber
By a Manager*

THERE has always been a certain amount of glamour surrounding the office of a bank manager, and I suppose there always will be. It is the business man's confessional box, the young man's advice bureau, and the old lady's unailing refuge in time of trouble.

Drama, the play of human emotions, tragedy, humour—they are all to be found in the sanctums in which we wield our power, and if they often make our task one of peculiar delicacy and difficulty they also impart to it remarkable variety of interest. The raw material of a bank is not merely money, but life itself. Besides testing coins and notes, we test character. Under the sway of the most profound impulses in the world, human nature is revealed to us at its best and at its worst. What a range of experiences it all brings!

Ability to Read Character

It will be obvious that one of the most useful qualifications of a bank manager is ability to read character. His room is the resort the whole day long of all sorts and conditions of people, and their business takes hundreds of different forms, though it is usually a request for financial help in one shape or another.

The extent to which the Englishman regards his bank as his friend is often extraordinary. It has developed from the days of the intimate relationships which existed between the old-time bankers and their clients, days before the big joint stock concerns came into being. It is a curious fact that many families whose ancestors had accounts with the private banks of long ago still retain these accounts, though the banks have changed ownership, and the families are domiciled hundreds of miles away.

To-day these concerns not only receive and pay out money, but they perform all kinds of services for their customers, from filling up income tax papers to acting as trustees under wills. The calls upon a branch manager's tact and patience, not to mention his expert knowledge, are considerable. He must be the guide, philoso-

pher and friend of everybody, and however heavy the pressure of work he must have a pleasant smile for the man who has nothing particular to do at the moment and has just called in to have a chat about prospects in the oil share market.

A manager's duties vary according to the district in which he is located, and he usually makes it his business to know something of the principal industry of the district. In an agricultural neighbourhood he will frequently find himself deep in a discussion about the awful prices that pigs are fetching, while in the City his conversation is largely centred on commerce and finance. The City manager is, perhaps, the most fortunate of all in one respect—his clients are busy men, with little time to waste, and they are in and out of his room quickly.

In the West End business is on a more leisurely scale. Retired colonels stroll in from their clubs and take a very round-about route to the real object of their visit, while ladies who have got themselves into shocking financial tangles take possession of a comfortable chair, and, while profusely apologizing for occupying so much time, somehow contrive to "make a morning of it." Many a time one squirms and wriggles in one's restlessness, but a manager must, above all, be polite and good-tempered.

The Daily Interviews

Most of his day is occupied in interviews, and they begin almost as soon as he has looked through his letters and given a few general instructions to his staff. Practically always, as I have said, the gist of the caller's conversation is "I want some money." Now, although managers have a disconcerting way of lifting their eyebrows at this request, the fact remains that banks have no objection whatever to assisting their clients in this way, if only for the reason that it pays them to do so.

But there is one little stipulation that causes no end of heartburning: there must be adequate security. How many times a day I have to explain in my most diplomatic

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manner that banks are not moneylenders I don't know, but there are heaps of people who apparently are not aware of this. Whenever there is a big flotation in hand I have a good idea of what to expect. Pushing young men with small credit balances and large ambitions to get rich quickly come confidently into my room with requests that I will advance a hundred or thousand or two to enable them to buy the shares which "are sure to go to a premium" and yield a small fortune. As a rule, these men have no security to offer, and the demand has to be refused.

The More Tragic Side

Sometimes one comes across rather tragic cases. A young man who had just inherited a substantial legacy asked me to advance him £5,000 for a week or two. In reply to my questions, he said the money was wanted to buy some mine shares which I happened to know were worthless. I advised him, unofficially, to have nothing to do with them, but he persisted, and eventually lost practically all his money.

Strangely enough, there are people who imagine that when they are short of money they need do nothing more than call at the nearest bank and obtain some, whether they are on its books or not. During the war lots of men came to see me and explained that as banks were advancing money for the purchase of War Loan they would be pleased to have £1,000. They went away disappointed.

Business people who require money to finance some big contract they have secured are frequent callers. Of course, we do everything we can for them, but, after all, the contracts are not ours, and we must have reasonable security that the money will be repaid. Firms occasionally presume too much upon the assistance of banks. I had a case in which a sum of £20,000 was required, but as the firm had rather a bad record from our point of view I declined the application. The principal came to see me, and, almost with tears in his eyes, pleaded for what he called "consideration." But a manager is responsible to others for his actions, and I was not to be moved.

Giving Advice

It is part of a manager's duty to give advice to his customers regarding investments, though he does not do this from his own knowledge. If a man has, say, £1,000 to invest he asks for a list of shares and

stocks which it would be desirable to buy. As we employ none but first-class brokers, we apply to them for the information and duly pass it on, without, of course, taking any responsibility.

If more people adopted this practice there would be far fewer cases of lives ruined through investing money in wild-cat schemes which have no prospect of success. Women, unfortunately, are the most frequent victims of these swindles, and I have known them to break down with emotion as they have related their investment troubles to me.

Unravelling the Tangle

Instead of dealing with recognized stock-brokers, they get into the toils of "bucket shops" (brokers who are not registered), who are not content until they have fleeced them of every halfpenny they possess. It is at this stage usually that they come to their bank manager. His first task is to try to unravel the fearful tangle their affairs are in, and then he asks the official brokers whether any of these shares should be kept in the hope that they will become more valuable. It is very sad to see the life's savings of widows disappear in this manner, but I have known it to occur several times. One woman I knew had, as a result of our advice, invested all her money very securely, when someone poured into her ears a story of how, if she bought a certain confectionery business, she would make her fortune. She listened, and plunged, and the sequel was complete disaster.

Some people, when they leave the country or for other reasons, arrange with their bank to make certain payments to clubs, dependents, and so on. Occasionally husbands who are not on particularly good terms with their wives remit allowances to them in the same manner.

Women's Ignorance

I had an amusing experience in connexion with an account of this kind. A wife was given authority to draw upon her husband up to a given amount, but I found that this had been exceeded. I sent for the man and told him that that kind of thing could not go on, whereupon, without saying a word to his wife, he restored the credit balance and increased her allowance. This continued for some time, and then one day the woman called upon me in a most exuberant frame of mind and thanked me profusely for granting her an "overdraft" for so long

IN A BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

without making so much fuss, "as so many other bank managers do."

Women's ignorance of banking methods often leads to little irritations, but we generally contrive to extract some humour from the situations created, and jog along somehow. They have great difficulty in understanding why a crossed cheque cannot be cashed, and they are more perplexed still when told that even if the crossed cheque contains the words, "Please pay cash," the bank cannot alter its rule.

One woman was so angry that I was brought to the scene. "The man who signed the cheque has plainly written between the crossed lines, 'Please pay cash.' Surely that is enough!" she said. I explained that it was an easy matter for a dishonest person to obtain any crossed cheque and, imitating the handwriting of the drawer, write in the words "Please pay cash." She became more angry still, said I was the first man who had ever made such remarks about her, and departed—without the money.

Uncrossed Cheques

There is sometimes difficulty even with uncrossed cheques. A young woman once entered a bank with a cheque drawn on a branch which was not far away. She was told that we could not cash it, and that as the other branch was near at hand the best plan was to go there.

"Oh, I have been there," she exclaimed, "and the cashier said that he could do nothing as my account was already overdrawn, or some non-sense of that kind."

There is the lady who wants to know why her balance cannot always be entered on the credit side of her pass book instead of being placed occasionally on the debit side, and there is the one who is highly indignant because she cannot wipe off an overdraft by the simple expedient of paying in one of her own cheques. "What did you give me these cheque forms for if I cannot use them?" she demands.

A privilege that is greatly appreciated is that of being able to deposit at one's bank plate, jewellery, wills, and securities generally. Incidentally, managers have a certain amount of anxiety in regard to these, but as modern strong rooms are practically impregnable, they do not spend many sleepless nights.

The value of the articles stored away in the strong rooms of London banks alone must reach hundreds of millions of pounds. I know of one branch where there are over a thousand plate chests. As a rule, they contain plate and jewels which their owners are afraid to keep in their homes, and in many cases they are left for years without being opened. Some of them are six feet long and five feet high, enormous things requiring pantechicians for their transport.

Wills and Marriage Settlements

Quite a number of people ask bank managers to arrange wills and marriage settlements. Often a client comes to ask me to obtain witnesses of his signature to a will. Then, the ordeal over, he is taken to the strong room below, and there he leaves it, perhaps never to be touched or seen again until his death.

It will be observed that a bank manager has a multitude of calls upon his time. In addition, he is responsible for the routine and discipline of his office. Everything must be checked and double-checked, and if there is a mistake anywhere he must have an explanation.

What had become of the Money?

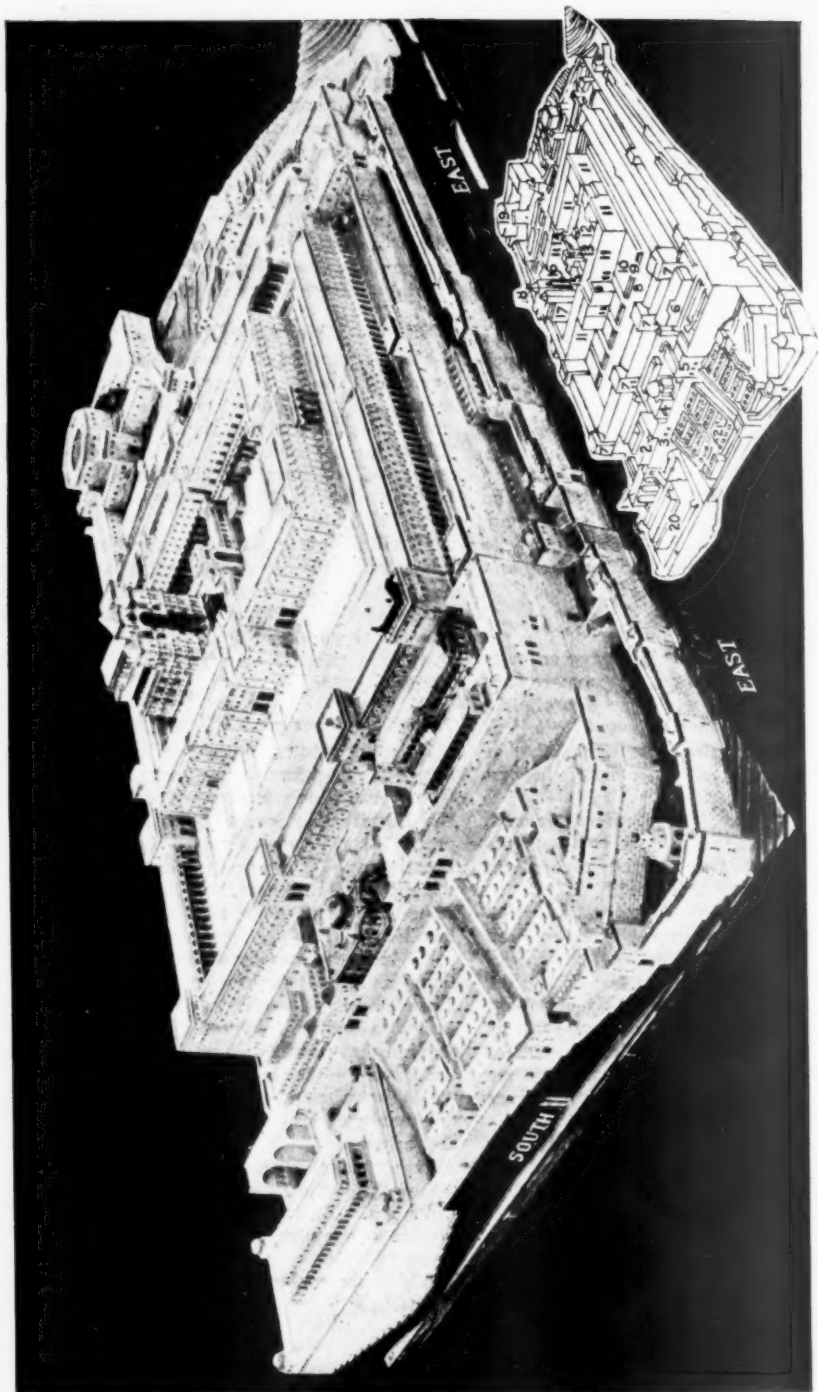
Only the utmost vigilance can prevent things from going wrong, and not always then. A striking story is told concerning Sir Edward Holden, a great banking expert. When he was a young man his manager informed him one day that the cash in the till was £100 short, and that if the news came to the ears of the head office he would lose his job.

He knew he was innocent, but the question was what had become of the money? Then he remembered that the manager had cashed a lady's cheque for £100, and he thought that possibly, in weighing the coins, the £200 weight had been placed on the scales by mistake. He ventured a hint to the manager, and the two paid a visit to the lady.

Sure enough, when she counted the money she found that she had received £100 too much. To Holden's intense relief, the surplus was returned and the matter was put right.

Which shows that even managers are not infallible.





A wonderfully lifelike plan of Solomon's Temple

- 1.—Bridge across Tyropean Valley.
- 2.—House of the Forest of Lebanon.
- 3.—Double passage.
- 4.—Judgment Hall beyond which no Gentile could pass, on pain of death.
- 5.—Triple passage.
- 6.—King's Palace.
- 7.—Outer Temple porches.
- 8.—The Court of the Women.
- 9.—The Court of the Priests.
- 10.—Chel Terrace.
- 11.—Building with three wings and three stories high.
- 12.—The Court of the Women.
- 13.—Steps of Degree.
- 14.—The High Gate.
- 15.—The Court of the Priests.
- 16.—The Tower of Nilloh.
- 17.—The Temple proper, or House of the Lord.
- 18.—The Middle Court.
- 19.—The Tower of Nilloh.
- 20.—Part of the Palace.
- 21.—Shallies or stalls for beasts.



A portion of the Temple area as it appears to-day, showing the Mosque of Omar

Can Solomon's Temple be Rebuilt?

By Harold J. Shepstone, F.R.G.S.

The question of the rebuilding of Solomon's Temple has been brought to the fore again, and in the following narrative our contributor deals with the magnitude of the proposal and the problems it presents.

FROM time to time the Freemasons of the world have hinted at their desire to rebuild King Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. The scheme was mooted so far back as 1909 by the Masons of America. At that time Palestine was under Turkish domination, and the idea was to purchase from the Sultan of Turkey the Temple area, or at least a portion of it, and erect upon it a building like that put up by Solomon.

Now that Palestine has passed under British rule and things are more settled there the proposal has been revived. The Freemasons of the world are forming an organization, to be known as "The Temple Association," the direct object of which "shall be the rebuilding of King Solomon's

Temple on the same location, in the same city as that one was builded which made the name of Solomon known the world over for all time."

The idea is certainly a noble one, and we are destined to hear more about it in the near future. In the first place, the various Christian denominations are to be approached in regard to the matter, while Dr. Conrad Schick's famous models of the Temple and the other edifices which have crowned this sacred site, and which have again been shown this summer at the Palestine Pavilion at the Exhibition at Wembley, are bound to call attention to the proposal.

To understand something of the magnitude of the task proposed a brief reference

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to the Temple is essential, while in addition one must not overlook its political and religious significance. Solomon's sacred and historic worshipping-place was one of the grandest structures ever raised by man. It represented first a daring piece of engineering work and embodied all the skill and cunning of the craftsmen of those days. Furthermore, its conception was only possible through the united enthusiasm of a whole nation. Not least, it was reared in the comparatively short space of seven years. It is doubtful if any of our modern contractors, with all their mechanical and labour-saving devices, could duplicate such a feat to-day. Over a century was spent in the erection of St. Peter's in Rome, and nearly four and a half centuries were needed to complete the cathedral at Milan. It took Sir Christopher Wren thirty-five years to build St. Paul's Cathedral, and compared with the time expended upon other similar edifices it was a fairly rapid piece of work.

But before Solomon could erect his Temple he had to prepare the site. It adorns the rocky pinnacle of Mount Moriah, for Jerusalem is built on a series of hills. It

was necessary first to construct a platform to carry the Temple and its subsidiary buildings. This stupendous base remains to-day. It is some thirty-five acres in extent and was built in so substantial a manner that neither time nor the devastations of barbarian forces, nor even earthquake shocks, have been able to break it up. It is a hundred feet and more in thickness in some places, which is evidenced by the shafts which have been sunk into it. Many of the stones of which it is composed are of massive proportions, some running to forty feet in length and weighing well over a hundred tons. Engineers declare that the material used in filling-in the valleys to create this necessary base is three times that requisitioned in building the Great Pyramid of Cheops, which is regarded as the largest artificial structure in the world.

As will be noted, the buildings rise from the south towards the north in a succession of terraces. The series of little domed roofs at the extreme southern end are stables or stalls for beasts used in connexion with the burnt offerings. The building adjoining them was part of the palace. The dome-shaped edifice behind the stables was the Judgment Hall, which contained Solomon's ivory throne surrounded by ten golden lions. On its left is the House of the Forest of Lebanon, which was used as an armoury and a royal reception hall. Solomon's own palace and also that of his queen are seen on the right of the Judgment Hall.

We now come to the precincts of the Temple, marked by an outer wall which ran round the whole four sides of the platform and formed a great square. It was pierced by several gates, the Gate Beautiful, mentioned in the New Testament, where Peter and John raised the impotent man, being on the east. This first open space was the Court of the Gentiles, beyond which none but Jews could go. It was surrounded by cloisters, and it was here that Christ cast out those who "made His Father's House a house of merchandise." The series of flat-looking buildings running south, east and west, and which were three stories high, were occupied by the priests and included also the Palace of the High Priest, the Sanhedrim and schools. They enclosed a second court, known as the Court of the Women. It was here that the people came to worship—men, women and children. Here, too, the priests received the offerings of the people. The treasury or collecting-boxes were kept here, and we know how our



A beautiful Arabian fountain on the Temple area

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Saviour likened our gifts by comparing the donations of the rich who cast in much to the poor widow who gave two mites—her all. A series of fifteen steps, on which the Psalms of Degrees were chanted, led through a portal or gateway to the inner, or Court of the Priests.

Here was situated the Altar of Burnt Offering and the Brazen or Molten Sea. The former is supposed to have stood on the sacred rock, the spot where Abraham came to offer up Isaac. It was of brass, and measured 30 feet in length, 30 feet in width and 15 feet in height. The Brazen or Molten Sea was a monster fount, 45 feet in circumference, 15 feet in diameter and 7½ feet in height. It was capable of containing 3,000 baths, or a capacity for 195,000 gallons. It was made of brass or copper captured by David from Tibbath and Chun, cities of Hadarezar, King of Zobah. The brim

was wrought "like the brim of a cup with flowers of lilies"—that is, curved outward like a lily or a lotus flower. It stood on twelve oxen over life-sized, three turned to each corner of the heavens and all facing outwards. This fount was used for the purification of the priests. There were in addition ten lavers or smaller founts. On slightly higher ground still, reached by a flight of twelve steps, stood the Temple proper, or House of the Lord. In front of the porch, immediately behind the Altar of Burnt Offering, stood the two pillars "Jachin" and "Boaz," each 34½ feet in height. They were hollow, and the thickness of the brass was "four fingers." Their chapters were ornamented with lily work, and round about them was network interwoven with small palms made of brass, to which were hung three hundred pomegranates in two rows. The pillars were made hollow so that they could be used as receptacles for documents.

We now come to the sacred edifice itself, which was not only the first permanent wor-

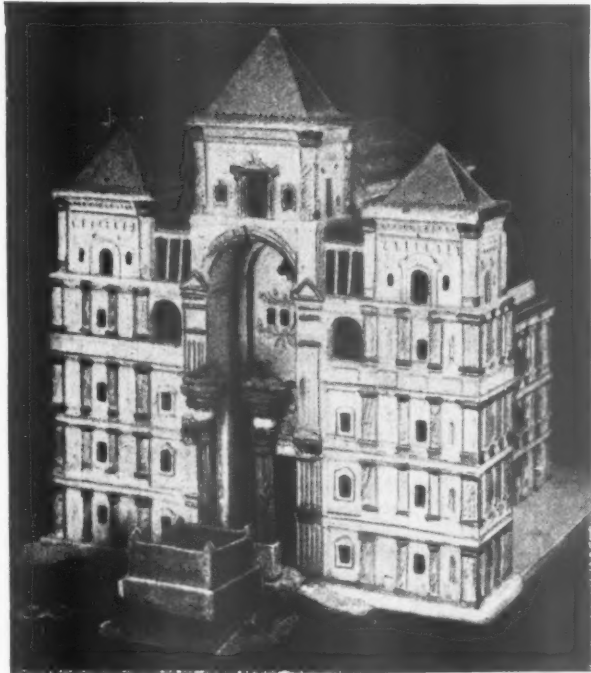
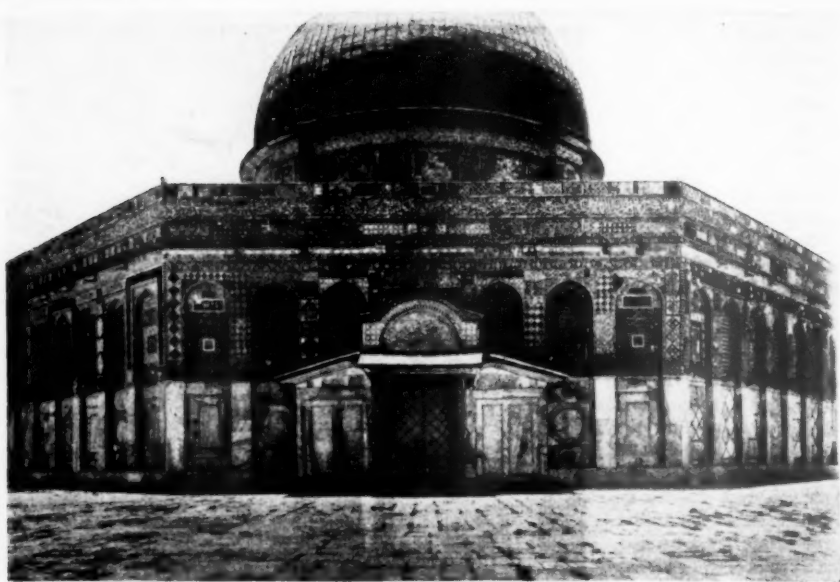


Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem

Close view of the Temple proper. Note the Altar of Burnt Offering in front of the two pillars, etc.

shipping-place of the Israelites, but the first permanent edifice to be reared for the service of God. It was rectangular in shape, 90 feet in length, 30 feet in width and 45 feet in height. Its walls, according to Ezekiel, were 9 to 10 feet thick, and the building contained many apartments, thought to number as many as a hundred. Its most sacred chamber was the Holy of Holies, which was 30 feet square. Like the principal apartments, it was floored with cypress, panelled in cedar and overlaid in gold. Here, where only the priests could enter, stood the Ark of the Covenant and the two Cherubims, each 10 feet high, made of olive wood and overlaid with gold, the Altar of Incense, the Table of Shewbread, and the Seven-branched Candlestick, which was also of gold. The seven lights were symbols of the Divine presence, seven being the number of perfection. The quantity of gold in this single chamber is supposed to have totalled 600 talents, while in Chronicles we read of the whole Temple being overlaid with gold. To the extreme north

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The beautiful tiles on the exterior of the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the Temple area where Solomon created his Temple

in the model can be seen the fortress of Millo, dominating the whole Temple site.

As already stated, the Temple, with its subsidiary buildings and courts, wonderful water supply and drainage, costly and elaborate decorations and sacred vessels by the thousand, were all reared and fashioned in the short space of seven years—in fact long before Solomon had completed his own palace. But here we must remember the help which Solomon received from his father. David was most anxious to build the Temple himself, but God told him that this could not be, for he was “a man of war,” and that the Temple would be reared by his son Solomon because he was “a man of peace.” So David collected the necessary material. He caused inquiries to be made of the number of strangers in the land and set them to work hewing timber in the mountains. He also put masons to work hewing stones in the quarries. He sent his men into all the land to collect gold and silver and brass and fine wood and everything which could be of use in the construction of the Temple.

Yet Solomon found it necessary to add materially to David's contribution. In Chronicles we read of 150,000 men being employed by Solomon in quarrying and carrying stone. Close to the Damascus

Gate, at the northern end of modern Jerusalem, may be seen an old subterranean quarry, called Solomon's Quarries. These were discovered a decade or two ago, and it is supposed that the stone used in the erection of the Temple came from these underground vaults. The historical writer Josephus, who has, perhaps, left the best description of this wonderful sacred edifice, tells us that the Temple was white, like driven snow. The stone in these quarries is white and soft, hardening with exposure to the air. Engineers have stated that sufficient material has been removed from these vaults to build the city of Jerusalem, as it now stands within the walls, three times over. A small pottery lamp, such as those used in ancient times, was recently discovered here buried in dust. Here in a particular chamber Freemasons visiting Jerusalem occasionally hold lodge meetings, and Masons the world over prize gravels and paper weights made from the white stone of these quarries, on which emblems of their craft are carved. It is the belief of Masons generally that Freemasonry had its birth at the building of the Temple and that Solomon was the first Grand Master of the craft.

Research would go to show that this army of 150,000 men did not represent the total

CAN SOLOMON'S TEMPLE BE REBUILT?

number of men called into requisition to erect this wonderful worshipping-place. We read in Scripture how Solomon approached his father's old friend, Hiram of Tyre, to lend him men to cut down timber on Mount Lebanon, "for Sidonians are more skilful than our people in cutting of wood." Hiram, we know, also sent many skilful Phœnician workmen, and it is interesting to note, as a confirmation of the Bible story, that the agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund discovered, some months ago, Phœnician masons' marks on one of the foundation stones of the Temple wall some 80 feet below the present surface. It is thought by some scholars that the total number of men engaged by Solomon was no less than 183,000. It was in the eleventh year of Solomon's reign, seven years after he began operations, that the Temple stood complete and was dedicated to the service of God "in the presence of all the people."

If the Temple which the Freemasons talk of building is to be a duplicate of the original they must be lavish in the use of gold and the precious metals. Not only was the Temple overlaid with gold, but the golden ornaments were almost without number. There were 100,000 vessels of

gold, 200,000 of silver, 80,000 golden dishes for offering fine flour, 160,000 silver dishes for the same purpose, 60,000 large gold basins for flour and oil, 120,000 similar basins for flour and 40,000 measures of silver, 20,000 golden censers to carry incense to the altar, and some 50,000 other gold and silver censers. The great Seven-branched Candlestick was also of gold, as was also the table for the shewbread, while the two Cherubims and the Ark were overlaid in this costly metal.

We can at least get some idea of the cost of the Temple from the records of the Scripture. David tells us how he had prepared for the House of the Lord, which Solomon was to build, one thousand talents of gold and a thousand thousand talents of silver, and that he gave from his own treasure three thousand talents of gold of Ophir and seven thousand talents of fine silver, which stimulated the princes and rulers to give five thousand talents of gold and ten thousand of silver. The best authorities give the value of the talent of gold as £6,750 and of silver as £387 10s. 10d. These yield the fabulous total of over £1,123,087,500. Mr. J. H. Franklin, a Mason, who has written a work on this

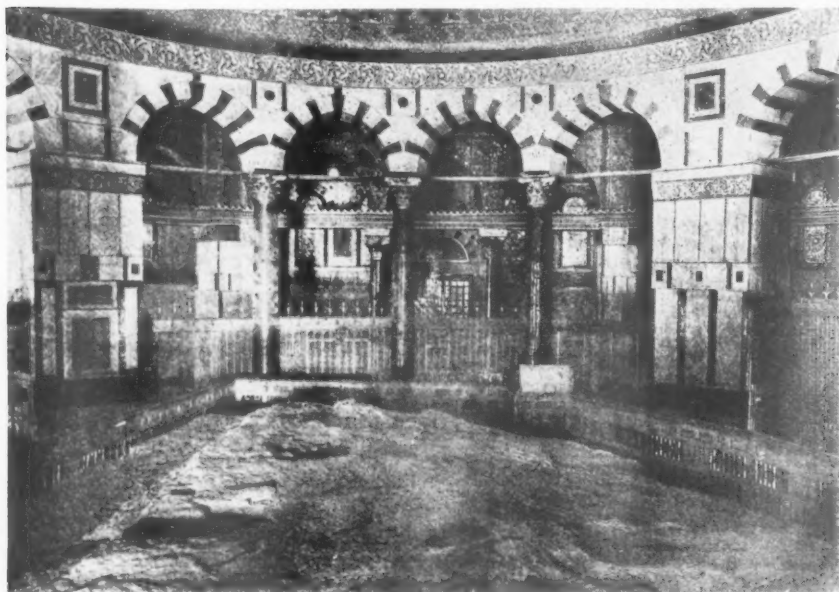


Photo. American Colony, Jerusalem

The Rock Moriah in the Mosque of Omar, upon which the Altar of Burnt Offering is supposed to have stood

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subject, declares that "the cost of building the Temple in money of our day would be £40,000,000." I conclude this is without its elaborate ornamentation in the precious metals, for he goes on to say that Solomon "used thirteen million pounds troy of gold and one hundred and thirty million pounds of silver in the Temple," which would represent a much greater sum than forty million pounds sterling, seeing that an ounce of gold is worth over four pounds sterling.

After standing for 410 years the Temple was completely destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. After the return of the Jews from the captivity, Zerubbabel reared a second Temple, which was smaller and insignificant compared with that of Solomon's, though it followed its general lines. Then in the year 20 B.C. Herod the Great, to curry favour with the Jews, began the erection of a third Temple, the one that stood in Jerusalem in the days of Christ. In architectural magnificence it even surpassed that built by Solomon, but was devoid of that lavish ornamentation of the precious metals. This Temple was destroyed by Titus, as our Lord foretold it would be. The site has since been occupied by Christian and heathen

edifices. To-day it is graced with that marvellous structure the Mosque of Omar.

For many centuries Jews and Christians were prohibited from entering this building under penalty of death. Until quite recently tourists could only enter when in charge of a Government official and by payment of baksheesh. Since our occupation of Palestine Jews have been permitted freely into the Temple platform, which is a startling innovation and a sign of the times.

Now, if the Temple of Solomon is to be rebuilt on its original site, this beautiful building must be demolished. Such a course is unthinkable. On the other hand, this building and the other Mohammedan structure, the Mosque Al Aska, only occupy a small portion of the thirty-five acres of the Temple area. It may be feasible, therefore, to leave the Mohammedan buildings and at one end of the great Temple area erect some noble Christian edifice. To such a course even the Moslems could raise no serious objection, and who can say that it will not be done, and Jerusalem become once more the City of the Cross? This I believe is the utmost the Freemasons or any Christian body could possibly hope to accomplish.



Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem

Entrance to the subterranean vaults of Solomon's Quarries

THE CAIRN

by
H. Mortimer Batten

SIR ROBERT TENNANT was sledging down the pasture which terminates at the unfenced highway when he almost ran down a solitary pedestrian. That pedestrian was a little dark-eyed, dark-haired ten-year-old, who carried a basket over her arm.

"Sorry," said Sir Robert, staring at his escaped victim, then with that candour which takes no count of social strata, the two children continued to stare inquiringly into each other's faces. "I nearly ran you down," pursued Sir Robert, yanking at the whiskery rope with which he pulled his sledge. "If you hadn't jumped, I should have done."

The gipsy child did not answer, but still she did not go away, so Sir Robert asked, "What have you got in that basket?"

"Nothing," answered the little girl, still staring at him.

"Then what's the good of the bally basket if there's nothing in it?" inquired the young nobleman. "Now I'll tell you what. You help me pull the sledge to the top and I'll give you a ride down. You can sit in the front if you like."

But the gipsy child shook her head. "I've nae time the noo," she contended. "I must awa' tae the village for my messages."

Sir Robert was obviously disappointed. "When are you coming back?" he asked after a pause.

"Oh, I'll no be sae long," replied the wee girl. "When I come back I'll play wi' ye."

"All right," the boy agreed. "You slip along and I'll be waiting for you. I was just wishing someone would come along to help me pull the sledge up the hill."

Sir Robert was true to his word, for about an hour later she saw him wave to her as she rounded the bend. Together they pulled the sledge to the crown of the ridge, and by the time they had reached it they knew pretty well all that mattered about each other. Robert was eleven, and he lived at the castle. His companion was wee Maggie

McGree, and her people were camping at the cross-roads by the sign-post.

"What did you go to the village for?" inquired Sir Robert, indicating the basket which reclined at the roadside at the foot of the hill.

"I'll show ye when I get doon," she promised him, and there followed the breathless, bumpy plunge, both the children finishing in a heap at the foot of the hill. She then took up her basket. There was tea, sugar, half a loaf, a pound of margarine, and a box of coloured beads.

"I was tae get eggs if they were seven tae the shilling," she advised him, "but they were only five. Mither's no sae weel, and an egg's about a' that'll stay on her stomach."

Sir Robert had no idea what "stay on her stomach" meant, and it is doubtful whether wee Maggie had, but the boy at least gleaned the fact that Maggie's mother was "no sae weel," and his soft boy's heart for a mother was touched.

"So," added Maggie cheerily, "I bought her the beads insteed o' the eggs."

Sir Robert did not like beads, and refused to be intrigued. "I've got some bantams," he announced. "If you come with me, Maggie, I'll give you some eggs. There are sure to be two or three in the house by now." He took her hand, but Maggie hung back shyly.

"No," said she, "I'll no come tae the castle. My mither wouldna' let me."

But the boy scoffed down her fears. "Why not?" he demanded. "They're my bantams, and I can do what I jolly well like with them."

So at length she yielded, and entering the policies of the big estate Sir Robert went to the keeper's lodge and demanded some keys. The keeper stared at his little companion, grinned complacently, and a minute or two later Maggie and Robert were rummaging together in the bantam house. There were five eggs, beautiful little russet

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things, which Robert placed proudly in her basket.

"You're a gipsy girl, aren't you?" he asked, holding her small soft hand, which was just about as brown as the eggs; but she did not understand his inquiry, and her dark eyes told him so. Thus Sir Robert amended his phraseology. "Aren't you a tinker?" he asked.

She nodded comprehendingly.

"I've often heard about the tinkers," the boy went on. "My old nurse used to tell me about them, how they get hungry when the snow is on the ground, and poach and steal. Are you hungry, Maggie?"

She hung her head, as though that were a shameful thing. "Not now," she told him. "Sometimes. But we dinna steal," she added with spirit, meeting his clear gaze. "We're no allowed tae steal."

"Never?" queried Robert. "I'd love to steal something."

She looked at him inquiringly. "I did once—last winter," she confessed. "I stole a wee frilly rug frae the mail-cairt o' a rich baby. He didna' want it, and kind o' gave it tae me; but when he saw me wrapping it round oor wee Donald he began tae cry and a nurse came oot. They drove us oot o' the toon, and it made me sad because mither cried a' the way tae Tayside."

"Why did she cry?" queried Sir Robert, who had never known his own blithe-hearted mother to cry.

"I dinna ken," said the gipsy child wistfully. "Maybe it was because wee Donald was cauld, and we couldna' get him warm. He took the big cough next day, and when faither and I got back frae the village mither was sitting by the fire in the wood and wee Donald was dead."

Sir Robert nodded gravely. "What a pity!" said he. "What did you do with him?"

At this Maggie waved indifferently towards the big hills. "Faither built a cairn o' stanes," she said. "And every time we gaun that way faither and mither put anither stane on the cairn, and sometimes flowers, and mither always comes back crying."

But that sad story was soon forgotten, for on the way back the keeper gave wee Maggie a rabbit, skinned and ready for the pot. "And tell yer mither it's about time ye were moving frae the cross-roads," he told the child.

So wee Maggie departed, well laden, and when next morning Sir Robert went

down to his sledge, which he had left at the roadside, he found a little bunch of winter primroses laid upon it. He took them and showed them to his mother, telling her about the gipsy girl who must have left them, whereupon his mother kissed him and hoped that his life would be very, very full of primroses.

"As you have nothing else to do, Robert," she added, "perhaps you would like to take some more eggs in your basket to the gipsy mother at the cross-roads. You may stay by their fire, but I don't want you to go into their little wigwam."

So away the boy went, and nearing the cross-roads, at which so many wayfarers turned for the hills, a sudden thrill possessed him as he saw the little russet wigwam, with its wood fire and its streak of white smoke rising straight into the frosty air. Maggie came out and stood by the fire, her hands crossed, watching his approach, and when he waved to her the woman also came out—a picturesque, upright figure, with her straight black hair and her red neck-cloth.

She beamed on him nervously—the laird's little son—and while she took the eggs from his basket with grateful fingers, Sir Robert explored the premises.

"Jingo, Maggie, what a topping place you live in! I wish I could come and stay with you—" and so on, all a little boy's heedless, enthusiastic prattle. The woman bade him sit by the fire, and producing a cup she dipped it into the big cauldron, and Sir Robert partook of their hospitality. Such broth he had never before tasted, and twice he permitted the cup to be replenished. Then, being a well-brought-up little boy, he inquired after the gipsy mother's health, at which he was told that she was no sae bad, since she was expecting her fourth baby a month or so hence. Yes, a baby a year—that was her lot, "and only one living," added the gipsy woman, patting her little brown-eyed daughter on the head, to all of which Sir Robert listened with wide-eyed thirst for knowledge.

"Well, I must go now," he said eventually. "Maybe I'll come back. Good-bye, dear gipsy woman. I won't let the keepers turn you off if you want to stay."

"God bless ye, my proud wee laddie," said she. "If a' the sons o' the big folk were like you, the tinkers would tak' nae harm."

"We do want tae stay," said Maggie, looking at him hard, and to this Sir Robert



"The woman beamed on him
nervously—the laird's little son"

Drawn by
John Campbell

THE QUIVER

announced, "Leave that to me! I'll fix it up without a hitch."

Then, as Sir Robert turned upon his heel, Maggie McGree threw her arms about his neck, and he felt her impulsive kiss upon his cheek.

Sir Robert was embarrassed and a trifle angry, but somehow, as he walked home, the anger vanished and a new sense possessed him. That afternoon he was lonely and at a loose end. There were no other children with whom he could play, and he wanted very badly to go back to the gipsy camp. And when night came, and he lay in his own small bed in a very big room, somehow he lived over and over again that moment when wee Maggie McGree had thrown her arms about his neck, and over and over again, for some strange reason, the picture of a rugged man of the hills building a cairn of stones rose before his eyes.



Sir Robert waited at the roadside next morning, waited and hoped, but there were no flowers for him to-day, and his little copper-coloured fairy did not come. Meantime a great idea was forming in his mind, at first vague and indefinite, but slowly materializing—the desire to build a cairn of stones. He did not know just why he wanted to build it, save that it was a great thing to build a monument which would withstand the storms of life, a thing which was permanent amidst so many transient things. Something seemed to tell him that he really wanted to build it because of wee Maggie McGree, who had left flowers on his sledge, and who, ere long, would move on over the glen roads, buffeted by the storms, kissed by the sunshine, and sometimes hungry. He could not forget that—sometimes hungry! He pictured his cairn with primroses at the foot of it, defying the hill blasts, for somehow she reminded him of primroses.

So, acting on his eager impulse, he went next morning back to the gipsy's camp, and wee Maggie came running bare footed down the hill, her black hair blowing wild, her bright eyes shining their welcome. He took both her hands, and then it was that he did the first really brave thing of his life. With old-world decorum, which would have done credit to his forefathers, whose portraits hung about the castle walls, he stooped and kissed her.

"Maggie," said he, "I want to build a cairn, same as your father built when you

lost wee Donald—a great big cairn, towering up high, and we could plant primroses round the foot of it. Will you help me?"

Aye, she would help him gladly. She, too, was without a play-mate, and she was used to lifting heavy loads. She knew just where they would build the cairn. There was a mound which stood alone and aloft above the cross-roads, and there were stones enough in the hollows all about.

So the cairn was begun, the cairn which was destined never to be completed by childish hands. Little Maggie rolled the stones one by one to the foot of the steep rise, and Sir Robert carried them up and laid them carefully in place. Several days he came, but sometimes he had to work alone, because wee Maggie had to run her messages. But the cairn grew and grew, as stone by stone they added to it, just as great cities are built. And Sir Robert regarded it proudly, as a man might well look proudly upon the first edifice of his own making, representing toil and love, even though it be a useless thing. For wee Maggie, who did not know why they were building it or what it was for, it must have been a dreary business, but she stuck to it keenly—rather to him, ever ready to admire each new addition. Sometimes when their arms ached they would sit side by side in that lonely place, where wayfarers meet and part—two wild little spirits of the hills, who loved the winds and the sudden storms which swept in from the north, and to whom the rays of the sunbeams falling athwart the glen were the ladders to heaven. To them the swallows were eagles, the clouds were God's chariots, and the laughter of the burn was but a hollow mockery of their own supreme merriment.

So Hogmanay drew near, and with it the children's annual party at the castle, after which, the shooting season being at an end, the family would adjourn to the South. The party extended over two nights, the first embracing such children as there were on the neighbouring estates, the second devoted chiefly to the children of the tenants. A favoured few were invited for both nights, and foremost among these Sir Robert voted for wee Maggie McGree.

"Maggie McGree!" echoed his mother. "Who on earth is that, Robert?"

"The little girl who left the primroses for me," he told her.

"Oh," said her ladyship, "that child!"

Then she tried to explain why it was impossible. It was not even fair to wee Mag-

gie, for she would not understand, and she would be lonely among so many children whom she did not know.

"She won't be lonely," asserted Sir Robert stoutly. "You leave that to me, mother. I'll see that she isn't lonely."

It was difficult for his mother to make him understand, for snobbishness was the last thing she wished to encourage, yet—it was so impossible!

"I'll tell you what, mother!" cried the boy with sudden inspiration. "Let's make the first night fancy dress optional. That will be fun, and she can come—just as a little gipsy girl."

It was a bright idea, certainly, but—still—

"I'd like her best just as a gipsy girl," said Sir Robert coaxingly. "She's my friend, mother. She's helping me build the cairn, my wonderful cairn. She brought me the Christmas primroses, and you don't know how much I love her. Let her come, mother—just as a little gipsy girl."

So that was decided upon, after the way of mothers, and later in the day her ladyship went to the gipsy camp and explained things to the other mother.

"Don't be proud, dear woman, because I want to be your friend," explained her ladyship. "Of course, you will not mind if the doctor just looks in to see that everything is all right." Her ladyship was quite sure of it, but she must be able to tell her friends that she had taken this precaution, and in-

deed the little girl would look charming as—just as a little gipsy girl. She could come to the castle on the morning of the party, and though Robert's mother did not say so much, she inferred that wee Maggie

would be well tubbed and combed before she entered the party-room. And to this Maggie's mother replied like a queen, "For the ease of your mind, my lady, be it so, but the wee girl will be tubbed and brushed before she leaves here, as she is every morning, and the doctor may look in



"Sir Robert's little gipsy girl again flung her arms about his neck"
—p. 1144

tae see her next time he comes tae see me."

They shook hands, and thereafter compared motherly notes, in which, at any rate, they had much in common.

That night her ladyship confessed to her husband that she had done a truly awful thing, but hearing what it was, he laughed uproariously. "Quite right, my dear," he said, "and I'm very glad. I want my boy to grow up to love the people of the world,

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and from this little gipsy girl he may learn much of the brotherhood of mankind."

"I think he has learnt a great deal already," replied Robert's mother. "He declares that he is in love with her—think of it! Our son, our heir, in love with a hill-born gipsy child!"

"All children are sacred," replied his lordship thoughtfully. "If you had been born a gipsy girl—what then?"

"If I had met you," she answered, "I would still have loved, but I would never have married."

"Perhaps not," he agreed, "yet—we would have built our cairn!"

So on the morning of the first great day little Maggie turned up at the kitchen door bright and early—her mother's idea of earliness being such that the family was just assembling for breakfast. A grave-faced butler let her in—such a sweet, fresh, well-combed little girl that his lordship was fascinated, and made room for her between him and Sir Robert. Wee Maggie was too strange and excited to partake of much of a meal—too wonderfully impressed by the burnished silver and the shining mahogany—yet what little she ate, she ate daintily, conducting herself on the whole like the wee princess she was.

"The child's spotless, my lady," announced the old nurse, with no intention of a double meaning. "I never saw such a lovely little thing. My, but you might be proud to call her one of your own."

But that was nothing to the comments which occurred when the party really began.

"Who's the little gipsy girl?" was the general inquiry. "Isn't she simply fascinating? And her make-up! I wonder where they got that from?"

"The work of her own mother," replied her ladyship when the question was put direct to her, but beyond that she did not seem to be prepared to volunteer information.

So wee Maggie McGree lived that night in fairyland—a never-to-be-forgotten night, with its bright dresses, its shining lanterns, and its great shining people, who beamed down upon her and added jewels (from the crackers) to those which already adorned her clothing. To her it was just a dream, and swept away in the whirl of it she managed, towards the end, to clutch Sir Robert eagerly, and looking up into his face she said, "We must finish our cairn some time—just you and me."

"Yes," he whispered back. "We must—we'll finish it before I go."

"You go?" she echoed. These were about the first words she had spoken since her arrival, but now her dark eyes burned inquiringly into his. "You go?" she repeated. "Where—when do you go?"

"Next week," he answered. "Didn't I tell you, Maggie? We're all going—to Switzerland or somewhere beastly."

"For how long?" she asked, and her little hot fingers closed more tightly still.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the boy airily. "Till next winter, I suppose. We only stay here so that dad can get the grouse and the ptarmigan shooting. He's simply mad on it."

And then it was that, there in the brightly lighted hall, before all his guests, Sir Robert's little gipsy girl again flung her arms about his neck and kissed him, eagerly, passionately, not for the first, but for the last time. In a moment she was gone, and he saw her running like the vanishing fairy away down towards the servants' quarters, where the Japanese lanterns hung. And as she ran, lost now to the glory and glamour of it, Sir Robert thought he heard her crying, and something cried within him also to run after her, to bring her back, his fairy of the primroses. Yet, because he was a boy, too proud to love, he could not obey the promptings of his soul, and leaving the scenes of gaiety he went to his mother and told her quietly. So a search was organized, but wee Maggie McGree could not be found, till at length a chauffeur returned with the message, "The little gipsy girl is back at her camp, my lady."



Sir Robert fell gloriously in Flanders seven years later, and when the succeeding Hogmanay came the cairn of stones above the cross-roads was seen to be complete, and at the foot of the cairn was a bunch of winter primroses. By the sign-post below, where wayfarers meet and part, still smouldered the ashes of a gipsy fire; and so, each Hogmanay since, her ladyship goes along that quiet high road shortly after the day's breaking and lays a bunch of flowers alongside the bunch of primroses already waiting there. And with the simple gift each year, placed by a mysterious gipsy hand, there is always another stone added to the cairn—a pure white stone, the gipsy's symbol of virgin purity.

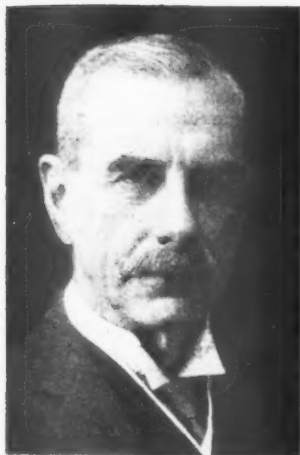


Photo: Russell

Sir Basil Thompson, K.C.B.

I HAVE been searching my memory for an instance, among the many thousand criminals I have known personally, of one who had no flicker of redeeming virtue among his many vices, and I have searched almost in vain. There are men, of course, who seem to take a pride in exhibiting their brutal side to the world and in hiding away all decent feeling as if it was a thing to be ashamed of, but in all of them come moments when they betray the divine spark against their will. Only among those to whom histrionics become second nature, who get their living as free men by preying on the credulity of their fellows, is it difficult to get at the real man. Among the most brutal of the convicts at Dartmoor the conspicuous virtue is the love of children and animals. I remember the indignation among the farm party when one of their number was seen to kick a cow. I had to receive a deputation demanding that the man should at once be removed from the party; otherwise they would take the law into their own hands.

The Five-letter Man and the Butterfly

Every convict wears embroidered on his sleeve a letter indicating each conviction. A five-letter man is an habitual criminal who has served five sentences of penal servitude. One Sunday afternoon a rare gleam of sunshine illuminated the prison chapel. We were nearing the end of the service, and I, from my vantage seat in the

The Good in the Worst of Us by SIR BASIL THOMPSON, K.C.B.

gallery, was looking down upon the lines of kneeling men, when I saw an early butterfly flutter into the building and settle on the floor of the aisle. In another minute the men would be tramping down the aisle from their seats and that would have been the end of that precocious butterfly, but a five-letter man had seen it too. One would have picked him out as the model from whom Bill Sikes was drawn, and he was quarrelsome and foul-mouthed to boot. I saw him look furtively at the warders and then, inch by inch, he stretched out his cap into the aisle and gently brushed the butterfly out of harm's way under his seat.

The "Garden Party" at Dartmoor

I think that the competition for what is known as the "garden party" at Dartmoor was largely due to the opportunities it gave for seeing children. To a child of six or seven a kind man is a kind man, whether his garments are spattered with broad arrows or otherwise, and the children playing in the superior officers' garden looked forward to the irruption of the garden party because it was composed entirely of kind men—the sort of men who fashioned little toys out of waste wood and paper and hid them cunningly under little hillocks of grass with many a nod and a wink to indicate the hiding-place, and then when the party moved off there was a dash for the hillock and little hands were waved in gratitude to the retreating broad-arrow man. It was a little idyll of which the warder took no account.

And then there were the mice! Jack London once laid down that no performing animals could be trained without cruelty. Probably he was right about the larger animals, but I can testify that the field mouse—who for some obscure reason is the only mouse that can be trained—is induced

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to do his tricks entirely by kindness and cupboard love. Certain men had an uncanny gift for training mice. The raw material was brought in by the haymakers and delivered unostentatiously as they passed the trainer's cell. There, with little bits of bread and cheese, the mouse was patiently trained to sit upon his haunches at the word of command, to shoulder a match like a musket and change it from shoulder to shoulder. His leisure moments were passed in a dinner tin, not because there was a danger of his escape, but because of the prison cat, and when his master took his walks abroad on the exercise ground the mouse was warmly tucked into his breast-pocket. The regular payment for the services of the trainer was a slice of meat exchanged for the trained mouse, and there was sometimes trouble because the mouse refused to do his tricks for a new master, who claimed that the training had been insufficient, but the gentleness of these rough men generally prevailed in the end. One of the familiar requests to the Governor when men are going out of prison was: "May I take my

mouse out with me?"—a request that was always granted. The convicts were equally successful with pigeons and jackdaws, and when they marched off the parade to labour they left behind them long rows of these birds picking up the bread that the men had brought out for them. We had to prohibit birds in the cells on account of frequent tragedies with the cat, but many of the men had tamed the wild birds to come and feed on their window-sill. Animals are no respecters of persons. Like the warders' children, they care nothing about the broad arrow and bestow their affections upon people who are kindest to them. I used to tremble to think of what a menagerie would have been enclosed behind those grim walls if the men had been allowed to keep all the strange pets that they had made friends with. The shepherd would sit up to nurse a sick lamb, and thereafter the lamb would go bleating after him wherever he went, taking him, apparently, for its own mother. But for the regulations, we should certainly have had a performing sheep in the prison decorated with a ribbon of red tape about its neck.



Women filling their water-skins at a well in the East

(See "Housekeeping in the Near East.")



Shopping in the East: a street scene at Omdurman

Housekeeping in the Near East

Oriental Domesticities

By

Helen Greig Souter

THE average domesticated woman, sighing vainly for "a new beast," and complaining loudly and long that her lot, like that of the Gilbertian policeman, is not a happy one—and that not without good reason in these days of increasing food prices and the difficulty of obtaining adequate assistance—is deserving of every sympathy.

Her problems, however, are intensified and multiplied a hundredfold when circumstances call her to make a home in the Near or Far East for one of the many unknown and unsung Empire-builders or pioneers in the unmapped, trackless desert.

The Envy of Her Friends

If she is young and ardent, she is thrilled by the thought of all the romance and glamour which await her as a bride out there. She is the object of admiration and of envy in the circle of her girl friends, who have settled down, it may be, to domesticity in a sleepy provincial town or the conventional round of suburban life.

If she has been indulging in a course of novels descriptive of the luxurious existence of the Orient, her imagination runs riot at the idea of the golden, glorious out-of-the-way experiences which are des-

tined to be hers. All this is perfectly pardonable, and not unwholly true to facts, but the trouble is that there is a reverse side to the picture about which no one has warned her.

Real Heat

She is vaguely conscious that the mosquitoes are a nuisance, and that she is liable to be eaten alive by insects at first. She realizes that the heat is something terrible, and that it is impossible to attempt anything save a siesta during the long hours of the afternoon, but she does not dream that it will reduce her to a state of complete lethargy, and she is quite unprepared for a temperature of 100 degrees at 6 a.m., perhaps after an almost sleepless night, when even the wind is sultry and hot. She will count herself very lucky if the roof of her new home is sufficiently flat to allow of her bed being placed there, along with an erection of sorts into which she may creep in the event of a sudden thunderstorm or, worse still, a terrific sand-storm.

In Cairo and Alexandria, where there are large British communities, the members are proverbially kind to the new-comer, espe-

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cially if she is a bride, and the women amongst them will do their utmost to help her find a flat or villa, if her husband has not already secured one, or if a home is prepared, assist her to settle in and "put her wise" in many ways. The blocks of flats in the larger towns are not unlike the type of those in London, and "Crocodile Mansions," the entrance to which is decorated with the animal of that name, which is supposed to be a luck-bringer, is a favourite abode with Government and other officials. The rooms, large and airy, generally open out of each other, and they are well planned and up to date as regards bathrooms and electric light.



The water problem: a donkey boy with a skin of water

The furniture is of the simplest, and consists largely of tables, divans piled with endless cushions, and a variety of wicker and bamboo chairs. Most of it may be bought in the local market, including the beds, or more correctly mattresses, and naturally the prospective housewife has to exercise the greatest care in her selection of these.

Engaging "Boys"

Her house so far in order, the next thing is the servant problem, and it occasions a lot of worry and trouble, although there, as here, one sometimes happens on a treasure of a boy. They are all boys, even if

they are grey-bearded men of fifty or sixty, and their chief ambition is to enter the service of a Britisher.

No sooner is a villa or flat rented by a young couple or a party of bachelors than the news runs round the bazaars, and the new tenants are besieged by a crowd of clamorous boys, all eagerly and volubly protesting by every hair in the beards of their forefathers that they are honest, clean, diligent, respectable, in fact, paragons of all the virtues, winding up invariably with "I spik Engleesh."

Most employers regard the latter accomplishment as a disqualification rather than a recommendation, and prefer the raw

Arab, even if it means wrestling with a dictionary and an unknown tongue every time they enter the kitchen or issue an order. Mistress and boy appeal in turn to the printed page, and it is wonderful in how short a time they begin to understand each other's pidgin Arabic or English.

The Arabs, as a rule, are very quick and imitative, and learn domestic work much more quickly than the average raw, untrained maid in her first place. Naturally their standard of cleanliness leaves much to be

desired, and they have to be very closely watched. It gives a mistress a decided shock when she pays a surreptitious visit to the kitchen to find Majube or Abdullah wiping the inside of the saucepans with his galabeah or outer garment through sheer laziness to fetch a clean cloth, or, worse still, to discover him washing his feet in the kitchen basin!

A friend of mine, congratulating herself on the celerity with which a new boy was doing out the bedrooms, peeped in one morning to give him a word of encouragement when she surprised him in the act of throwing the slops out of the window, regardless of the passers-by in the street be-

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE NEAR EAST

low, and without uttering the warning shout of "Gardy-loo," with which the Edinburgh housewives of bygone days prefaced the self-same act from their chamber windows in the high historic houses in the neighbourhood of Holyrood Palace.

The Bazaars

It is reckoned *infra dig.* for the housewife to do her own marketing, which she is compelled to entrust to the boy, who naturally is in league with all the merchants of the bazaars, and is rewarded with a liberal baksheesh by way of commission. If the Sitt, his mistress, like Mrs. John Gilpin, is possessed of a frugal mind, then he has many a bad quarter of an hour over the daily or weekly bills, for he trades on her ignorance and charges often exorbitant prices, so that as a general rule he prefers a bachelor employer who does not worry about such trifles and does not inquire too closely into the state of his kitchen premises and utensils.

As regards foodstuffs, one can get most things the same as at home, plus many



In the grain market

Oriental delicacies, which one samples at first with great timidity, but acquires a taste for in time. The butchers' shops are almost repellent, as the meat is freshly killed and unhung, and the sight of it is enough to turn one a vegetarian on the spot. The fruit stalls, on the other hand, are very attractive, until a closer view discloses long-tailed rats playing hide-and-seek among the baskets of grapes and bananas, etc.

Even in remote places the bazaars exercise a constant fascination and never pall on the women, who spend hours every week wandering in and out of their dark, mys-

terious recesses, with their indescribable aroma of the East, lit up by the gleam of curious brasses, by the glitter of silk and tinsel brocades, by the exquisite colourings of rugs and carpets, and by the rainbow-tinted lights radiating from masses of barbaric jewellery or trays of uncut gems of marvellous beauty. The merchants squat on the floor, eternally drinking coffee or smoking their long pipes. They salaam in the most obsequious manner to the Sitt, calling down all the



The water supply again

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blessings of Allah on her head and waxing lyrical, it may be, about her face, her figure, her clothes and everything else they can think of. It is most embarrassing at first, but one soon gets used to it, knowing that it is only a preamble to the business in hand.

Extravagant prices are asked to start with, but the prospective customer has been warned to pay only a fourth or less of the amount, and it takes all her womanly wits to chaffer and bargain with those daylight robbers, who regard the white man and woman as their legitimate prey. They are very plausible if not eloquent, and their gift of the gab would be an invaluable asset to a political candidate. They are extremely amiable and polite, and rarely give any sign of annoyance when bested by "a foeman worthy of their steel" in the form of a wideawake Englishwoman.

A Disastrous Dinner Party

A good deal of entertaining in the way of large and small dinner parties goes on, and as a rule the cook can be trusted to produce

a tempting, if not a dainty, meal, but, of course, there are exceptions. The tale of how an English bride, "newly out," gave a Christmas dinner which almost ended in disaster is frequently retold in the Soudan. She had sent home for plum puddings, holly, mistletoe, bonbons, etc. All went well until the sweet course. Abdullah had been carefully instructed to pour some fine old brandy over the pudding, set it alight and bring it in blazing to the table. Its advent was greeted with cheers in the time-honoured way, and a few quiet tears were shed by some of the women present, but as one after another tasted it, the expression of their faces was so peculiar that the host noticed something was wrong. Quickly sampling his own portion, he made a bee-line for the kitchen, where the cook lay helplessly drunk, having consumed all the brandy and poured methylated spirit over the pudding!

The story, of course, has a moral in more than one direction, but at any rate it throws light on the conditions in the East. The difficulties of the home-making in Oriental countries need no exaggeration.



Native life at Atbara



THE SPELL OF SARNIA

By
Mrs. Baillie Reynolds

CHAPTER XXX The Seigneur Entertains

ACCOMPANIED by Gilray, Aymon forthwith visited the stable, wherein Young Thomas was blubbing like a child, crouched over the corpse of the splendid beast whom he had loved like a friend.

It did not take long to ascertain that poor Toro was actually dead. Financially the loss was not a serious one, for the bull was growing old, and Aymon had no intention of running a dairy farm; but sentimentally it had hit both Thomas and his aged mistress hard; and Aymon felt that, if he could compass it, an end must be put to old Anne's malicious activities.

A post mortem would discover the exact cause of the animal's death; and Gilray volunteered to deliver a message, on his way back to Peter Port, at the house of the veterinary surgeon, asking him to come up early next morning to Grange des Fées for that purpose.

Should poison be found, Aymon meant prosecuting. Anne had uttered threats against him and his in the hearing of several people. The point was, could these witnesses be induced to incur her enmity by testifying against her? He knew that this was doubtful.

Obviously, however, there was nothing to be done that night, since the victim was past help. Aymon therefore returned to his visitors, and announced that he was going to put the whole matter out of his mind for the present. He proceeded to entreat them all to stay to an impromptu supper, an invitation eagerly seconded by Tante Michelle.

The three young people accepted with gratitude, having left home without any dinner in hopes of reaching the Grange in time to warn its inhabitants.

In high spirits Aymon ran downstairs, where he found that the young woman he had recently engaged to help Marthe and relieve his aunt had (owing to the sensation caused by Anne's latest outrage) not yet gone home for the night.

With genuine Guernseisais hospitality, all were eager to help; and the table was set, cold food

produced, potatoes fried and coffee made, before one would have thought it possible.

"But they will do anything for him," said Tante vaingloriously to her guests. "He has the seigneur's way with them, *vois-tu?*"

They smiled in amusement, tinged with tenderness, over the old woman's proud devotion to the last of his line.

It was an hilarious party which sat down in the fine old kitchen. Tante brought to light some old wine, laid down by her father many years before, and opened it in honour of the very first occasion of Aymon's entertaining guests in his own home.

"Next time you come, we'll give you something better than cold meat," he promised them; "and by that time I hope we'll have got the telephone, so that we could let Vidal know his daughter is here—"

"Oh, father won't be uneasy. He was at home when I started and knew where I was going," said Oriane. She smiled quite simply as she added, "He won't be thinking I'm lost, with Mr. Gilray in charge."

"Fill your glasses with some of this excellent hooch," said Gilray gaily, "and let us drink good luck to the joint venture. Vidal was a wise man to take that old autocrat at his word and get out. He'll do far better on his own, as he has always wished to be. Hope he got his last quarter's salary paid down in cash."

"Why," laughed Oriane, "you don't suppose that Mr. Quigley would have any difficulty in paying, do you? Whatever we may think he lacks, he has certainly plenty of money."

"Oh, doubtless! Of course, I know nothing about it, Miss Vidal; fresh from the back-blocks, as you are all aware; a mere kangaroo, as the old boy has it. Well, here's to the gardens! Good luck to the flowers!"

He raised his glass, Yvonne joining with enthusiasm. Through Aymon's mind rushed sudden memory of an old piping voice slowly and laboriously enunciating—

Bonne chance aux jardins!

Bonne chance aux fleurs pâles et frêles . . .

Involuntarily he looked at Oriane, and instantly he knew that she was thinking the same thought.

Something thrilled between them as their

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eyes spoke to one another across the table. The toast being in honour of himself, Aymon had remained seated. Oriane, being, as it were, in the partnership, had hesitated as to whether to pledge him or to consider herself pledged. Now she made up her mind, rose with the others, including the old *tante*, and held up her glass.

"Good luck to every islander that returns to the land of his fathers—and most of all good luck to the Vauxlaurens who dwells once more in the cradle of his race!" she said softly.

The colour mounted to his very brow as all honoured the toast with warm cordiality.

"You mustn't ask me to reply," he faltered. "I'm feeling too deeply. Coming back to Guernsey is like being a child again—"

"Coming back to the nursery—eh?" punned Gilray naughtily. "To the *nurseries*, certainly—acres of 'em." And thus the moment of sentiment was turned off with a joke, and Aymon felt grateful to the man who had done it.

After supper they gathered round the fire upstairs, and Tante told them old stories of the Vauxlaurens and their part in Guernsey history. The time slipped away, and suddenly Yvonne sprang up with a cry of consternation as she heard a clock strike eleven.

"Oh, we must go! Madame will think I've eloped!" she cried.

"And Horace will be scouring the byways in his car, searching for his lost lamb," teased Gilray.

Laughing and talking, they surged down the winding stair, found their wraps in the hall and opened the door. Then they stopped short in dismay.

The slight mist which had hung about earlier in the evening had now thickened into impenetrable fog. It lay like an opaque blanket outside. Everything beyond the doorstep was invisible. There was no wind, and therefore small chance of its lifting. Apparently there was nothing for it but to stay where they were. Oriane urged making an effort, but Gilray point-blank refused the task of steering his car through the network of crooked lanes which lay between themselves and any main road; and even when on the main road he would not be able to see the kerb.

"But it's perfectly splendid," cried Aymon. "Of all things in the world that you should remain under my roof is the reward I would have chosen! Tante, how can we arrange?"

"There are two rooms, Aymon," said the wise old voice, "and in my house no bedding is ever to be found which is not thoroughly aired. I have also a great store of night linen. If you can give Mr. Gilray a sleeping suit, I can find all that the ladies want—garments which belonged to your grandmother."

"This is a larger house than I supposed," said Gilray in surprise. "Two guest chambers as well as the rooms you occupy."

"No servants sleep in the house," explained

Aymon. "It is supposed to be haunted, so they have always lived in the cottage just outside. My aunt has been quite alone at night for years until I came."

Yvonne feigned fear. "But is it truly haunted?"

"We have never been disturbed," smiled Aymon reassuringly.

Candles were lit, rooms explored, and light set to the fires which were ready laid. Before these fires Tante spread quaint night attire, of fine linen slightly yellowed with years, beautifully stitched and embroidered; and laid out ivory brushes and combs, and cakes of soap of her own making, scented with island lavender.

The two girls were enchanted. They were to share a bed, which prevented Yvonne from feeling nervous. They were supplied with a huge pail of boiling water, Aymon being obliged to own that there was but one tin bath in the house. They danced about gaily, enjoying their adventure to the full. It was the first time Aymon had ever seen Oriane let herself go; but that night youth glowed in her, and he was not nearly so surprised as he would have been a week or two previously when Yvonne remarked that Oriane and she had discovered that they were the same age, even to the month.

When at last, having provided his unexpected guests with everything he could devise for their comfort, he sought his own room, he was filled with an excited kind of happiness which he never remembered to have felt before.

Life was good—*good!* There was magic in it. This sea-fog seemed to him a direct instrument of Providence, to supply him with an entrancing adventure.

Yvonne and Oriane! So diverse, both so attractive! That they were friends seemed to him charming. Which of them could he most easily fancy as his wife?

With wonder he looked back upon his late feelings with regard to Oriane. From the first he had been Yvonne's admirer; and he had disliked—yes, actually disliked—Miss Vidal. But now? . . .

For long he lay, half sleeping, half waking, wrapped in delicious musings—thinking what fun breakfast would be—Yvonne had promised to come out and hunt eggs with him!

By slow degrees his mind became calm enough for sleep; but in his sleep his brain was filled with dreams.

The dream constantly changed its form, but always its import was the same—he was struggling to free Oriane from deadly danger.

"You know," said the voice which often speaks to us in dreams, "how Colette Quéripel, the first time you saw her, told you that great danger threatened Miss Vidal, and that if she came through . . ." *It!* . . . That sounded as though there were a doubt. Once he had rescued her. Was it written in the stars that he must do so again?

Hark! He could hear the galloping of

horses. They were carrying her away. He must mount and ride, but he had no horse, only a bicycle. Where was it? He was seeking for it, breathless, panting, up and down the narrow lane that leads to Havelet—and all the time the horses' feet thudded and thudded—louder, louder—and her voice cried to him—"Mr. Vaux-laurens! Wake up! Wake up! *Aymon!* please wake up, please wake . . ."

The sound of her voice calling him by his name did avail at last to awaken him from his stupor of first sleep. He started upright in bed. The thudding continued, the voice continued—someone was beating softly on his door and calling him to awaken.

It was very dark—pitch dark—and he was conscious of smelling something unusual. He spoke, heavy with slumber: "All right! I hear—I'm coming!"

He groped for the electric torch beside his pillow—by its light saw that the hour was between three and four o'clock—snatched up a coat to put on over his sleeping-suit, and hastened to the door.

Outside stood Oriane, a candle in her hand. She wore one of Tante's quaint nighties, with her own motoring coat over it. Her face was strained and eager.

"Oh, forgive me if I have done wrong to call you—but I think something somewhere is on fire," she breathed. "I can't see anything, but—can't you smell?"

"Yes, I smelt something the moment I awoke," he replied. "It's stronger in my room than it is out here in the passage—that looks as if it were outside the house—coming in through the window. Thank you a thousand times. I'll run downstairs and see what's up."

"Look out of your window—I think it faces the same way as ours. . . . I fancied I could see a glare."

He darted back into his room, she following, and leaned through the tremendous thickness of the wall. Sure enough, he could distinguish a redness, showing faintly through the dense vapour that enveloped the world; and in the



"Oh, forgive me if I have done wrong to call you, but I think something is on fire"

*Drawn by
Norman Sutcliffe*

intense silence he could also hear a faint crackling.

"It's outside the wall of the courtyard," he cried. "It must be those piles of timber and fencing that the builder has dumped down there! And, by Jove! if it catches that stack of furze the house will be in danger!" He faced her, pale with excitement. "There's a stack almost touching the house just beyond! I say, there's not a minute to lose! Would you add to your kindness by rousing the others? Gilray first. I'm off to waken Thomas, but he sleeps like the dead!"

As he spoke he was swiftly putting on his boots, and while she ran off, promptly obedient, in the direction of Gilray's quarters, he snatched his electric torch and whirled down the newel stair and out of the house.

CHAPTER XXXI

A Witch-burning

THE door of the cottage proved to be unlocked, and Aymon awoke his retainer by the simple expedient of dragging him out of bed upon the floor, yelling "Fire!" the while.

Even Thomas's sloth responded to this onslaught, and the moment his eyes were really open his master was off, as fast as he could,

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groping his way across the courtyard by making its circuit, his hand on the wall.

As one stands at the front door of the Grange, the courtyard is bounded on the right by a wall running forward from the house-end and pierced, fifty or sixty feet along, by the big old gateway and the smaller one beside it.

Right against the house-end, on the outer side of this wall, stood the furze-stack; and from it, all the way down to the gate, quantities of inflammable material—a large consignment of split oak fencing, many cartloads of boards and struts, as well as heavy posts—were piled up in the lee of the wall ready for use.

With profound relief Aymon remembered that they had succeeded overnight in pushing Gilray's car inside the yard and covering it with a tarpaulin.

Feeling his way, his hand on the wall, he succeeded in reaching the open gate.

As soon as he was through it, clear traces of evil design met his eye.

The blaze here lit up the fog so that he could see objects within a few yards of him; and he perceived that some of the lighter and more inflammable wood had been dragged from its place and piled close to the stack.

The incendiary had evidently made several attempts to fire the stack itself; but the task had been too difficult. Furze is not easy stuff to grasp and pull out, and the material was well put together and tightly packed. It had been set on fire, but was merely smouldering here and there.

It looked as though the culprit, after various vain attempts to get the stack thoroughly going, had abandoned the idea for the moment and set fire wherever practicable all along the line; for in places paper had been pushed in under the wood and bundles of furze from the wood-house brought to reinforce the flames. The fiercest blaze was just outside the gateway, where the split oak fencing was dumped. A criminal of experience and resource would have heaped fuel in the gateway itself, both on account of the help the draught would give and to prevent the rescuers from emerging.

Fortunately this had not been done. The way out was clear but for fog, and Aymon, rushing to the stack, knocked down and scattered the bits of wood which some not very skilful hand seemed to have been in the very act of raising in front of it.

He flashed the light of his torch about, but nobody was visible, at least in his very restricted area of vision.

Dashing back, he met Gilray, Young Thomas, Marthe and both the girls in the gateway. To his delight and surprise, all were carrying buckets of water. He gave instant orders to make a line from the pump to the gate. It seemed to him that a good drenching of the stack might save them, since the blazing material under the wall could be left to burn itself out without doing any particular damage except its own destruction.

For a breathless half-hour they ran to and fro, until it seemed to Aymon that the furze was safe. He had ignored the burning wood which he passed and re-passed, but now, noting that the fire was creeping along it, nearer and nearer to the stack, he ran back to the gate to ask the men to come out with pitchforks and scatter it.

He was about half-way between stack and gate when a roar and a sudden lurid increase of light at his back made him turn, to see tongues of flame rushing up from a huge heap of boards against the wall close to the furze. The quality of the flame and the reek of it showed that paraffin had been poured over the planks. Tongues of red light streamed up banner-like into the blackness above, stooped, curved about like snakes or living dragons, rushed horizontally and leaped the space between themselves and the stack.

Aymon snatched up a big board, saturated with water, and beat out the tiny spurts of fire as high as he could reach; but as he did so he saw it leap and flicker on the top. Turning, with the intention of sending someone up to his aunt's room to pour water from the window, he saw emerge from the fog a running figure, which, as it came nearer, he identified as Oriane, burdened with a full bucket.

She was just near enough to him for him to be able to identify her with completeness when something dark, crouching, leapt from the shadow of the wall, rose erect, flew at Oriane, flung itself upon her. He heard her cry out and above her cry shrilled another:

"Burn, witch, burn!"

Before he could draw breath he saw the girl lifted high in the arms of the old madwoman, who rushed with her, away from him, straight to the bonfire of flames near the gate.

He ran as one runs in nightmare, sick with horror, blinded by fog. He was behind the witch, and so unexpected was her action that she had, as it were, a momentary start of him; but she was no match for his speed, and he caught her up at the very moment when she flung the girl towards the flames still yelling madly, "Burn, witch, burn!"

Oriane was fortunately a strong, vital creature, in full possession of her faculties. When the old woman would have flung her from her she clung with all her might. The momentary struggle just enabled Aymon to hurl himself upon the witch—but so resolved was she that the girl should burn that when she found she could not disengage her she herself rushed into the fire, and when Aymon had dragged the victim from her clutch her clothes were alight.

There was nothing for it but to fling her down on the damp grass and roll upon her, which he did, so preoccupied with the one thought of saving her that he took no heed of the old hag, whose eldritch screams had brought all the others running.

In the murk they were nearly trampling upon Aymon, who was beating Oriane's hair and head with the flat of his hand, the while he

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cried to Gilray to seize upon Anne and hold her.

"Let the place burn," he shouted, "so long as you catch that old woman!"

"It's all right"—Yvonne's gallant voice sounded in his ear. "That wood is burning itself out, and Tante is at her window with water. I think she has put out the risk—I'm going to help her—you take care of Oriane—"

She was gone, and in Aymon's ears was an unmeaning clamour, the witch's yells of "Burn her, burn her, as your forefathers burnt women," mingled with men's voices, rising in a wild crescendo of excitement, then ceasing somewhat suddenly.

It all seemed to him far away and of small importance compared with the fatal question as to how far Oriane was hurt.

Raising himself on one knee, he lifted the limp, unresisting girl, propping her against him. He could not see the extent of her injuries; all was blurred to his smarting eyes, tormented by fog and smoke. He could descry black scorched patches upon her long coat here and there, and he feared that it might have burnt through to her body; but for the moment all he felt able to do was to rock her to and fro in his arms, murmuring little broken pleas for pardon for his brutal roughness of a few moments ago.

"You know I had to—I had to," he muttered. "It was necessary to put out the fire at once; and now I've been too rough—and I expect I've hurt you. Won't you speak a word to me—just a word—tell me you understand? . . ."

No answer. She lay quite still, her soft limbs all relaxed in his hold. He knew that he ought to lift her, to carry her indoors and call the women to look after her. Yet he knelt there like a fool, holding her, rocking her, murmuring to her; until at last she made a queer little sound, almost as if she were laughing. Swiftly she smothered that sound by turning her face inwards so that it was hidden in the hollow of his neck. There came another sound, a long, gasping sigh. He felt her warm breath upon his skin as she nestled against him, and there flowed over him such a tide of sweetness—such overmastering keenness of sensation—that he trembled with the force of it.

She whispered something very low—it sounded like "*Dear Silly!*"—and in an instant, though he had intended no such thing, his lips were on hers and the meaning of life stood revealed. No question was asked, no answer given; but all was understood.

Could a kiss mean all that?

The wonder of it so shook him that he felt dazed. It was as though, all his life long, he had awaited something—desired something—longed for something he knew not what . . . and now Oriane had bestowed it upon him.

When he raised his head from that amazing moment and glanced around, the world had changed.

Dawn was about them, rising slowly out of the sea; and with it came a little faltering

breeze from ultimate space, lifting the clammy robe of the mist and tearing it.

He still felt the heat of the fire behind him; but when he turned and looked towards the wall there was only a long line of glowing embers, with little flames licking the wood here and there. Destruction, charcoal, acrid odour and floating smuts were all that was left of Anne's mad attempt.

He turned back and stooped to help Oriane to rise. To his surprise she jumped lightly to her feet and put up her hands to feel her dishevelled head. "Shan't I carry you?" he asked wistfully, and once again heard her soft, mischievous laugh.

"I'm perfectly all right," she said, "except for my looks. I wish the daylight wouldn't come till I'm tidy again."

Under the murk of smoke and the smart of scorching he grinned appreciation. "By Jove, I expect I look a handsome lover!"

"Not so beautiful as I am. Oh, Aymon, tell me the horrid truth—is there *any* of my front hair left?"

"Plenty; but there's a nasty wet burn all up your left arm, and there may be—must be—others under your clothes. You were well alight when I got hold of you. I believe you're in agony, only you won't say so."

"If I am, then I prefer agony to any experience I have yet tried."

He wrapped a handkerchief round her arm—met her eyes—drew her back into his arms for a moment. "It was true—you meant it?" he whispered idiotically.

"I think I should rather ask if *you* meant it," was her tremulous retort. "You know I—I didn't think you did—in fact, rather the reverse. Perhaps you'd better take time to consider calmly—"

His lips on hers concluded that remark.

"Come along—you're delirious," he said masterfully. "You must have your wounds seen to and be put to bed. March!"

They bent their steps towards the gateway, yawning dim and black in the pallid, hazy dawn. Within the courtyard, near the house door, a group of people was faintly visible, standing round a bench upon which something lay extended.

Aymon caught back Oriane, putting his hand over her eyes. "Don't look! Come indoors. Let me lead you past, you've had enough shocks for one night. . . ."

But she went on resolutely. "Yvonne is there—and Tante—and Marihe—let me look, Aymon! Is she dead?"

The others stood aside to let them approach. Anne Bougeard lay still and rigid along the bench, her fierce eyes upturned.

Gilray, winding rag round his scorched fingers, looked up ruefully.

"I did what I could. Never before believed all that dope about the superhuman strength of lunatics," said he apologetically. "I couldn't hold her. Looked as if she was determined to meet her end in the appropriate fashion for

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witches. When she saw us coming for her, she simply ran upon the fire, mounting the wood pile like a hill; but, of course, we pulled her back and out at once, and she is really very little burnt. Thomas and I soon beat out the flames. She died from shock. I feel sure she was already dead when we dragged her out. She collapsed with a horrid scream. She must be very old."

"More than ten years older than I, and I shall be eighty next month," said Tante quietly.

"Thank God she'll do no more harm," said Aymon gravely.

CHAPTER XXXII

Quigley Issues Invitations

IT was June, not merely by the almanac, but by the skies, by the sunshine, the sweet wooing air, the glory of flowers in the gardens and the glitter of the summer sea.

Only six weeks had elapsed since Aymon Vauxlaurens landed in Guernsey, lonely, embittered, poor.

Now he stood at the window of Courtil Delaval, waiting to escort his future wife to the Saturday dance at the Duke of Normandy.

Just behind him was the great winged chair in which Oriane had sat when he made his desperate attempt to undo Anne's spell. He knew now how and why it was that he had succeeded.

He recalled the curious sensation he had experienced upon first touching her hand. There must have been some link between them from the very beginning; but his fancy had been full of Yvonne, and he had not perceived the subtle force that was drawing him to his true mate. He remembered how Oriane had seemed to him like a witch, a creature hardly human; and glowed all over as he tasted once more in thought the moments in which she had shown him the depths of that mistake.

He saw clearly that Yvonne had never flirted with him, had never been seriously attracted by him. He admired her very much, but he definitely disapproved—being a simple-minded young man and doubtless behind the times—of her attitude with regard to Quigley. Even now he was not certain that she did not mean to marry the island magnate; and the thought of Yvonne and Quigley was to him detestable in spite of his own absorption in Oriane.

Oriane entered the room soon, slipping noiselessly in with that air of hers which Gilray teasingly described as "lighter than air." She was wearing the same gown of dark blue cloudy stuff in which Aymon had seen her dance for the first time. This evening, however, she looked less unearthly. Her cheeks had a soft glow of colour, her eyes were brilliant and fearless instead of being half-shut and inscrutable. Her whole nature—not an ordinary type—had blossomed and opened out towards the man who understood her.

"I was thinking," she whispered, when for some long minutes they had stood together in a greeting that was almost silent, "thinking all last night so much of poor old Uncle Pierre. How happy this would have made him."

"I thought that too," replied her lover. "No end bucked he would have been, poor old chap! And I remember the paroxysm of rage that tore me to pieces when I first found out that the secret of the perfume was not mine but yours! Isn't it odd how nearly hate touches upon love? I sincerely believed that I hated you."

"And I," she murmured, "thought so too—when you abandoned me on the cliffs that afternoon to Quigley. Oh, Aymon! That was cruel! You knew how frightened I was. It seemed to me that I just went to pieces then. You had definitely deserted me, and after you had gone we had such a scene. I was frightened of him—horribly frightened. I lost my power over him because I was feeling so broken. During all these months that I have been fending him off, I have always mastered him easily. He has never dared go beyond a certain point. That day, he sensed the difference—knew that he had for the first time a chance to get the upper hand. He let himself go, and it was ghastly. He all but kissed my mouth—I had to threaten him with a pocket-knife! . . . When I broke away from him I was inspired by the one sole impulse to run—to put distance between me and him, knowing that if I could get a start, he must lose me in the fog. So I ran—who knows where? I simply went on till I dropped. I may have been running round and round in a circle—very probably I did—for when at last I fell upon the turf, too exhausted to do a thing more, Anne was quite near. I did not see her. I think I fell asleep; but when I awoke, or became conscious again, she was standing over me, and had fastened a rope to my waist.

"'Come along now,' she said, not bullily, but quite gently. 'It's time you were getting home, missie. Can't you see it's dark?'"

"Since you told me the end of the story, I find I can remember most of what happened; but I was not in my right senses at the time. I felt dull and submissive, as if my brain were partially stupefied. I just got up and went after her, because it seemed the only thing to do. I thought of nothing in particular, and we walked a long, long way, until we came to a milestone, half sunk in the grass, at a corner. She ordered me to sit down, and told me I was bound and could not rise.

"Then she hobbled away; and after a while I grew conscious of a dreadful silence and loneliness. Suddenly I knew that I was at the Goat's Corner, and a cold and deadly fear came creeping over me. I tried to fight it—to say to myself, 'You are not afraid—you are not!' . . . but, all the same, I was expecting every moment to see a great black goat; and then you know, it came. It actually came. *The goat was there!*"

"Poor lamb——"



"She was no match for his speed, and he caught her up at the very moment when she flung the girl towards the flames"—p. 1154

*Drawn by
Norman Sutcliffe*

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"I have thought since that Anne herself was surprised at her own success. If I had been anything like normal at the time she could not have daunted me with a trick like that. But in my despair I just let go. Ah, don't look like that! You can bear to hear it—*now*—"

"Only just; but it is better I *should* hear it. You really were frightened of Anne's goat?"

"Terrified. It loomed through the mist as if it were gigantic; and if I made the least attempt to move it ran at me. Thoughts came creeping into my mind almost as if someone whispered them; thoughts about the future, and how much better, how much safer I should be if I could overcome my horror of Quigley and give up the struggle. It looked to me inevitable. Something told me it was my fate. Aymon, if you had not found me first—if he had reached me then, as he almost did—I should have said 'Yes.'"

"And so you would the following day if I had not interfered. When I first saw you it was your fixed intention."

"But you rescued me—"

"I had started saving you the previous night, and it seemed a pity on the whole to leave the job half done."

"You did it very completely. So deftly too, that I had no idea you had done anything at all. When I awoke in that chair, just an hour after you sent me to sleep, I could not think what had happened. Then by degrees, bits—pictures—of the night before came back to me. I remembered, as I thought, awakening, out in the lane, to find you and my father there. I remembered your saying good night and my father driving me home. I had forgotten Anne and the goat, and, although I vividly remembered that Quigley had dismissed father, and that you and he were going into partnership, I had not the least recollection of looking into the crystal, or of my obsession about its being my duty to marry Quigley. I felt lighter-hearted than I had done for weeks, and I thought it was because you and father were going to work together. I told myself that you would not have come to such an agreement if you really disliked us as much as I thought you did. . . . Aymon, when did you first begin to dislike me less?"

"That day you went and stood in the magic circle and defied Anne. You seemed to me then so lonely and so dauntless, but—"

The sentence was left unfinished, for at that moment Vidal entered the room. His expression was that of quite beatific satisfaction. He was about to do what he had for years longed to do—experiment in the perfume-making line—with the protection of a tried formula with which he could be fairly certain of earning his living meanwhile.

All the time of Pierre Dubuc's gradual decline and fall he had tried to persuade the old man to take him into partnership, to share his secret with him; but in vain. The half-crazed brain rejected any call to exertion, anything likely to interfere with its liberty to destroy itself.

Vidal had to stand sorrowfully aside and watch the old man sink to ruin.

Now the jealously-guarded secret was theirs—it belonged to the three of them. He was freed from the yoke of Quigley, with all the sharp practice which his business methods enforced upon those who served him. He was freed also from the dread which had grown to be the ruling sentiment of his mind—the dread lest Oriane should marry and leave him. His bright, dark eyes rested upon the well-looking couple with pride which shone out of him unmistakably.

"Young people," he said, "you ought to be off. Do you know what time it is?"

"To tell you the truth, we're feeling a bit nervy," replied Aymon. "This will be the first time we have met with Quigley since the rupture."

"He may not be there," replied Vidal. "They tell me he has been a good deal worried by the prosecution which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has brought against him. Somebody, in fact, said he was going to London."

"Well, let us hope you are right. We can quite well dispense with his attendance," laughed the lover lightly.

He carefully arranged Oriane's cloak around her shoulders, and allowed her, but as it were jealously, to fling her arms tight round Vidal's bull neck and kiss him very tenderly.

When they entered the ballroom at the hotel almost the first person they met was Quigley with Yvonne upon his arm.

His greeting and demeanor did credit to his breeding. He shook hands with every appearance of cordiality, and said that he was told that congratulations were appropriate. Civilities were duly exchanged, and then he asked Oriane for a dance, which she promised, in spite of the cloud upon her fiancé's face.

Aymon said nothing. He knew it was inevitable, though he disliked it; and his predominant feeling was one of relief that there should be no public awkwardness, such as he had half expected.

Manby came up, added his own good wishes with less ability to conceal his real feeling than his employer had shown. He asked Yvonne for a dance, and she said she had promised the next to Hugh Gilray.

"I don't think he's here," said Manby.

"Oh," said Yvonne, "then probably he's not got back yet from the harbour. He haunts it like an unquiet spirit just now, hoping to pick up news of his family." She turned to Aymon and Oriane and explained, "Hugh's family is on its way from Australia in a steam yacht, and he is now expecting any day to get a wireless. He says they ought to be through the Straits of Gibraltar by now."

"Oh," said Manby, with an enlightened look, "that's what makes him hang about like that, is it? He seems to know the name and the skipper of every boat that comes in and goes out."

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Quigley looked mildly interested. "Odd place to await them—Guernsey?" he suggested.

Yvonne laughed. "He never meant to. He ran over for a few days and found the island so fascinating and the hotel so comfy that he couldn't leave. So he wrote his people to pick him up here, and he's not even quite sure that they got his letter. He thinks they may have started first."

"So that he may be, so to speak, marooned?" said Quigley sneeringly.

"Oh, pardon, sir, but that's bunkum," said Manby. "He can find out by wireless exactly where the yacht is."

"That's the ridiculous part of it—he doesn't know her name," laughed Yvonne. "His father bought her after he left, and said he was going to change her name."

"That young man strikes me as exceptionally brainless for a Colonial," remarked Quigley with a contemptuous smile.

Manby referred to a notebook which he held in his hand. "Look here, sir, I think Mr. Vauxlaurens and Miss Vidal are both on your list?"

"Ah! Quite so," said Quigley suavely. He turned to the young couple. "I am giving a dinner here," said he, "on the night of the gymkhana at Clos des Mûriers. We shall be using the whole of the club premises that afternoon for other purposes, so the management here are kind enough to let me give my dinner in the hotel. I feel I owe something to all those who are contributing so much to the success of my club; so I am inviting a select company from among the performers—my own personal friends, and most of the important people on the island, such as the bailiff, the constable, etc.—and I hope we may have a very successful evening. Miss Langlois has promised to repeat her solo dance from the *Guernsey Lily* ballet afterwards."

"Won't it be fun?" cried Yvonne gaily. "I never knew anyone have such ripping ideas as this man has! And there is Hugh, just coming in. Hallo, Hugh! Any news of the yacht yet?"

"Nothing," said Gilray, who was in morning dress, as he came forward and shook hands with Aymon and Oriane, offering congratulations.

"Seen it coming on, of course, for a long time," said he jovially, "and would like to add, if not intrusive, that it seems to be the real thing; jolly near ideal—what? I think the *Guernsey Lily* ballet ought to end up with a tableau consisting of this precious pair as a centre-piece, scattering little sachets of their renowned perfume all among the audience. Jolly fine ad that would make, wouldn't it? And, you know, we're nothing in Guernsey if not commercial."

"Loud cries of shame!" declared Miss de Bailleul, who was standing near. "As a representative of the old order I challenge that calumny! Look at Mr. Vauxlaurens and Miss Vidal! Isn't that pure romance?"

"Looks to me," returned Gilray wickedly, "much more like an inordinately cute business deal! Don't shoot, please!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Guernsey Lily Triumphs

WHAT a crowd! Oh, what a crowd! If numbers of people mean success, then I should think the fortune of the Clos-Mûriers Club is made!"

It was the elder Miss de Bailleul who spoke, and she sat down with relief upon the chair which Aymon Vauxlaurens found for her in a corner of the club restaurant.

The players in the bridge tournament had just risen from their tables and were flocking in for tea. Those who had been competing in the out-of-door events had most of them already had tea, but were still occupying the room in groups. The place was full of strangers, many of whom had been taking part in the visitors' events, and were now in the delectable island for the first time.

One item alone in the afternoon's programme was still to come, and that was the ballet of the *Guernsey Lily*.

"The only person here," observed Miss de Bailleul, "who does not seem thoroughly happy and satisfied is Mr. Manby. I feel quite sorry for him, he looks so pale and harassed."

"No wonder," answered Aymon, who spoke to this lady—his own family connexion—with less reserve than to any of his new friends. "As you know, Quigley, in his resentment at being turned down by Oriane, dismissed her father and set Manby in his place. He knows nothing of the job and is considerably overwhelmed."

"I suppose the growing is immensely profitable? We seem to support our enormous population upon it?"

"Oh, growing is profitable, no doubt, if you know how—"

"I was meaning this estate in particular—the Clos-Mûriers."

"Well, as regards that, Vidal says it is just beginning to pay well. He confidently anticipated a large profit as the result of this season; but hitherto the enormous sums which Quigley laid out upon it have had to be taken into consideration."

"Oh, of course. After all, he has only been at work three years."

"Quite so. He laid out thousands upon the club and its furnishings, and needed a big capital to enable him to hold on until the thing became a paying proposition. That, of course, is our own difficulty with regard to our perfume—we have to carry on until profits begin to come in. Fortunately I have the old Manoir: we shan't starve, even if we don't make a penny for the next two years; and I own to a great belief in my future father-in-law."

"I am sure that Mr. Vidal is not only efficient, but also very reliable," replied Miss de

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Bailleul. There was the suspicion of a chill in her voice, and Aymon smiled at her rather wickedly.

"All the same," he said, "you do not think a Vidal is the right match for a Vauxlaurens; nor do you think that a Vauxlaurens should go in for growing and commerce. Ah! but what would you have? Do you see what is happening? We of the old island families are letting in those who are not Guernseisais and standing aside ourselves while they gradually possess themselves of our houses and lands. We are wrong! My father was wrong! He should have come here and stayed here, where he belonged! I am of Guernsey, my future wife is of Guernsey—and we mean to make good—in Guernsey! We cannot all be Government officials, so we must turn to the land that bred us and make our living out of it. One of these days you will own that I am right."

She laughed at him, but sighed a little too. "I am forced to own even now that there is much in what you say; and I am glad you are marrying a girl of true Guernsey blood. Moreover, I am personally much attached to Oriane—yes, indeed, Aymon, you have my blessing! And with all my heart I wish you success."

He felt absurdly touched as she smiled upon him, and then the beautifully liveried major domo came into the room, rang a bell, and announced the forthcoming ballet in the large ballroom.

All the bridge tables had magically disappeared, and the chairs were placed in orderly rows. The Vauxlaurens family looked down from their stately frames arrogant, but amused, upon the loudly chattering, eager crowd which invaded their ancient haunts.

The room was fitted with a platform at one end, and here a curtain had been hung, concealing the stage from view. The orchestra from the Duke of Normandy Hotel was playing dreamily selections from "The Immortal Hour."

When the curtain went up the stage was in semi-darkness. The music changed to the sweeping, tempestuous "Walküren Ritt," and a band of witches rushed on, with their weird cry of "Ké hou hou!"

The leader of them was Oriane, and the fact that she was able to take part in such a ballet proved how complete was her cure. In some obscure way the death of Colette and Anne had made a profound difference—seeming to relegate the whole question of witchcraft to the past and make it legendary. This dance was a triumph, for Madame Blatt had arranged it, fortified by the knowledge and talent of Oriane. As they grew more and more rapid, whirling faster and faster, a gleam of glittering light from the back of the stage appeared and grew slowly brighter. With shrieks of fear the witches vanished, whisking away on either side; as the light increased it could be seen that it shone out of a kind of hole or cave high up in the hillside which was painted upon the backcloth. From this hole cautiously issued tiny fairies, followed by larger ones, and finally

by young Canziane as the fairy prince. They danced, expressing without words the errand which brought them to earth—namely, the desire of the fairy queen to have a daughter-in-law from among the comely maidens of Guernsey.

The sound of approaching voices in song caused the fairy band to melt into hiding behind bushes and boulders. The door in the hillside closed, and in the full light of day the Guernsey maidens came singing to gather daffodils. They performed a flower ballet, and then Yvonne, in her scarlet lily dress, danced alone. As she stood at its close, poised in an exquisite posture, the fairy prince darted out from his hiding-place. There ensued something like a fight between the alarmed girls and the fairies—gradually the prince urged his wooing upon the reluctant and timid maiden. Together they danced, he every moment conquering, she slowly yielding, till at last she lay in his arms, while all the fairies expressed extreme delight in an ensemble. During this the principal couple gradually ascended the hillside, and at the finale the door opened, the dazzling light again streamed forth; when it faded the fairy troop was gone, and Yvonne with them.

But upon the grass of the hillside, just where she had last stood, there arose from the ground a scarlet flower of great beauty—the Guernsey Lily.

The cries and stamping of feet, the manifestations of approval, were long in dying away. Encores were demanded, Yvonne had to appear repeatedly; her arms were full of bouquets as at last she turned away.

Quigley, who throughout the performance had stood not far from the stage, watching intently, now raised his voice and called "Miss Vidal!"

His cry was echoed from many throats, and at last Oriane was led upon the stage by Yvonne, half unwilling and altogether charming, with her lovely long dark locks about her.

Then Quigley laid two jeweller's boxes upon a cushion, which was handed across the footlights by the leader of the orchestra. Each delighted girl took one. Yvonne had a bracelet, Oriane a pendant, and they bowed their thanks amid a final outburst of applause.

The great gymkhana was over.



As Aymon, driven by Oriane in the Fauntleroy, arrived at the door of the Duke of Normandy for the banquet which was to follow the afternoon's sport, they saw Gilray approach, as if coming in haste from the quay, and ascend the steps of the hotel.

"Hallo!" said Aymon. "Are you still spying out for that nameless yacht?"

"Yes. I've duly ascertained that there isn't a steamboat nor a motor boat there this evening that I don't know all about," he returned calmly. "Now I can enjoy the evening with a free mind." Then, turning back from helping Oriane off with her coat, he added musingly:

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"Ever thought how easy this island would be to escape from?"

"To escape from?" echoed Aymon, puzzled.

"M'yes. Just run down there to the harbour, drop into a motor-boat, and if you once got off southwards they'd have a job to catch you."

"Thanks, we'll remember, when our creditors are pressing us," said Aymon dryly.

Gilray burst out laughing. "Thought I'd put you wise in time," said he. "By the way, I suppose the old man's bringing along Yvonne?"

"Yes, in his own car. I saw them getting in, with Madame Blatt and young Canziane," said Oriane. Almost as she spoke, the car stopped at the door, and Quigley handed out the ladies.

As they passed together along the corridor into the drawing-room, Oriane asked Aymon in a low voice: "Has it ever struck you that Mr. Gilray is very much interested in Mr. Quigley?"

"Gilray? He seems to take no interest in anything in the world but that mythical yacht."

"Mythical? So you, too, think that? I feel pretty sure it is mythical; but I can't yet make up my mind why Mr. Gilray has taken the trouble to invent it."

"Invent?"

She laughed mischievously. "If your mind had not been so firmly fixed upon other things ever since you came to Guernsey, you must, I think, have been struck by Mr. Gilray. You must have thought him a bit out of the ordinary."

"You see, he's the only Australian I ever met. I sort of took him for granted."

"That's just it. Not very many people *do* know Australians personally. Perhaps you may not have noticed—or may never have heard—that an Australian friend of the Grants came to the G.H. hotel a week or two back, just for a couple of nights, and the Grants asked him over here to lunch. Mr. Gilray took that opportunity to go over to Sark for the day."

"I don't quite follow. Do you mean that you don't think Gilray is Australian?"

"I haven't decided. He has certainly *been* to Australia—I'm sure of that; but I have a suspicion that he's really American."

"If he's American, why should he pretend to be Australian?"

"That, of course, I can't say; but it has



"In an instant, though he had intended no such thing, his lips were on hers"—p. 1155

occurred to me that it might be for the purpose of putting Quigley off his guard. He has certainly succeeded in making Quigley think him a duffer; which is very far from being the truth."

"Fancy your having seen all this! I have been half inclined to think him a duffer myself; but now that you point it out," said Aymon, recalling what Gilray had said to him about Quigley and Yvonne in the *char-à-banc*, "I begin to suppose myself the duffer. . . . Are you suggesting that Gilray is playing a part? That he is not what he seems?"

"I am sure he is playing a part; but, of course, I am not in his confidence. Only Yvonne really knows him well."

"Yvonne?"

"But that you *must* know—*must* have seen!"

"I swear I never did. Yvonne? But she is playing up to Quigley?"

"Only to help Gilray."

"But I don't follow. How is Gilray helped by her flirtations?"

"Don't pretend to be stupid, Aymon! If I am right in guessing that Quigley's proceedings are of interest to Gilray, Yvonne might tell him many useful things. She might find out Quigley's future plans, for instance—"

"You mean, in fact, that something has been going on all this time under my lordly nose of which I was wholly ignorant?"

"You have had other things to occupy your great mind," she told him teasingly; and then

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Yvonne, still in her rose-coloured flower-dress, danced up to them.

"Isn't it exciting? You and I are to sit one on each side of Horace," she cried, "and talk to the bailiff and the constable."

"And where do we come in?" asked Gilray, joining the group at the moment, "that is to say, Vauxlaurens and myself."

"Oh, you are nowhere near us," laughed Yvonne, drawing herself up and swaggering sweetly. "Somewhere below the salt is the place for you two. There are some splendid dowagers here to-night, and Horace is great on precedence."

"I shall be glad when the confounded thing's over," muttered Aymon. "I hated receiving the invitation."

"Oh, come, be not so hypocritical," teased Gilray. "Having bereft him of his girl, why boggle at accepting his hospitality?"

"Something in that," owned Aymon with a gleam of triumph in his handsome eyes; and then the grandees of the island legislature were announced and they were separated by waves of people.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Quigley's Solution

THE banquet was a brilliant scene. The hotel was crammed to its utmost limits with Whitsuntide guests, who were served at small tables all round the edges of the room. In the centre was the horseshoe table whereat sat Quigley with his invited guests.

He had never appeared so entirely genial and satisfied as that evening showed him. He was full of animation, his dark eyes sparkled, and he radiated bonhomie and cordiality.

"Odd," remarked Gilray under cover of the noise to Aymon, who was sitting just across the table from him, "I could have sworn last week that Quigley was getting cold feet; but I'm beginning to think I must have been mistaken."

Aymon studied the dark face of their host critically. "Really, you know, he has taken things wonderfully well," said he. "If you reflect upon what he owes me, for instance—"

"Yes, that's the snag, isn't it? A little overdone perhaps—a thought too forgiving—eh?"

"You mean one must be on the look out for some kind of a come-back?"

"I'm afraid so, though it seems a shame to hint it in the face of this banquet. It's the finest he's ever given us—which is saying a great deal."

The hotel chef had excelled himself. When they reached the stage of coffee the company was in a mood of unexampled good humour and good fellowship.

Just as Quigley was taking up the toast list and looking about for his gavel to call for silence, Relton entered the room, walked swiftly and silently up to him and said, "Excuse me, sir, you are wanted on the telephone. A lady—

says she wouldn't keep you a minute, but is most urgent."

"Oh, but really, Relton, how can I leave at this moment? Send Mr. Manby—"

"He's tried, sir, but he can't pacify her."

"Ah, well, I won't be a moment," said Quigley, bending over Yvonne as he rose. "Keep my place warm, little one. Lucky we had not begun our speeches—"

He rose and walked down the room after Relton.

At the precise moment of this incident one of the pages had brought Hugh Gilray a telegram on a salver. He opened it forthwith and scrutinized it in some bewilderment. It was dated from a telegraphic address in New York and read:

"Coup planned for next week, 17th. Can you wait till then?"

The signature—some curious initials—was well known to him; but the message puzzled him completely. For some moments he pored over it in doubt. There was no mistaking the fact that it came from New York—from a place and a person from whom he often—indeed, habitually—received messages. But what did it mean? After some worried hesitation he turned to the page and said, "Is there a messenger waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send him away. Tell him I'll wire the answer to-morrow morning. That'll be all right."

The boy went out, and Gilray leaned back in his chair, thrusting the message into his pocket. Then he looked up to the top of the table and saw a gap between Yvonne and Oriane, in the place where Quigley had sat.

There seemed no uneasiness in the demeanour of either girl. Each was talking gaily to her neighbour on the other side. It was too far for Gilray to question them; he seemed for a moment to contemplate rising from his place and going to the top of the table. A waiter at the moment removing his plate, he asked, "Where's Mr. Quigley?"

"Relton just called him to the phone, sir," was the answer.

Looking up, Gilray saw Manby, who, as he now noticed, was not in his place, return to the room and sit down, turning to the lady next him with a smile and beginning to talk, though he looked wretchedly ill.

Gilray became completely abstracted, twisting his unlit cigar round and round in his hand and staring at it. After a minute or so Manby rose, went to the top of the table and spoke with the bailiff, as if asking some small favour.

Thus entreated, the bailiff took up the gavel and said:

"In the momentary absence of our host at the telephone, may I perform the first of the duties which he will resume on his return? Gentlemen and ladies—you may smoke!"

A renewed buzz of talk broke out, and as the clock ticked on, the gay frocks and lovely table flowers began to grow misty behind floating

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wreaths of smoke. Gilray sat motionless for some time, his eyes upon the door. Quigley did not reappear. At last Gilray rose from his place, remarked, "Think I'll go and hurry Quigley," and passed out of the room along the corridor to the telephone booth in the hall.

The door of it was closed, and he asked of Relton, who was in the hall talking to one of the maids, "Is Mr. Quigley still on the phone?"

"Yes, sir," replied the porter without looking round.

Gilray hesitated just another few moments. The door of the booth was of glass, but a large coloured poster hung over it so that he could not see within. After a pause he went forward deliberately and opened the door. The booth was empty, the receiver of the instrument standing on the table.

The young man muttered words under his breath. He swung round on Relton.

"Relton, where has Mr. Quigley gone?"

"He's telephoning, sir."

"He is not. Look for yourself. Where did he go?"

"Back to the dining-room, I suppose, sir, though I never saw him come out of the booth," said Relton, puzzled.

"He has not gone back to the dining-room. I came out to look for him and must have passed him."

"Well, he can't have gone out, sir, nor yet upstairs, for I've been here ever since—"

"Did you see him go into the telephone booth?"

"Yes—well, no, sir—not actually. He had his table-napkin in his hand as he came along the corridor, and he gave it to me. 'Take that back to one of the waiters,' he said. 'I brought it with me by mistake, and it's in my way.' I went along the passage to the dining-room and handed it in to Charles, saying it was Mr. Quigley's. Then I came back here."

"Was this young lady here all the time?"

"No, sir. She came downstairs not two minutes ago."

"So there was nobody at all in the hall when Mr. Quigley went into the telephone booth?"

"Only Mr. Manby, sir."

"Then I've lost him," said Gilray savagely.

Relton stared at him in amazement. "Mr. Quigley can't have gone out of the hotel, sir, if that's what you mean."

"Can't have gone out? Why not?"

"Because I closed the street doors when dinner began. Try them, sir." Gilray did so. They were fast. "I really think, sir, that Mr. Quigley must have gone back to the dining-room. Why, the speeches hadn't begun! He wouldn't go out without leaving word with Mr. Manby, was it ever so urgent," objected Relton, puzzled by the other's perturbation.

"I wonder if he did leave word with Manby," muttered Gilray, though in his heart he knew the truth. Turning, he walked back down the corridor into the dining-room, where the guests were growing restive. The strangers

at the outer tables had been waiting to hear the speeches. Now they seemed to think that they were wasting time, and had better be moving into the ballroom. Heads were turned eagerly as he entered.

He went straight to Manby. "I think you ought to fetch Quigley," he said. "People are getting impatient."

Manby rose. He was very pale. "He's at the telephone," he replied in a choked voice.

"No," replied Gilray. "He is not telephoning. Do you think he may have gone upstairs?"

"I'll see," stammered the secretary, and went out.

Vauxlaurens, receiving a summons from Gilray's eyes, rose and joined him. Motioning him to follow, Gilray hurried out of the room; and as soon as they were out of hearing he said in tones of suppressed fury:

"He's off! Done me in the eye, in spite of everything! Right here is where I get off. They'll break me for this!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Quig, of course. Tell me—if you wanted to nip out of this hotel quick, which way would you go, the front door being fastened?"

"Through the billiard-room into the garden—cut across the restaurant grounds and come out in St. Julian's Avenue."

"That's what he did. Never went to the phone at all—got rid of Relton—bolted. No doubt his car was waiting in the avenue to run him down to the harbour. But he may not have been able to embark that moment. Let's go and see."

"What makes you think he's off? And if he is, what concern is that of yours?" asked Aymon bluntly.

"Heavens, man, I can't start explaining now! Take it from me it's pretty urgent."

"If you tell me that, I'll nip on my bike and run down to the harbour for you, while you keep an eye lifting here."

"Good man! Find out what craft have left port, and where bound. Hustle, won't you? If you're in time, tell the harbourmaster to detain him. Say the U.S. Government police want him."

In two minutes Aymon in his dinner-jacket, coatless, hatless, was flying on his push-bike down the deserted pier.

The summer night was clear, moonless, powdered with stars. The air held the slight chill of the boisterous breeze which whipped the waters of the Channel. The riding-lights of the yachts—the first flight of the season, many of them only just come into the basin—made ruby, emerald and diamond gems upon the cheek of night. The revolving lights flashed clear from Alderney to Jersey. He met no car, not even a foot-passenger, all the way.

The harbourmaster was standing superintending the piling of some stores at the place where the steamers come in. He told Aymon that no craft of any description had left port since sunset; and Aymon rode back, wondering

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whether Gilray had a bee in his bonnet. He paused only to ask of a waiting taxi-man at the corner of the avenue whether anyone on foot or in a car had passed within the last ten minutes, and was assured that nobody had.

On his return he found that a general move from the dining-room was setting in. The bailiff and other guests of honour still, like Casabianca, stuck to their posts, deeming it incredible that Quigley could possibly have left them without even the courtesy of a message. Manby was sent for and questioned. He said he did not know the lady who had rung up, but he knew that Quigley had some friends staying at the Paradis, a well-known private hotel near Saints Bay. Had Quigley been urgently summoned he would, of course, have let him know. He thought he must have gone upstairs to search for some special cigarettes which he had bought and mislaid; but he had been to his room in vain.

"He must have gone up by the other staircase, there being nobody to work that lift, and been taken ill. How stupid we all are," cried Mrs. Grant. "Cannot somebody make sure?"

Manby went to the lift, and was swung up out of sight. To Aymon Mrs. Grant's suggestion seemed the most probable. If Quigley had received some discomposing or compromising message, and wanted to fetch anything—say a cheque-book—from his room, he might have gone up by the stairs, since the lift is at the farther end of the hall; and, with his dinner, as one might say, in his mouth, have been seized with a heart-spasm or something of the kind. Then he remembered that Manby had been in the hall when Quigley went out, and a message could easily have been sent back by him.

Gilray ran downstairs swiftly as these thoughts were shaping themselves.

"Clean gone," he said, in tones of savage mortification. "I'm just off in a taxi to St. Sampson's. That's his take-off, I'd bet my last dollar. I've had a man on the watch there for the past week, but he's not much good. Anyway, I'll try."

"Shall I come?" asked Aymon, pushing his arms into the sleeve of his light overcoat, and Gilray gratefully accepted.

"I ought to explain myself, I suppose," said he with a sigh as the taxi raced swiftly along the esplanade towards the harbour of St. Sampson. "I'm in the secret service of the U.S.A. police. Quigley's real name is Bolino, and he's badly wanted over there for many kinds of fraud. We got a line on this chap, but my business was to make the identification complete before we could obtain an extradition warrant. He had covered his tracks so ably that there was a time—just about when you came on the scene—when I thought I was barking up the wrong tree. It was only yesterday that I got everything fixed up; and right there was where I dropped the molasses jug. I did so want my little girl—I mean Yvonne—to have her chance. I felt morally certain the

old boy didn't suspect me, and I thought I could arrest him just as well to-morrow as to-day. I didn't know how near he was to the end of his tether. Say, this was some stunt of his, wasn't it? Wonder what he's let the management of the Duke of Normandy in for over this banquet? Eh? Well, I expect I'm for it. My chief will go in off the deep end when he gets to hear about this."

"Even if Quigley has got away, he can't get very far in these days of wireless, surely?" said Aymon.

"You'd think not; but he's one of the slim ones. He'll fade off into some Portuguese village—talks the language like a native. I can't scour the whole peninsula for him. But we'll do our little best, won't we?"

They did. When they alighted on the causeway at the head of the harbour they were told that the cargo boat *Nellie Bligh*, loaded in granite, had left port for Hull about half an hour earlier. She had carried nobody but her own crew. No passenger—the harbour authorities were sure about that.

Was there, persisted Gilray, a stranger among the crew? In such a small port as St. Sampson, everyone who comes ashore is known. He was answered that the *Nellie Bligh* was a boat which had been only twice to the island before, and each time she had a different crew. There was one of the men ill on board; he had not been out of his berth the three days she had waited for her cargo.

Gilray felt very sure that Quigley was aboard of her. He felt equally certain that he would not disembark at the port of Hull. He would have made arrangements to be transhipped somewhere just out of sight. The *Nellie Bligh* would sail into port without him, and he would have covered up his tracks with his usual ability.

Aymon stood pondering Oriane's vision in the crystal. She had seen Quigley embark; there was little doubt of that. And as Aymon realized that the man was gone, he began to be conscious of a vast sense of relief—an uplift of heart, which made him feel inclined to cut undignified capers on the edge of the dark dock.

Quigley was gone. The last Vauxlaurens might proceed to-morrow, if he pleased, to Clos des Mûriers and collect his family portraits.

The island had shaken off the blight of the dishonest financier.

His friend's hilarity on their journey back did something towards cheering up the depressed Gilray.

"He always took me for a fool," lamented the latter, "and it looks as if he had sized me up just right, doesn't it? But it's me for the wireless the minute we get back to Peter Port, and I may be able, after all, to put salt on his tail."

"In the meantime it's up to Miss Langlois to do all she can to console you, since I understand that you'd have nabbed him if it hadn't been for her."

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"That's so. I thought this was her day, and she should have it at any cost. The old boy put up such a grand bluff, didn't he?"

"By the way," said Aymon suddenly, "those bits of jewellery he gave our girls are valuable. I'm afraid we ought to advise them to hand them back to the shop he robbed."

But when subsequently an attempt was made to find out where the gifts were purchased, it was soon ascertained that it was nowhere upon the island. Old man Quigley had meant that the two should keep their prizes.



Aymon and Oriane talked it all over the following day, a day of cloudless blue, of soft warm zephyrs, one of the days in which one feels that heaven maybe will prove to be not so very unlike the Channel Islands.

Together they wandered—these two—up from Petit Bot along the cliff path, their feet crushing the glowing petals of every kind of wild flower.

"I don't believe that I should have been really happy transplanted," remarked the girl, after a delicious silence. "Yvonne wonders how I can face life here. She is longing for New York . . . whereas I feel that here is where I belong; and you, too."

"Yes," he said, "we belong. This"—he laid a hand upon the gold of the prostrate broom, the cushions of thrift—"this is the mettle of our pasture. We are the products of Guernsey, and we will stay by her."

Later they wandered past the gate of Caparne's hermit studio. He was in his wild garden, and he smiled upon them his tranquil smile, of the man who lives with Nature. He knew and loved Oriane, whom he called the Dryad; and he was beginning to love Aymon, too.

"Come in," he said, "and look at my gazanias. They have never bloomed better."

They passed into that enchanted thicket, wherein one knows not how much is accident and how much the talent of him whose hand designs. He showed them the bell-spiked watsenia, the static macrophylla which comes from the Canary Islands, the babiana, the tritonia—a dozen others which you may hardly find elsewhere. Then he led them into the studio. "Come," he said, "and choose a picture for your wedding present."

"We want to coax you to come and paint Grange des Fées especially for us, before we begin to make it painfully tidy, as I fear we must," pleaded Aymon. "Paint it as it is now, in all its age and decrepitude, so that in days to come our children may say, 'Thus it was in the days of our great great aunt, Michelle Dulac.'"

The painter promised to do as they asked, and then they told him the news which was

convulsing the island—the sensational disappearance of Quigley. He listened with his calm blue eyes dilated, and a very slight appearance of depression.

"He bought six pictures from me," he sighed.

"And did not pay for them?" cried Aymon.

"And did not pay for them."

They knew that the lost sum would represent half a year's livelihood to him.

"Put in your claim at once," urged Aymon.

"There will be assets. The club is worth money. Someone will buy it and carry on."

"Even though I lose all, I am thankful to hear the man is gone," said the artist tranquilly. "He was not a good influence here."

"The old women say the devil flew away with him," Oriane told him with her whimsical smile. "It is known that he had dealings with Anne Bougourd; poor old Anne! Apolline Lepage assured me this morning that Anne herself came to fetch him last night, and that various guests at the hotel noticed a smell of sulphur."

"I am not surprised to hear that he was in financial difficulties," said Caparne; "but I should not have thought he was in a situation to render flight necessary."

"The police of the United States have just discovered who he is," replied Aymon. "The crash is not, I think, financial, though no doubt he was in money difficulties. The point was that Gilray had obtained an extradition warrant, and that Quigley somehow got wind of it. How much or how little he told Manby, I don't expect we shall ever know. He, poor chap, is pretty badly left. He declares that it is all Oriane's doing. The man had gone clean off his head about her, and it made him reckless. Gilray pointed out that Quigley has a wife and a family of grown-up children over there, but he hardly seemed to think that mattered. His feeling is that the man was so remarkable that one should not judge him by ordinary standards."

"Quigley will fade into legend," said Oriane dreamily, "and bit by bit all the romance of the island will follow suit. Where Anne's hotel clung to the cliff they will start building a bungalow before you can draw breath . . . and . . ."

"But when we make our fortune with Sarnian Bouquet," said Aymon, holding her close to his side, "we will buy back Clos des Mûriers and turn it once more into a private park, will we not?"

She rested her cheek against his sleeve.

"Even if they build glasshouses and bungalows to the very water's edge," she murmured, "still there will be sea and the rocks . . . they can't tame the ocean—nor take away our horizons from us: I feel as if nothing—nothing that man can do—could ever destroy the spell of Sarnia."

(The End)



Treasure— Not Trash

HERE we are for a brief season in this manifold and wonderful world, and wish to live abundantly. What are we to value and seek if we would be wise and successful in the practice of life? To supply the whole answer would require all the philosophers of all ages, but here I will try to name and praise, as I see them, the eight things we live by, which the wise must value and seek and find. These things are treasure, and, for the most part, all else is trash. We have no time for both, and would do well to know and remember which is which.

We think of ourselves as body and soul. These are so related that the needs of the one must deeply affect the other. But, for convenience of thinking, we may name four physical things as those the body lives by, and four immaterial things as those the soul lives by. Since we are both body and soul we need all eight. And they suffice. The rest that the world offers is either dangerous superfluity or trash or sheer treachery and ruin. Let me, therefore, state my little list of vast things, with a few comments upon each, and leave them for the reader's judgment. Being primarily a student of the living body, which must first be considered as the organ of the soul, I will devote most of my space to its needs, whilst repudiating the notion that they are superior to those of the soul, for which, indeed, they exist and must be valued.

Water, the First Essential

WATER is the first thing the body lives by. All life is lived in water, in running water. The eagle and the lion and the whale, the microbe and the oak, and we ourselves, live our lives in water. It constitutes fully three-fourths of our bodily weight. The demand for it within the body is called thirst, and only water can satisfy thirst. Water is the substance, the presence of which alone makes it possible to drink alcoholic liquors. It is the only valuable thing in champagne, which is an extravagantly expensive way in which to purchase it.

The Eight Things We Live By *By* *Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E*

Second only to its internal uses are its external uses, though external cleanliness, admirable though it be, is a trivial matter compared with internal cleanliness. The amount of water that flows through a city is no bad criterion of its level of civilization. One of the greatest achievements of the nineteenth century was embodied, exactly fifty years ago, in the Public Health Act of 1875, whereby Disraeli, undeterred by his political opponents, who sneered at what they called a "policy of sewage," gave our cities a safe supply of pure water, and abolished water-borne disease, such as typhoid, which had decimated our cities for centuries. Sufficiently enlightened countries have followed that example all over the world and have reaped the same reward. None but simpletons and the descendants of Naaman sneer at water and the advice, "Go wash in Jordan." But we must wash within as well as without. The eagle and the lion are water-drinkers, and John Bull might do worse than become one too.

The Breath of Life

AIR is another of the things the body lives by. The water of life is the medium in which all living processes occur. The breath of life keeps the vital fires burning—strange fires, that burn in water—and none of us can survive for more than a minute or two without it. "The air is worth more than all perfumes," wrote Walt Whitman, and he was right, though many a hostess will pay six guineas a bottle for perfume and exclude the breath of life from her reception-rooms as if it were poison-gas. Most men need to be drowning, or fighting for breath under the terrible handicap of bronchitis or heart disease, before they learn to prize the breath of life—not to mention the wind and the rain, which renew our vital supplies of air and water.

Without the wind we should, of course, be unable to live more than a few days in our smoke-befouled cities, which now pollute the air like no others upon the earth since Pittsburg reformed itself. We led the world in respect of water for our cities; what a

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pity that we should lag behind in respect of their air! But it is so. During the summer months all goes well enough, and the death rate from bronchitis and pneumonia falls very low. But when winter comes, and we pollute the air with coal smoke, we stifle ourselves to death. The breath of life becomes a poison-gas indeed. A fortnight after every spell of fog in our cities the death rate from bronchitis and pneumonia runs up, often to more than double the average figure. In Pittsburg I learnt that the death rate from pneumonia there used to be the highest in the world, and the worst figures were reached not in the coldest sections of the city, up on the hillsides, but in the smokiest. It is the pollution that kills, not the cold, and that is certainly true of our winters.

Night Air is Purest

Do not fear the night air in our country, where the mosquito of malaria—which, I fancy, gave night air its bad reputation—is almost unknown. In our cities the night air is actually the purest, thanks to the extinction of many fires and the dispersal of their smoke by the wind. Indeed, anyone who studies the cotton-wool filters in which we estimate the pollution of our urban air from hour to hour might be excused for saying that about 3.0 a.m. is the only hour at which it is really safe for any citizen to take a breath. If we really knew and valued the things we live by, this pollution of the air would long ago have been made impossible, and the shameful and cruel death rate from the respiratory diseases, now our chief enemies in this country, would have gone the way that typhoid went when the pure water of life was restored to our cities.

Sunlight—an Antiseptic

With air goes LIGHT, third in my present list of the things the body lives by, but second to none. "In the beginning God said, Let there be light." For many years of reiteration on this theme, which I have at last succeeded in placing in every mouth, only one apology is needed—that the half has not been told. Readers who wish to learn more and help others to see the light may join the Sunlight League,* founded last summer on a resolution moved by myself and already an effective servant of many light-starved children, such as those

whom we sunned and served in Ken Wood last year. It has long been known that sunlight is an antiseptic, but it is only recently that, thanks to the Committee on Light appointed by the Medical Research Council early in 1922 at my instigation, we have learnt the unique power of sunlight to fortify the blood, to arm the white cells, its home defence army, and thus conquer invading microbes. Sunlight does to these white cells exactly the opposite of alcohol, the "mockery," which paralyses them. The best antiseptic outside the body is sunlight, and the best antiseptic inside the body is sunlit blood.

There should never be another case of rickets, "the English disease," in England or in any other country, now that we know how sunlight prevents it; and the whole hideous gamut of the "diseases of darkness," as I call them, will vanish when we restore the breath and the light of life, in their natural purity, to our malurbanized lives. Some hope is offered by a Bill which Mr. Neville Chamberlain has promised for next year, and meanwhile and thereafter we must all spread the light as we have seen it, for Shakespeare was right long ago, and "There is no darkness but ignorance."

Food—the Product of Living Bodies

FOOD of course is the fourth and last of the physical things which must enter the body for it to live by. With the exception of a few salts, all our food is itself the product of living bodies which, like our own, need air and light and water to live by. Hence, when we darken and destroy our own lives by urban smoke, we should remember that we are also injuring and stunting the vegetable life in our kitchen gardens and our allotments and thus reducing the supply of fresh, home-grown food which is so vastly superior to anything else, and of which we produce far too little. Experiments with lettuces and cabbages, etc., of the same kind, grown in the same soil within and without our smoky cities, proved this important point long ago.

Food is of course a subject for volumes, and I can scarcely do more than name it here. But the sum and substance of all the recent work on the subject may be given in a few words. When we say that food is one of the things the body lives by, we mean pure, natural, complete food, just as we need to make similar qualifications in respect of water, air and light. For instance, the "kindly fruits of the earth" no

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THE QUIVER

longer suffice to live by if we first deplete and pervert them. I have recently had some analyses made of the iodine content of various wheat products. Iodine is found in whole meal and in ordinary bran, but not in white flour, nor in the elaborately prepared bran which is now so popular in America.

The reader may possibly remember my discussion of iodine last year, and here it may be added that not enough was then said as to the value of this irreplaceable constituent of a complete dietary. In Switzerland, the United States, Canada, New Zealand the admirable result of the abolition of a great mass of disease is being attained by the restoration of iodine to the unnatural dietary by which we vainly try to live. And this is only the latest of many such examples.

For the Soul—Work

For the soul we first need WORK. Otherwise body and soul degenerate. We were made for action and even for struggle. If we do not use our teeth they say, "Very well, we are not wanted; we will go." And go they do. So with all attributes of body and mind. They need to work in order to live and thrive. In happier days than ours there will be work for all, of kinds worthy of the human body and mind.

The Importance of Play

PLAY is another of the things we live by. To desire it is not a proof of original sin in childhood. It is not merely a means of letting off superfluous steam, as some philosophers have taught. It is not only a means of rehearsing the serious activities of adult life, as when a cat encourages her kitten to play and thus to learn how to catch its prey for itself. Doubtless that is one of the functions of some play, but it is not all. Play is one of the things that the adult lives by. It is one of the ends of life. I

do not mean only such games as cricket or tennis. In its noblest forms play becomes what we call art, such as the art of music.

We need more facilities for play in this country, primarily but not only for young people. Above all we need means for outdoor play, since there the body will get its air and light; more playing fields and open-air swimming-baths and municipal tennis courts, such as one sees all over North America. At other times and for other tastes we need more scope for "community singing," as it is called in the New World. When we counsel young people to avoid public houses and night clubs, we should offer them treasure in place of the trash against which we warn them. Kill-joy teetotallers, with mouth- corners permanently turned down, should subscribe anonymously to their excellent cause. For myself, I am utterly weary of them. The case against alcohol is that it is the greatest kill-joy on earth and that we oppose it because we believe in the joy of life, even to the extent of the poet Wordsworth, who wrote:

" 'Tis my belief that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Love and Worship

LOVE is one of the things the soul lives by. But this word is used in many senses, too often sensual. Love and liberty are, indeed, words which only poets and philosophers should be allowed to use at all. Here I mean what Shakespeare meant when he made a simple, rustic youth avow that to love is "to be all made of faith and service." Happy they who have, in a person or a cause, an object of such love.

In its most exalted form such love is WORSHIP, and that is the fourth and last of the things the soul lives by.

So here is my list of the things we live by: air and light and food and water; work and play and love and worship.

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The Wireless Season

By Edward Hobbs



Fig. 1.—Clean and inspect the aerial

AS the evenings draw in at the close of the year, thoughts naturally turn to the wireless set and its potential pleasures. The enthusiastic amateur will no doubt have kept the wireless set in commission through the whole of the year, but any wireless set that has been untouched for some time will be all the better for a cleansing and general overhaul.

The aerial is well worth careful attention, and in the case of an outdoor aerial it will be best to lower it to the ground, a matter of no difficulty if the wire is supported by a halyard or cord running over a pulley to the mast. Before loosening the halyard, make sure it is long enough to allow the aerial to drop to the ground, if necessary attaching a further length of cord. Brush the wire with an old, stiff scrubbing- or nail-brush (Fig. 1) to remove the dirt, and inspect it for any broken or frayed ends. These, if serious, would justify the purchase of a new length of aerial wire, but if only small an efficient repair is effected by binding the damaged parts with thin copper wire.

The next step is to wash and carefully examine the insulators, and if badly cracked or broken

these should be replaced. The connecting cords or leads should then be given a very critical inspection, and if any are at all frayed or worn should unhesitatingly be replaced, otherwise they are sure to break during the storms of winter at a time when reception is particularly desired. If, however, the cords are in good condition, they should be rubbed over with a rag steeped in linseed oil to waterproof the line and lengthen its life.

Particular attention should be given to the joint in the lead-in wire where it connects to the aerial, and, if soldered, see that the joint is perfect. If the wires are simply twisted together it will be best to separate the joint and thoroughly cleanse the wires by rubbing them with emery-paper. The connexion is then preferably made by soldering and the joint finished with a wrapping of insulating tape. Similar attention should be given to the lead-in wire at its connexion to the lead-in terminal. In any case, this had better be unfastened, the washers and nuts cleaned and the wire then clamped securely in place by screwing up the nuts with a spanner or pair of pliers.

Refix the aerial as high as possible, and then give attention to the earth connexion, examining this wire throughout from the set

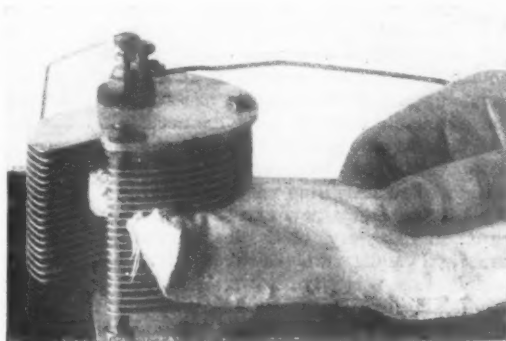


Fig. 2.—Cleaning the condenser plate

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to its termination. If a water tap is used as the earthing medium, see that the wire makes good metallic contact with the tap. If it is properly soldered and the joint is sound do not disturb it, but if twisted around the tap, or fixed with a screw or one of the patent fasteners, undo the joint, clean the point faces, and reassemble as before.

If the earth plate is one of the proprietary earth pipes or the like, a counsel of perfection is to remove the plate from the earth, or at least uncover the earth to a depth of 6 in. or so and make positive that the earth connecting wire is securely attached to the place and that the joint is sound and clean. If not, remedy this defect and re-

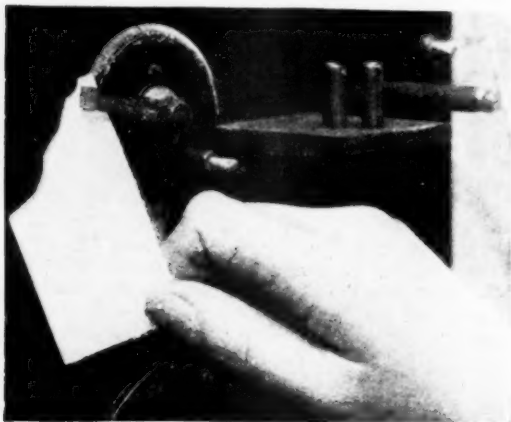


Fig. 3.—A simple test for adjustment of the filament resistance

place the earth as before. A little time spent on the "earth" will more than repay the trouble involved, by the increased purity and strength of reception.

The batteries should be looked to next, as if these are storage batteries or accumulators they will probably be in poor condition. The novice should not attempt to recondition accumulators. It is far better to send them to a reputable firm and have the accumulators cleaned out, refilled with acid and properly recharged. There is no practical method of re-energizing an ordinary type of dry battery, and a new one should be procured, if necessary, of the largest possible capacity. Make sure that the battery terminals are perfectly clean, if necessary brightening the joint faces with emery-paper. If these parts are dirty, the resistance is increased and current is unnecessarily wasted.

The set itself will have to be dealt with according to its individual construction, but in any case, whether it is a simple crystal set or a multi-valve receiver of elaborate design, the whole of the exterior and the surface of the panel, the knobs, dials and other parts that are accessible should be thoroughly cleansed from dust and dirt. For this purpose a small tooth-brush dipped in petrol or benzine is most helpful, but it must not be used to excess, and in any case this should be done in the open air or away from any exposed lights, otherwise a conflagration may ensue. This should be followed by rubbing with chamois leather.

All the terminals should be looked over and cleaned if necessary. In the case of crystal sets of simple type, with the crystal on the exterior, the whole of this part should be taken to pieces, the movable parts of the catwhisker mount cleaned, either with very fine blue-back emery or with a moist rag covered with a trace of fine emery-powder and wrapped around the forefinger, the surplus emery being brushed off and the remainder used as if it were emery-paper. The crystal will probably be all the better if it is dipped in benzine to remove any grease or dust upon its surface. (Do not use petrol, which leaves a film of grease.) It should be dried by waving it rapidly to and fro in the air. Reassemble the parts as before.

Practically every set is fitted with variable condensers, and these will certainly be better for cleaning and adjustment. Generally, to get access to the interior of the set, it is necessary to remove the panel and withdraw it from its case. This being done, the valves, if any, should be removed and set aside in a box or elsewhere free from risk of shock which may damage the filament, and the components on the back of the panel carefully looked over. It is impracticable to give specific instructions as to details, as these vary considerably, but most sets include variable condensers, filament resistances, valve holders and the like which call for attention.

To deal with the variable condensers, obtain a piece of thin metal, such as a hacksaw blade or piece of watch spring or the like, and wrap around it a piece of linen or soft material of fluffless nature. Turn the

THE WIRELESS SEASON

moving veins until they are free from the fixed one, as is shown in one of the illustrations (Fig. 2), and wipe the space between the plates with the linen as is there shown. This will remove most of the dirt, a surprising amount of which will be found to have accumulated. If this does not produce a satisfactory result an ordinary pipe-cleaner will answer the purpose. Treat the other set of vanes in the same way and then inspect all the connexions.

Also notice particularly when the moving plates are rotated that they do not touch the fixed plates. This is most important, as if only one of the plates touches in the slightest degree it will seriously impair reception and may set up crackling noises in the telephones. The remedy is simple. If only one plate is affected it can generally be pushed back into position with the blade of a pen-knife or some similar stiff, thin article. If all the moving plates appear to be nearer to one side of the fixed plates than to the others it indicates that the adjusting screw requires attention. This is generally a set-screw, or milled nut, and adjustment is effected by loosening the lock-nut, tightening the set-screw and then retightening the lock-nut. Retightening the set-screw varies the position of the moving plates in respect to the fixed plates. Particular attention should be given to this detail.

The filament resistances (in the case of valve sets) should be cleaned by brushing with a tooth-brush, using the tiniest trace of petrol if the coiled spring which forms the resistance is at all dirty. Next test the contact between the contact arm and the coil by inserting a thin piece of paper between the arm and the coil, as is shown in the illustration (Fig. 3). The paper should

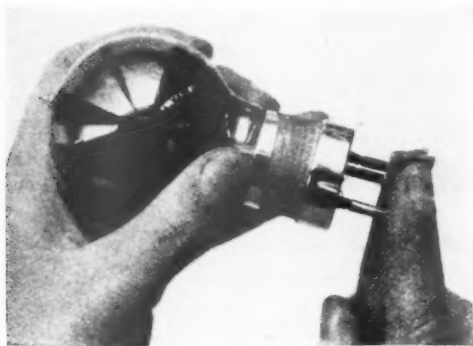


Fig. 4.—Cleaning the valve-legs

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Fig. 5.—An inexpensive bracket for the loud-speaker

be firmly held by the contact arm at all points, for which purpose the test must be made around the whole of the resistance. If the contact is defective, the arm may be bent down a little or the adjustment nuts tightened up as requisite. A sure, but sweet and smooth connexion to the filament resistance is very desirable for the proper handling and functioning of the set.

All connexions should undergo a careful inspection. Those which are soldered should be examined and be gently pulled to make sure that they are sound. If they are defective they should be resoldered. Connexions made to components fitted within the back of the case, terminals and the like should be looked to and if necessary cleaned and reconnected. Be very careful that the connexions are made in the same order and to the same points as before.

A prolific source of crackling noises is often found in the valve sockets or the valve holder, sometimes due to slack fitting, but more often to the presence of dirt or foreign matter. The sockets should be cleaned with a little piece of linen wrapped around a crochet hook or small piece of wire. The valve, if it has been in use for some time, will be all the better if the connecting pieces or legs are cleaned. This can be done by

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wiping the legs with a small piece of very fine emery-paper neatly folded up and held between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, as is illustrated (Fig. 4). This must be done carefully, or the filament will be damaged. The little spring covers fitted to the legs of some valves can be slightly opened with the point of a pocket-knife and the valve replaced in its socket, when it should fit firmly.

Replace the panel as before and connect up the set, when on tuning in the set will be found to receive as well as it has ever done and probably with increased signal strength. The telephones will probably not call for any special treatment except as regards the connecting cords. These often fail at the point of contact of the flexible wires.

This defect can be detected while the set is working if the phones be placed on the head and the connecting wires shaken in the hand. If this sets up a crackling noise in the telephones it is a sure indication that the flexible wire has broken or is badly frayed, or that the insulation between the two sets of wires has broken down. The defect will almost certainly be found within the last 6 in. of the cord near the tags or at the point where they enter the headphones.

The remedy is to separate the cords and, if the wire is not broken, bind it tightly with insulating tape. If the wire itself is broken it may be possible to shorten it, otherwise the best plan is to obtain an entirely fresh pair of leads and fit these in place of the old.

A useful fitting in connexion with the loud-speaker is a shelf or bracket. This can easily be constructed by the home craftsman and a simple example is illustrated

(Fig. 5). This bracket is very suitable for a loud-speaker, as it may be located in any room in the house quite remote from the set and can be connected to the latter by means of ordinary good quality electric lighting flex. The wire should terminate at the bracket on a small plate of ebonite provided with two terminals.

The flexible wire consists of two separate groups of strands each insulated from the other. The flex should be untwisted for a few inches and the insulation bared by scraping it away, revealing the wire beneath. The two ends have then to be connected to the terminals. One of the wires will go to one terminal and the other wire to the other terminal. The flex can then be taken around the picture-rail, on the top of the wainscoting, under the carpet or in any other convenient manner direct to the receiving set, where the other ends of the wire are connected in place of the telephones, baring the wires as before and fastening to them little tabs which are sold for that purpose.

By this means the loud-speaker can be used in the vicinity of the set or can be removed to the dining-room or elsewhere at any time and simply connected to the two terminals on the bracket. This is a very great convenience and one which will no doubt be appreciated by the householder, and it is so simple as to be within the capacity of the veriest novice at electrical work.

If the set has been cleaned and adjusted in the manner described, it will more than repay the time and trouble spent upon it. Not only will the owner have a better appreciation of the internal arrangements and their functions, but the quality of speech and music will be greatly enhanced.



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STRIKE OUT

Dangerous

A FEW weeks ago I stood on the beach of a small Cornish watering-place. It is a lovely little village well patronized by visitors in the summer months, but the sea is treacherous. Notices appear in sundry places on the beach warning visitors that it is dangerous to bathe at low tide, but in spite of this visitors every now and then disregard the warning and are drowned. Mrs. Editor and I stood gazing on the spot where, only a week before, two young fellows were drowned. They had arrived at the village only the previous day, and, together with two other companions, took the earliest opportunity of a plunge in the sea. They were strong swimmers and disregarded the warning notices. Soon they were in difficulties. Almost by a miracle two were saved, but every effort to save the other two was unsuccessful.

The beach attendant spoke to us on the matter and remarked how extremely difficult it seemed to be to get people to heed the warnings. A week or two previous he had spoken to two lady artists who were sketching on the rocks. He told them that the tide was rising and that it was time for them to be moving.

"Thank you, we are quite capable of taking care of ourselves," replied the ladies frigidly. Within a few minutes one of the two had been washed off the rocks and drowned.

The Undertow

Naturally we were duly impressed, particularly as we had heard much the same thing about one or two other places on the coast. We asked the man what precisely was it that made the coast dangerous in this way. I had the theory that the sands were

soft and somehow entangled the unlucky bather, but the man put me right on this. At certain places, more especially at low tide, there was a remarkable undercurrent. Or rather the waves swept downwards and inwards, catching the unwary bather and drawing him round and under. The fact that the man was a good swimmer made no difference: he was drawn under and there was practically no chance of escape.

We duly meditated on this.



The One Chance

"Yes, there is no chance for them," continued the man, and then added, "but there *is* a chance, though nobody takes it. I don't wonder. It's only natural to get panic-stricken. But there is a chance if you keep cool."

"Why, what is that?" I asked curiously.

"Well, folk caught in the waves and feeling themselves being drawn under strike for the shore for all they are worth. As a matter of fact, their only chance is to strike out the other way—out towards the open sea. They don't, of course. It isn't natural. But that is their only chance; if they strike out for the open they would get beyond the undercurrent and be safe."

There is, of course, food for thought in all this, but I hasten to reassure any timid reader who thinks of visiting the delightful Cornish coast that they need not hesitate for one minute on account of what I have just written. You can visit these lovely little Cornish coves and, too, bathe in perfect safety if you will only take note of the warnings staring you in the face and do as you are told. There are some people, of course, who will not take warning. I frankly cannot understand their mentality.

THE QUIVER

My little three-year-old, when told he mustn't do something he very much wants to, will solemnly repeat, "Mustn't do it"—and then go and deliberately do the thing he was told not to! I can only surmise that these other folk who bathe at low tide when emphatically warned against it have, mentally, never grown beyond the three-year-old stage. They have learnt nothing from burning their fingers with a match or the other practical methods nature has of enforcing her warnings. The only wonder is that they survived as long as they did. However extraordinary it seems, there is a small portion of the population who cannot learn by experience, but will go on risking their lives till they lose them. Riding pillion-fashion on a motor-cycle carriers, for example. Everybody knows how dangerous it is, yet young fools will do it and lose their lives.



The Way of Escape

These are rather obvious reflections to come back with from the incident on the Cornish beach. But somehow the train of thought it suggested to me was quite different from this.

I was curiously fascinated about the way of escape for the drowning swimmer. Putting aside the more literal aspect of the incident, one cannot deny but that in life people do get into difficulties from time to time, and that without deliberately courting danger. There are other perils beside literal drowning: perils to health, morals, fortune, happiness. And these are perils we cannot always avoid. You take your life in your hand every time you cross a street. Life is full of hazards, and the point is, how are we going to face its risks, and how are we going to escape its perils?



Panic

The obvious way is the way of the swimmer caught in the current. Dash for the shore. That is the way of the pedestrian caught in the whirl of the traffic in the middle of a busy street. He makes a dash for the pavement. It is the natural way—and too often it is a fatal way. If only the pedestrian will keep his head, stand still and wait, or clearly and unmistakably show his intentions the motorist will not run him down. Look carefully at the records of motoring accidents and see how many of them have been caused by a car swerving to escape a careless or foolish pedestrian

who has suddenly run across the road. Some accidents are inevitable: most are avoidable if only those concerned will keep their heads. Panic, however, is fatal.

Indeed, in the broader issues of life, when one is faced with a sudden emergency, you may take it for granted that the way of panic is *not* the way. A man of business involves himself in a deal. There comes a moment when he suddenly realizes that the deal is a bigger one than he thought; sales hang fire, the thing shows signs of falling. Now if, in a moment of panic, he seeks to drop the thing suddenly and fly for safety he is almost certain to be involved in a big loss. Whereas, if he goes on, and sees the matter through to the end, quite likely it will turn out all right after all. Indeed, it does seem that in many of the crises in life, paradoxically enough, safety lies in taking more risks. If only the swimmer caught in the waves will turn his back to the shore and strike out to sea he will find safety. Look round at the cases you have met of people who have failed; how often it is that the person concerned simply has not had faith enough to strike out into deep water. Here are two brothers toiling away on a farm; the soil is bad, conditions difficult, outlook unpromising. One says there is nothing for it but to strike out. He throws away his job, puts his fortunes to the test, emigrates—and makes a great success. The other mutters that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and remains, to toil for life in penury and discontent, ultimately failing hopelessly.



The Part Fear Plays

Does it not seem that at the root of most failures is not bad judgment, lack of skill, but just—*fear*? We are afraid, we get panic-stricken, we lose our nerves, paralysed by fear.

Fear plays a much greater part in our lives than we are apt to allow. We are afraid of life, afraid of ourselves, afraid of one another. Look at the Great War that has scarred the life of this generation. It was brought about largely by fear. Each nation was afraid of the other nations, alliances were formed out of fear of other alliances, armaments piled up to offset other nations' armaments, until the very dread brought about the evil it feared. The same terrible, haunting, weakening fear is poisoning the life-blood of Europe now. France is afraid of her old enemy, and is piling up armaments, weakening herself, with a huge

BETWEEN OURSELVES

army, cumbering herself with alliances, and doing her best to bring about the result she fears most.

Doing her best to bring about the result she fears most. How true that is about individuals. I know a man whose constant fear it was that he should lose his job. He thought of little else, he was afraid to make any move lest it should endanger his position, every situation that arose he judged entirely by how it would affect his standing, his rule was always to safeguard himself in any action he took. At last he was "fired." His employers couldn't stand it any longer. They were willing to put up with a man who made mistakes, whose judgment was faulty, with possibly other grave failings, but they could not endure a man for ever on the defensive, over-cautious, always thinking of his own safety. Fear was his undoing.



Afraid of Everything

Who has not met the woman filled always with gloomy forebodings? She is afraid when her husband is travelling, she fears he may meet with an accident, her children are in moral or physical peril and may fall. She is so fearful and panicky that at last she drives herself or loved ones to the very peril she dreads. Then she wrings her hands and cries, "I always told you so!" "I knew it!"

Health is a weak point with many of us. Modern science has revealed so many dangers. Yet fear is the greatest danger of them all. Here is a woman who dreads above all else *cancer*. Presently there is a spot on her lip, a suspicious hardening on her body. Fearfully she watches its growth,

she becomes morbid, depressed, ill—and cancer comes.

Now supposing that she really had a cancer on her lip or body. Avoiding panic, she calmly goes to her doctor and tells him all about it. Taken in time, he can, and does, operate. The thing is removed, the danger past, she is restored to health and strength. It is the fear that would lay her low.



Life is a Lovely Business

We are most of us children, afraid of the unknown, gloomily nursing our fears. Yet life is a lovely business taken aright. Its crises, changes, chances come as rare food to the adventurous soul who thinks not of gloom or fear, lives each day at a time, intent on extracting the best out of life and putting the best into it. What though there are perils around and beneath? To the true knight these are the spice of life; to the true soul life is more than self-preservation, "Safety First" devil's own counsel.

If one must have safety it can well be found in forgetting self, doing one's duty, going ahead. Mistakes we shall make, failures will be encountered. If we are to sink let us go down smiling, but meanwhile struggling on.

Jesus Christ one day found a gloomy party of fishermen. They had been toiling all night and caught nothing. He told them to "launch out into the deep." They had faith enough to obey and had their reward. It is more faith we need.

The Editor

A Word to My Readers

NEXT month we commence a new volume, and I am glad to announce a new serial by that well-known author O. Douglas. There will be other features that will make this new volume a particularly notable one, including profusely illustrated articles on Morocco, China and Palestine—three troublesome countries in the public eye just now.

It is with gratitude I record that during the past few months, when magazines generally have shown decreased sales, the circu-

lation of THE QUIVER has been remarkably constant, but I want next year to show a notable increase in our sales.

Will those who, with me, believe that this magazine has a message to the world and represents an ideal worth supporting, encourage me by making THE QUIVER known to their friends?

I shall be pleased to send a programme and specimen copy to those who are not acquainted with the magazine.

When Does Imagination Become Lying?

By Dr. Alice M. Hutchison

TRUTH to tell, although it is fairly easy to discourse upon this subject in theoretical fashion, we frequently find ourselves constrained to draw not only upon psychological knowledge but upon intuition and common sense, in order to give a satisfactory reply in individual cases.

Even the definition of a lie as "a falsehood uttered with intention to deceive" cannot be accepted as a safe criterion, since fantasy in children, as we shall see in the course of this article, can be more vividly real than reality—the reality of the every day familiar happenings of the child's life.

Unreliable

We are all agreed at least on one point. We know that we cannot accept, without investigation, statements made by children under five, and that the younger the child the more necessary it is to seek confirmation for his replies or his extravagant tales. The reason for this is two-fold. In the first place, the life of babies and small children is as instinctive as that of animals. They have not yet arrived at the age when they differentiate themselves from their surroundings, realize themselves as individuals, and acquire the power of looking on at and judging, their own actions. They are consequently hazy as regards the things which seem to us to be of importance and very clear as to their own desires and needs at any moment of the day.

As a result of this mental haziness, which is, no doubt, partly due to the fact that they not only "trail" but are wrapped in "clouds of glory," children very readily allow their thoughts to find an abiding place in fantasy, which compensates them for the material things or circumstances which are lacking in their lives. I know a little boy of 4½, an only child and exceptionally intelligent, who will give a most vivid description of play on the sea-shore with his brothers and sisters, naming them each in turn. He will describe the exact order in which they walked home, who took nurse's

hand and who carried pails and spades and how they conversed among themselves. For him these brothers and sisters are, during playtime at least, creatures of flesh and blood and not creations of his own brain. And it is but a little step from this, to name a brother or a sister when questioned as to culpability for a forbidden deed. Yet it is perfectly true that, at the moment when the deed was committed, the child was not really himself, but John or Mary.

Replying at Random

As a rule, children below the age of five reply at random because the question asked is of no interest to them. They may indeed be, at that moment, much more absorbed in a garment or an ornament worn by the questioner. On the garment or ornament is focused their entire attention, and a haphazard reply to the question is consequently given.

It is further true that not only small children, but even those who have passed into the second decade, will utilize the material of tales narrated to them or read to them or overheard, in order to weave personal adventures in which they play the rôle of hero or heroine.

The more keenly the child is gifted with imagination, so much the more intensely will he live through these experiences and relate them later as absolute fact. Sometimes the tale is so extraordinary, even incredible, that it is investigated and found to be fiction. The fate of the little culprit then depends upon the outlook of his parents. A certain number decide to and do punish the child for being untruthful, while others, more alive to the place of fantasy in the child's development, withhold punishment and seek to find for the spirit of adventure an outlet which will both satisfy the child and serve some useful end.

Joining the Cubs or Scouts, with the lure of the yearly summer camp, has met the needs of many a boy, while some children have found stimulus and relief by acting the

WHEN DOES IMAGINATION BECOME LYING?

scenes which have stirred their imagination.

Apart from actually inventing an experience, children will sometimes in the narration embroider the details lavishly, and so incur reproof. For instance, a boy who was greatly delighted with the friendliness of the squirrels in Regent's Park, told his father, on returning home, that he had caught one and put it in his pocket.

But, since the majority of adults are addicted, in greater or lesser degree, to this weakness, we can hardly regard it as peculiarly characteristic of children. Indeed, if a child indulges excessively in such exaggeration, it will almost invariably be found that he is merely imitating a senior member of the family, hotly though this suggestion, when first put forward, may be denied by the parents.

The Child of Seven

We have agreed that up to about the age of five, any departure from the truth cannot be judged too gravely. Sometimes, however, we are faced with a child of seven or even older who appears to be still in that state of mental haziness which has been described as normal in the younger child. If we inquire into his history, we frequently find that his physical development (holding up the head, sitting up, walking, etc.) was delayed, and that he cannot keep pace with children of his own age at school. If he is put through intelligence tests, further support is given to the view that he must be judged, not according to his age, but according to his mental development, which may approximate to that of a child of four. If this view is not accepted, then great injustice is done to the child, for he is merely punished instead of being drawn out of his world of fantasy and encouraged to establish very definite contact with the material world around him.

An illustration will make these observations clear.

A boy of seven was brought for advice on account of untruthfulness and stealing. It was learned that he had been slow in passing all the developmental milestones enumerated, and was making very poor progress at school, as he always seemed to be in a dream. His mental age, according to standard tests, was not above five. He would often point out people who were not visible to others and would converse with them. When certain thefts were traced definitely to him he would say: "I didn't

take them; Tommy gave them to me." Careful inquiry proved that "Tommy" did not exist in the flesh, and so the boy was punished, on the natural assumption that he must accept personal responsibility for his acts. But the punishment was of no avail.

After due investigation, and a simple explanation to the boy, of the erroneous path he was following, all punishments were stopped and attention was focused on setting his feet firmly on the ground again. The limits of this paper do not allow of a description of these methods, which were eminently successful.

"Extreme Untruthfulness"

The question embodied in the title of this article will now be further replied to in the most satisfactory way, by discussing the details of a few illustrative cases.

Advice was sought for a boy of eight on account of extreme untruthfulness. When a series of these untruths was analysed, it was found that the majority fell into the category of genuine lies, which were dictated by fear of punishment. If, for instance, he broke a window when at play, he would deny having done it and would allow a comrade to be blamed. He similarly evaded responsibility for many other peccadilloes. One lie, however, seemed to have a different element in it. The patient had been invited one evening to play with a little friend who owned a very wonderful train which had cost a pound. On returning home, he described all the beauties of the train, and then added that unfortunately his friend had behaved badly and been sent to bed by his father. When the two fathers next met, regret was expressed by the patient's father for the fact that there had been trouble in the home that evening, upon which he learnt that this was a fabrication. The question then arose, what motive could the boy have for making up the tale?

Going Back to Fantasy

At the interview he was asked to throw what light he could on his motives, and after much hesitation and encouragement the following three thoughts were expressed: (a) "He had a much nicer train than I had." (b) "I was jealous." (c) "I wanted to get him into trouble." When it was objected that he had in reality failed to get his friend into trouble, he replied at once: "Oh, yes, I did; I got him into trouble with *my* dad." And it was only after some

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time that he could be made to see that the "getting into trouble" only existed in his imagination.

Needless to say, further confirmation was easily obtained of this tendency to seek compensation in fantasy. To explain his position in a word, we might say that he was jealous of his friend and vented this jealousy by belittling him, entirely to his own satisfaction, with the aid of fantasy. But, although this unvarnished statement of facts would make the patient appear to be a very horrid little boy, it is perhaps well to remind ourselves that *desire* to act as he did exists consciously in the thoughts of quite a number of us, and that although some succeed in banishing the thought, others yield to it by making depreciatory observations about the person in question, observations which may be, and frequently are, quite unfounded.

A Queer Story

The second illustration is concerned with a girl of fourteen, who had behaved in such an extraordinary way that the aid of detectives was sought in order to unravel the matter and decide what measure of truth there was in the statements she made.

She told her parents that a well-dressed lady in a motor-car frequently stopped to speak to her and let her stroke the little white dog which was always in the car. Then on two occasions the patient arrived at her married sister's home in an hysterical state, saying that the lady had wanted to take her home and had insisted and pursued her, so that she had escaped with great difficulty.

It was at this point that the parents decided to have the matter investigated, with the result that no confirmation was obtained of the girl's statements, and she finally acknowledged that they were not true (though under severe compulsion), and signed a paper to that effect.

The question of motives at once occupied the attention. On pushing inquiries, it was

found that she was one of a large family, and that, as the mother put it, there really was not much time to trouble about the children individually. The parents had, however, realized that the girl was not associating freely, either with her brothers and sisters or her schoolmates, and had sometimes played truant from school in order to spend the day cycling in the country. She was in reality feeling strongly the urge and restlessness of adolescence, and was, through fantasy, experiencing some of the manifold adventures with which she regaled herself through cheap literature. Yet, when re-questioned about these and similar incidents a year later, she said they were so intensely real that it was with great difficulty that she had brought herself to sign the paper in which they were designated "made-up tales."

Evading Homework

The next child must be placed in a different category. She succeeded for some weeks in evading all home preparation by telling her parents that she had been given permission to do it at school, and during the hours that she might have been doing it at school she escaped to the parks and read exciting tales of love and adventure. The increasingly poor quality of her class work led finally to inquiry and discovery, while careful investigation supplied the following explanation of her conduct.

For reasons which need not be detailed here, she was unhappy at home and resented the well-intentioned interference of her parents in her evening preparation. At school she failed to make friends and felt herself out of things. So she sought to drown her unhappiness and escape from unwelcome reality by identifying herself with those who realized their every desire and on whose happiness the sun never seemed to set. But this state of affairs could only be kept going with the aid of untruths, so she told them, and boldly too, "with intent to deceive."

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Margaret

A Story of a Pig
By Fay Inchfawn

MRS. NONESUCH arrived one morning full of intense excitement. Her mother-in-law had given Dick a pig.

The circumstance marked an epoch. In the first place, Mrs. Nonesuch senior was not as a general thing what is called "givish."

Generosity and benevolence she may have striven for, but neither of these virtues had any outstanding place in her character. Her daughter-in-law said grandma was "dreadful near," and it was a mercy Dick didn't take after her. But going to the war, and living with Mrs. Nonesuch junior, had took a lot of his mother out of him, and a generouser man than Dick it would now be hard to find.

Mr. Nonesuch worked at the cloth factory from sunrise to sunset, and Mrs. Nonesuch nourished, clothed and brought up five children. She also took in a little washing, obliged the butcher's wife by going in to scrub up the shop, kept a few fowls and rabbits "just for company like," and yet she managed to come in and help Jane and me for two hours every morning.

And now his mother had given Dick a pig. Mrs. Nonesuch named her Margaret, because she had intended to bestow this name upon her last baby, only it turned out to be a boy.

Where Margaret spent the first days and nights after her introduction to the Nonesuches I have never heard.

But in less than a week Dick had knocked her up a domain of her own. The Nonesuch family lived on the bank of the canal, and there was any amount of waste land within easy reach of the house. And so in a little sheltered nook against the bank, and not far from the lock, Dick erected a pig-sty. It was quite a creditable piece of work, with sleeping accommodation neatly roofed in, and a nice open-air apartment where Margaret could disport herself during the day, leaning over the fence squealing cheerfully, and listening to the water dripping through the lock.

The young Nonesuches found her "nice company," and they spent a good deal of time with her. Margaret's appetite was insatiable, and sharps were a terrible price.

So I instructed Jane to save all our "peelings" from potatoes, apples and marrows, for Margaret's delectation.

Mrs. Nonesuch went off most mornings with a good-sized parcel of peelings. Her neighbours, so she informed me, said that these parcels contained clothes, really valuable garments which Mrs. Nonesuch had obtained by unlawful means.

But we all knew that the neighbours were jealous. They had no pig.

In due time Margaret rewarded the Nonesuches for their kind attentions, and eight little squealing pink creatures kept the canal bank from being a lonesome spot.

Oh, how carefully we hoarded our peelings now. I looked at Jane reproachfully when she put a cabbage stump in the dustbin, and she looked sorrowfully at me when I threw a few burnt crusts to the birds.

Then came the historic morning when Dick took the little pigs to market.

Mrs. Nonesuch could not come to us at all that day. She had to assist in getting the little pigs into the cart and under the net, kindly lent by Dick's brother, who is very well-to-do.

I think they had rather a job, for Mrs. Nonesuch told us they had just got seven of them safely in, and the eighth was being lifted over the tail-board, when it gave a jump, and Dick foolish-like let go, and off it went, squealing down the towing-path, with Dick and Dick's brother and a neighbour and Mrs. Nonesuch and the baby in hot pursuit.

Captured at last, deposited in the cart under the net, with the tail-board up and safely fastened, the breathless family looked round to see Margaret calmly escaping from her sty and wandering off into the motor-racked road.

At last she, too, was secured. Then Mr. Nonesuch had to perform mysterious ablutions in the wash-house. Mrs. Nonesuch brushed him down, turned his pockets right side out, and handed him a packet with his lunch in it; his brother gave him a few final instructions regarding the horse, the cart, and the possible price which pigs should command.

Then Dick stepped into the cart, shook

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the reins and was off, and Mrs. Nonesuch went indoors to think of new rig-outs for all the little Nonesuchs, a push chair for the baby, a set of teeth for herself, and a pair of boots for Dick, to say nothing of paying Mr. Kimmins, who had kindly let them run on for the sharps, and getting a bit of new fencing for the sty, and still having a trifle over to put in the savings bank.

The next day was Friday, and Mrs. Nonesuch was on her hands and knees scrubbing our front step—which is her last job—before I had a chance to ask her how Dick had got on.

She scrubbed desperately at a flaw in the step, and then she said:

"Well, he got took in. I'm sorry for it, but 'tis the truth, and I'd better not say any different. I never had a wink of sleep all night for thinking about it."

Then she told me how Dick was driving along very cheerful and happy, and was almost into the market town when a nice rosy farmer man came driving up alongside in a spring cart and a fine young colt in the shafts, only five years old and as pretty as paint.

He slowed up to talk to Dick, and all at once he appeared to notice the eight little pigs under the net.

He praised them up something considerable, asking their age and what Dick had fed them on.

And Dick was very precautions and said "wash," which was neither here nor there, and presently the stranger pulled up, and Dick pulled up, and they both got down, and they stood looking at the little pigs, and talking about farms and stock and land and all sorts.

Suddenly the stranger slapped his leg and made Dick an offer.

To save him the trouble of taking the pigs any farther, he would, if Dick liked, give him so much for the lot. He named a sum.

It sounded like riches.

Poor Dick was never very good at figures, and he and his brother and Mrs. Nonesuch in figuring things out had always reckoned the little pigs at so much *each*; the sum they would fetch in the aggregate had never been mentioned.

The stranger took out a bundle of notes and began to count them.

Dick undid the tail-board of his cart, and began to transfer the pigs to the other conveyance. It was all done in a few minutes, the notes changed hands and the farmer

drove away to the market, for grandpa Nonesuch saw him sell Dick's pigs there at a good profit.

Dick drove slowly home, and was close to the lock before he had really figured things out in his head, and then it slowly dawned upon him that he had been done.

He broke the news to his wife, and feverishly they spread the money on the table in the kitchen, portioning it as they went. So much for the sharps the little pigs had eaten, so much for the fencing of the sty, and so much for a bit of wire netting—all these things they had had "on trust," to be paid for when the little pigs went.

The money Dick had got for them only just covered their liabilities. He had been done.

Mrs. Nonesuch said that Dick sat by the fire the rest of the day and couldn't eat a bit of food, he was that upset.

And she had washed and washed in the damp wash-house till after tea, because whenever she thought of the baby's push-chair it made her angry-like. It was a second-hand chair in the ironmonger's window for fifteen shillings, and she had been down and asked them to save it for her. And now she couldn't have it, and the baby was heavier than most.

She couldn't speak to Dick till nearly supper-time, she was that put out.

And then she said: "I 'membered that I had took him for worse as well as for better, and I telled him I'd rather have took a fool than a rascal, anyway, and I just fried him a nice bit of potato and cabbage, and told him, better luck next time."

"It was wonderful how quick he cheered up and went out to see to Margaret."

"Next time," added Mrs. Nonesuch, "I reckon I'd better go to market with him. Yes, it was a disappointment, but there, us must just go on and try again."

I watched the brave little woman packing up her parcel of peelings, saw her in her old rain-spotted coat and skirt trudging up the road towards the lock; I thought of Carlyle sitting down patiently to re-write his French Revolution after it had been destroyed by fire, and I scarcely think the immortal Thomas possessed one tithe of the sublime courage which made Mrs. Nonesuch willing to go through the whole process of pig-rearing again, merely to get new clothes for her children, teeth for herself, and an old push-chair for her baby.

Well, the world goes up and the world



"Dick, foolish-like, let go, and off it went, squealing down the towing-path"—p. 1179

Drawn by
T. H. Robinson

goes down, and Margaret had a second family. These little pigs were even more beautiful than the first litter, and this time there were ten of them.

Mrs. Nonesuch showed them to Bunty and me one day as we were passing. She kindly brought out a bucket of "wash," and poured it into the trough that Bunty might have the pleasure of hearing them suck it up.

Margaret rushed out from her bedroom to participate, and was kept off by the youngest Miss Nonesuch, who brandished a stick and uttered a peculiar sound, which Bunty and I presumed meant, "Go back into your bedroom."

To which Margaret replied:
"Shunt! Shunt! Shunt!"

But she had to.

I am glad to be able to state that this time the sale of the pigs exceeded expectations.

Baby Nonesuch rides proudly in a push-chair which cost a guinea, and his mother has a fine set of teeth, their only drawback being that she has to take them out when she wishes to eat.

It must have been soon after these happenings that Margaret began to alarm her friends by having "bad turns." These came upon her very suddenly, and always occurred at inopportune times, just as Mr. Nonesuch was coming in to his supper, or precisely as Mrs. Nonesuch was setting out for the town.

The only thing which alleviated Mar-

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garet's symptoms was "a bran mash." It was made with boiling water and bran, and after receiving it Margaret invariably settled off into a nice sleep. Mrs. Nonesuch was sure, because from their back room they could hear her snoring. She always snored after she had been "rough."

I was interested in Margaret's "turns." When one has followed a person's career right from babyhood, naturally one likes to be acquainted with the ins and outs of their ups and downs.

But certainly I was much more deeply intrigued when I discovered that Margaret's symptoms bore a very striking resemblance to my own.

I had been overdoing things, and while suffering from head pains and giddiness had spent one whole day in bed.

The next morning Mrs. Nonesuch welcomed me to the kitchen, and set a chair for me with an air of thoughtful commiseration.

"Ah," she said, "I thought you was going to be rough. I can always tell, same as I can with our pig. And you was looking just like her. Yes, thank you, she's better; we got her into a beautiful presspiration, and she's quite steady on her legs to-day. Turns are horrid things. But there, 'tis human nature, after all."

And then Mrs. Nonesuch said she would feel obliged if Jane and I could manage without her for the following Tuesday. The butcher's daughter was going to be married, and Mrs. Nonesuch's services were urgently required to help with the "breakfast."

Now, far be it from me to spoil anybody's wedding-day, and I willingly assented.

I knew both bride and bridegroom by sight, and enticing echoes of the approaching festivities reached us via Mrs. Nonesuch. We heard about the bride's lovely pearls, and the gorgeous head-dress to be worn by the bride's mother. The bridesmaid's attire was described in great detail, and the repast after the ceremony was to be something quite out of the ordinary, with the "menuevs" on tinted cards; and there were to be crackers, and a cold turkey and sausage and ham.

Mrs. Nonesuch said she should manage to get to the church in time to see the bride come out, and might she be allowed to have that half a pound of "pinned" rice that I had said was for the fowls.

I have always thought, and I still think, that it was inconsiderate of Margaret to have had a bad turn just as Mrs. Nonesuch was starting for that wedding.

After helping at the butcher's all the forenoon, she had rushed home to give a bite of dinner to her family, and was about to hurry off again, with the small bag of rice hidden in her umbrella, when the pig was took bad.

Mr. Nonesuch ran into the kitchen to demand a mash, and his wife shook the last particles of bran into a bucket, and instructed him to pour the boiling water on it and stir it till it foamed.

She left him at it, and then as she rushed through the town she recollected it was early-closing day, and darted into the stores for a bag of bran.

Hot and breathless she emerged, and finding herself hidden among the good-natured crowd at the church door, she climbed valiantly to the topmost tier of the ancient monument which guards our church, and proceeded to fan herself.

Now, John's nearest way home for his mid-day meal lies through the churchyard, and that day, as ill-luck would have it, he was passing the church door just as the bride and bridegroom came out.

A shower of rice and confetti greeted them.

And then suddenly something very soft and light and powdery struck the bridegroom in the neck. It flew into his eyes and disfigured his immaculate frock-coat.

Mrs. Nonesuch—scarlet in the face and warmly congratulative in her heart—was throwing double handfuls with the utmost vehemence—out of the wrong bag!

John staggered home as best he could, and said to Bunty:

"Ask your mother to make me a bran mash at once. I think I am going to have a bad turn."



Yesterday—To-day—To-morrow

A Talk with H. G. Wells

By

Harold Wheeler

"IT resulted in direct action—myself!" There was no dramatic raising of the voice, no quick gesture of the hands by way of emphasis as Mr. Wells said this. His usual level tone remained level, for the speaker has nothing but contempt for pose and humbug. "After all," he added, "what is there better in life than work?"

We were discussing the making of "The Outline of History," the book which set all the world reading and talking about a subject which had fallen upon evil times since the days of Macaulay. From the popular point of view history was the Cinderella of literature, and seemed likely to remain so until the famous novelist fell in love with her and introduced her to his Court.

On a side table, near the little antique desk at which Mr. Wells works, and on which strange wooden figures from Malay find a resting-place, was a bulky pile of manuscript. The neat, almost miniature, handwriting furnished evidence of revision after revision. Passages were scored through, lengthy paragraphs had been amended, and new sections had overflowed the margin and covered additional paper neatly pasted to the original sheet. Mr. Wells is always enlarging his territory, at what cost to himself in hours stolen when other folk play and sleep he alone knows.

"That is the 'copy' for the new and revised edition. It will be printed throughout in photogravure," the author went on. "The 'Outline of History' grew out of certain

propaganda work which I undertook during the World War at the request of Lord Northcliffe, although the story of mankind is an old proclivity of mine. I have always been preoccupied with history as one whole, and with the general forces that make history. Even when I was a science student



A new portrait
of Mr. H. G. Wells

Photo:
Russell

at the Royal College I kept a notebook in which I made elaborate and voluminous entries. For some time before I began the 'Outline,' as I mention in my new Introduction, I had been working upon the problems of after-war settlement and the project of a League of Nations; in the days, that is, before the late President Wilson took possession of that proposal. Discussions in which I took part in various unions and societies brought out very vividly the

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vital importance in all political activities of a man's conception of the past. For, indeed, what are a man's political activities but the expression in action of his idea of the past?

"Those who were interested, however, were at sixes and sevens among themselves because they had the most vague assumptions about what the world of men was, what it had been, and therefore of what it could be. In very many cases there was extra-

those who know and love him best, glanced out of the window of his study at a doughty little tug which was pulling barges along the silver ribbon of the Thames. The thought occurred to me that the scene symbolized his own efforts in the matter of the "Outline." He takes the reader by the hand and leads him through the bewildering maze of events, explaining as he goes, and making "the crooked straight and the rough places plain."

Eventually the author of "Mr. Britling Sees it Through" began to read systematically, to gather maps, collate material, and to clear up a number of historical issues upon which, he says, he was "still extremely vague." His first idea was to write a general review of European unity, but as he proceeded with his researches he was carried far beyond the confines of the Continent.

Asia had also played an immense part in the drama of mankind. He realized, as did St. Paul, that we are "members one of another" the wide world over. The field grew broader as he traversed it, and eventually led him to the conclusion that the political, religious and social issues of to-day could not be understood without a knowledge of the earliest stages of human association and of human origins.

The epic immensity of the task made Mr. Wells hesitate. Biology, and almost every other science, entered into it. The portions where his toil was heaviest were the opening chapters and the concluding portion. For these he had to read immensely and arrange and plan *de novo*.

Naturally, for the period from, say, 500 B.C. down to the time of the Franco-German War the task was much easier; it was largely a matter of using material already compiled and arranged. He naturally put his own colour upon the canvas and shaped it all in relation to his idea of the possibility of world unity. "Here," says Mr. Wells, "as in every sort of descriptive and informative book, the reader has to bear in mind, just as a judge or a juryman has to bear in mind, the individual characteristics of the witness who is giving his account of what he saw. What is claimed is that the witness does, to the best of his ability, tender a fair and honest general account from his point of view of the great spectacle of Time and Fate that has unfolded itself before him."

The preliminary chapters involved an enormous amount of palaeontological work,



Another recent portrait
of Mr. H. G. Wells

Photo:
Russell

ordinarily exact special knowledge of this or that period combined with the most crude and naive assumptions about history in general. A man does not exist as a citizen unless he has a conception of himself in relation to the universe and the history of human endeavour. If he has not a vision of history he lives and dies irrelevantly; life has no meaning beyond his own personal motives. Until a man has education, a vote is a useless and dangerous thing for him to possess."

"H. G.," as he is affectionately called by

YESTERDAY—TO-DAY—TO-MORROW

and there was no clear and simple summary either of the succeeding stages in the development of life or of human pre-history. Fortunately palaeontology did not provide insuperable difficulties because H. G. had taken first-class honours in geology as a London B.Sc., when he had worked with such men as Huxley and Judd. The most tiresome job of all was getting the increasing mass of pre-history into compact sections. The spade of the excavator nowadays works almost faster than the pen of the expositor.

Mr. Wells wrote trial chapters, got specialists and all sorts of people to read and annotate them, and then wrote revise after revise. The result, as he candidly admits, was "a rather patchy and worked-over effect," but it ensured the correctness of names, dates and so forth. Now, with the urgent need of a new edition, the author has dropped his pilots for the "direct action" already mentioned.

"It has involved still further additions and revisions," Mr. Wells explained. "The text has been purged of footnotes and digressions and made more explicit, more fluent, and more continuous than its predecessors. It has, I hope, lost its last traces of the student's notebook and has become plainly and simply an 'Outline of History.' Sections have been added to give something like an outline of the development of music, art, architecture and literature. It is much more abundantly illustrated, and is, in the fullest sense of the words, now a complete pictorial world-history."

Mr. Wells believes that the world is pro-



Mrs. H. G.
Wells

Photo:
Elliot & Fry

gressing, that there is a "strong, progressive, forward movement," but he utters a word of warning. "We have no guarantee," he says, "that it progresses by necessity." It is left to man's own efforts to mould his destiny.

Few will care to question his philosophy in this respect, though they may not agree with all the judgments passed in the new edition of the "Outline of History."

And when all is said and done, a book which is not provocative of thought is nothing more than a means of lulling away dull hours. Readers of the revised edition—Part I of which, printed in photogravure, will be on sale on October 1, price 1s. 3d.—will find its subtitle of "A Plain History of Life and Mankind" abundantly justified, and will treasure it as a delightful book for reading and reference.



In the grounds of Mr. Wells's House at Dunmow

THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev Arthur Pringle

The Fight with Depression

OF all the legends that have come down to us from the Middle Ages, one of the most curious is that which tells how God resolved to take away from Satan all means of tempting human beings. The story naively relates that, having been thus disarmed, the devil begged for the retention of just one thing—the power to depress men. This request being granted, he smilingly said to himself, “In this one gift I have secured all.”

The Enemy

Like so many other grotesque legends, this carries a penetrating truth, as most of us have only too much reason to know. On every ground, and from every point of view, depression is the enemy. Physically, it means lowered vitality, which in turn lays us open to the attacks of disease. Morally, depression makes us an easier prey to temptation of various kinds; for many a life that has stood up heroically to difficulties on the big scale has gone to pieces under the perpetual rubbings and tappings of low spirits. Putting it positively, the conquest of depression, if only it can be achieved, opens up such a prospect of healthy and satisfying life that it is well worth laying careful plans to accomplish.

And perhaps our best starting-point is to realize that the fight with depression is not an affair of one blow or blast, or even of one battle. It is a campaign, where one victory must be followed by another, and where any number of victories must leave us ready to resume the conflict at any moment. No slapping of the chest—actual or metaphorical—no reiterated resolution “to be cheerful and look on the bright side of things” will avail for this complicated business. We have to recognize that depression springs from a variety of causes, each one of which must be countered with its appropriate weapon.

For example, far more often than we imagine, the basis of depression is purely

physical. When we are possibly giving ourselves credit for profoundly pessimistic conclusions on the state of the world in general and ourselves in particular, our liver or our digestion may all the while be providing a more prosaic and convincing explanation. Dyspepsia, rather than conscientious dwelling on the tragic side of life, is responsible for many a gloomy sermon; and much cynical despair goes back not to a legitimate grievance with life, but to flagrant violation of the ordinary rules of health. Before we proceed to arraign life, let us at least pay it the compliment of getting ourselves as fit as possible, so that our verdict may be worth recording.

What History Teaches

This being granted, we shall further fortify ourselves by taking a dip into history; for history will remind us of how many of the dangers and problems that seem so unprecedented to us have cropped up again and again in past ages. Our position is grave enough to-day, in all conscience; the more reason, therefore, to look at it steadily and sanely. The fact, of course, is that we are too close to the events of our own times to gauge their true significance; and we must call history to our aid if we are to see them in proper perspective. Incidentally, it is worth remarking that this is the method of the Bible writers. Constantly, when under the cloud of their own troubles, they comfort themselves with the reminder of the men in older times who passed through the same ordeal triumphantly. Their trials seemed, as trials have a way of seeming, peculiar and unique. Temptation, difficulty, suffering, death itself—they are all ordinary and commonplace so long as we look at them from a distance and discuss them in the abstract. It is when they hit *us*, when they *come home*, that they become unique, as though they had never happened before. And there is depression's opportunity, making us feel

THINGS THAT MATTER

we are fighting a losing battle, beyond the strength of any man that ever lived.

So it seems, until we turn over the pages of history; and then we find it has all happened before. Men no better or stronger than ourselves have fought and won this very battle. What men have done, men can still do. So a light from the past shoots into the present darkness, and we take heart again. The reader of the Bible ought not to miss this great feature of it, and the helpful possibilities it holds out to him.

Especially to-day, with its upheavals and perplexities, we need this armour of historical remembrance. So many are distressed, at this time, lest our country be ruined, lest religion be destroyed, lest anarchy and suffering ride roughshod over all that gives life any true worth. Only a foolish complacency would condemn such fears as groundless; but, on the other hand, only a craven and unreasoning spirit will give way to panic under them. Danger there undoubtedly is, need enough for grave apprehension and the best of brain and strength that all of us can give. But, so long as we look the situation in the face and take it seriously, we may find comfort in the reflection that it has all happened before. The details have been different, the emphasis has varied, but the essence has been the same. The alarms and troubles and threatening unsettlements which constitute our "crisis" have made many another crisis in years gone by.

"In a Bad Way"

And what if it be so? Does it lessen our difficulty or danger? Of course not; but it does show that our task, however hard, is not impossible, and that, therefore, there is no need to despair. In this connexion it is interesting to recall that the "great" Duke of Wellington, in his post-war experience, fell a victim to the demon of depression. Having done so much on the battlefield to save England, he ended his days in the conviction that his country was in a bad way—so much so, that he thanked God he would be spared "the consummation of ruin that is gathering round about us."

If we carried our minds through the changes and disturbances that have come to England since those after-Waterloo days, up to the present time, we should find the same story men's hearts failing them for fear, and thinking that, because things were inevitably changing, the world was on the verge of ruin.

But why is this? Why, in every age, this tendency to undue alarm and panic? The answer brings us to our next weapon for fighting depression, namely, a true view of progress. Progress, as we ought to have learnt by now, is not a smooth, uninterrupted inevitability, carrying humanity from stage to stage without dangers or setbacks. On the contrary, every step upward means proportionately greater risk, and the gifts of the gods are always two-edged. If motor-cars mean convenience and speed, they also mean traffic perils. If scientific discoveries and inventions bring beneficent results to humanity, they also—in wartime, for example—involve possibilities only to be called devilish.

Progress is Two-edged

Instances of the two-edged character of progress the reader can multiply for himself. My present point is that, by forgetting this, so many people give themselves over to needless fear and despondency. After all, whether we will or no, the world goes on; progress, with whatever dangers and setbacks, will continue. It is unworthy of any man of spirit—to say nothing of a Christian—to re-enact Mrs. Partington's attitude to the Atlantic, or to look on helplessly while things take their course.

Instead of being depressed by inevitable changes and readjustments, we should let them act on us as a tonic. If, in anything, we are afraid of the right kind of progress, we give a fillip to the wrong kind, and play into the hands of extremists. Whether it be religious thought, social or industrial problems, panicky depression not only does no good, it gives narrowness and bitterness a chance they ought never to have.

In close connexion with this, no doubt another fruitful cause of depression is disappointment with our fellow-men. Taking it in the bulk, humanity has so many discouraging features; it sinks back so readily to the levels of animalism and greed and vulgar selfishness. Worse still, so far as the impression on ourselves is concerned, when we look at people intimately, one by one, and note their weaknesses and inconsistencies and failures, it all seems such a sorry tale that we begin to lose hope of the great human family to which we belong—ourselves not excepted.

I am sure that a true diagnosis of the prevailing lack of heart and enthusiasm would reveal this as one of its chief causes. It is not so much that we are ceasing to believe

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in God; we are ceasing to believe in each other and in ourselves. And there, indeed, is a champion reason for depression. For if we men and women, having got thus far through the groaning and travailling of the ages, cannot go farther, or even hold the ground we have gained, where is there warrant for hope?

To that question, and all that it involves, there is no answer worth giving outside Christianity. There are always people to protest, in regard to this and all other problems, against "dragging in religion." But, really, there is no help for it if we are ever to see daylight. It is the plain fact that, from the ordinary surface point of view, humanity is a tragic disappointment—the more so, because in its greatest moments it rises to such divine heights. The dust is so much the more bitter when we have known what it is to touch the stars.

And it is here that the Christian faith comes to our rescue. The essence of that faith is that, at heart and in possibility, *every man is worth while*. He may fail dismally and degradingly; but, as God sees him, he has the root of the matter in him; and there lies the ultimate guarantee of progress.

The Most Effective Weapon

But, as I think, the most effective weapon of all is the knowledge that, in the great battle for progress, each of us counts as a real force. Sensible people set little store by so-called orthodoxies and heresies; but there is one heresy we must all shun as we would the plague—the heresy of thinking we don't matter. "Blessed are they," said Mark Rutherford, "who heal us of our self-despising"—an additional beatitude which should find a place in every man's Bible. For it is doubtful if false conceit, with all its vulgarity and objectionableness, does so much harm as false diffidence.

And you can see how it works in feeding depression. Focus on your own case. If you honestly feel that you are in this world with no power to affect the trend of things, too insignificant to count one way or the other, you are in a bad way, and are beckoning depression to hurry to you. In economic and technical discussions we may find it convenient to talk about "superfluous" or "useless" people; but, if we are Christians, we shall never mean it in the broader sense. We shall put it to ourselves that, as John Richard Green, the historian, used to say, it is not so much the big pushes of the great

people as the tiny shoves of the little people that move the world onwards.

Here is a pertinent and concrete illustration of this very point. Nothing is more urgent at the present juncture than the housing question, on which I was talking, some time ago, to a man officially connected with this department, and whose whole heart and soul is in the work. He was reiterating, what we have heard so often, that the paramount need is a big force of public opinion. But what, after all, is public opinion but the aggregate of the private opinions of people like ourselves? And what is true of opinion is true of action. There can be no "public" speaking or doing that does not rest ultimately on the "private" influence of individuals. So, say what we will, it all comes back to ourselves.

To realize this, is to drink a tonic that will make us proof against the worst depression. From time to time we shall have our discouraging experiences, those aggravating moments when nothing seems to look right or go right; but the mood will not become chronic. Whatever happens, we shall think hopefully of our fellow-men, and we shall be in good heart about ourselves—as men must be who, instead of lagging superfluous on the stage, know that they have their part to play in the great drama.



The Quotation

*Servants of God—or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind—
He who unwillingly sees
One of His little ones lost—
Yours is the praise if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died.*

* * * * *

*Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not in your brow.
Eyes rekindling and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go.*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.



THE PRAYER

WHATEVER life brings to us, help us, O Lord, to face it with courage and spirit. However dark and long the night, may we look hopefully for the return of morning. And when the clouds rest heavily on our own lives we will, for the sake of others, keep despair from our eyes and bitterness from our lips. Let our hope be in Thee until the day dawn and the shadows flee away.

Coal and Economy

A Sidelight on the National Crisis
By
Francis W. Goodenough

WHAT is coal? At this critical moment in the history of British industry in general, and of the mining industry in particular, an accurate answer to this question would throw a flood of light upon what wrongly seems our gloomy path into the future.

Let us first put the question in a rather more limited form: *What is coal to us in Britain?* In the past, cheap coal has been the key to our industrial supremacy, and during the last half of the nineteenth century it was so cheap that, as we shall see, its scientific and efficient use was far too much neglected. But coal is no longer cheap to-day. And yet it remains, as ever, the key to our industrial progress. For industry lives on its supplies of heat and power, and, broadly speaking, *there is no alternative to coal as the basic fuel in this country*.

"Coal or . . . Nothing"

The possible alternatives—wood, peat, oil and wind- and water-power—are either uneconomic propositions, or only available in negligible quantities. We have no Niagara and no oil wells. With us it is "coal or . . . nothing." The importance of the efficient production, transport and utilization of light, heat and power from coal is evident. But it becomes to us doubly serious when we remember that our problem is not merely "How long will the coal in our coalfields last at the present, or even an increased, rate of consumption?" but "How long can we win that coal and deliver it to the user at a price that will enable our industries to compete with those of America, Germany, France and Japan?"

In this article I do not propose to discuss the economies in production, which are undoubtedly possible and indeed imperative; nor to any great extent do I intend to speak of transport. Let us consider its utilization. There are four ways of using coal.

Combustion for Direct Use.—First we can use it by "direct combustion"—by burning it raw—in our grates, and under our boilers

and in furnaces, directly to produce the heat or steam-power we need.

Combustion for Indirect Use.—Secondly, we can burn it raw but use it indirectly—by burning it under boilers at electric-generating stations; transforming the heat into mechanical energy, thence into electrical energy; distributing that energy by cable and wire to the points where heat and power is required; and then reconvert-ing the electrical energy into mechanical energy or into heat, for use as such or to produce light.

Carbonisation at Gas Works.—Thirdly, there is the method of the distillation or carbonization of coal at gas works, and the distribution thence of its potential energy either in gaseous form by mains and pipes, or in the shape of coke.

"Low-temperature" Carbonization.—Fourthly, it is suggested that a variation of the third method has a great future before it—I refer to the carbonization of coal at low temperatures. But though investigators look forward to the time when low-temperature carbonization will be practised as an additional method of scientifically treating coal and will serve as a complement to the high-temperature process used at gas works, this method is still commercially in an experimental and unpromising stage, and as yet solves no problem that cannot be economically solved by development of the existing gas industry along its present lines.

"What is Coal?"

We can content ourselves, therefore, with comparing the relative efficiencies of the first three main alternatives. In order to do so, let us revert to our original question: "What is coal?" My dictionary's definition is "a solid black combustible substance used for fuel, dug out of the earth." But we can do better than that. "Coal"—shall we say?—"is a black combustible substance dug out of the earth, in which are stored the chemical energy and calorific power of bygone ages. It either can be burned as a fuel or can be made, by suitable treatment, to resolve itself into a number of quite

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different individual substances, some of which are themselves fuels and can be used to produce heat or power, others of which can be used to produce chemicals of great importance and value."

Coal *can* be used as a fuel—but that is no proof that it *should* be. Our furniture and books *could* be used as fuel, too! The fact is that coal should *not* be used as fuel in its crude state; and the reason is that the burning of raw coal means waste.

Look back at our definition. Coal "can be made, by suitable treatment, to resolve itself into a number of quite different individual substances . . . some of which can be used to produce chemicals of great importance and value."

The By-products of Carbonization

What are those chemicals produced "by suitable treatment," as by-products of the carbonization of coal at gas works? They may be grouped conveniently as tar products, ammonia products, and cyanogen and sulphur products. This may or may not sound impressive—according to our knowledge of chemistry. But if we embark upon the beginnings of a list of some of the main uses to which the by-products of coal distillation are put, we are bound to be struck by their value.

Without the benzole and toluol from gas works we could not have won the war. What of the contribution of this industry to prosperity in peace? Tar is the basis of the production of aniline dyes, the key to our textile industries; it is the source of creosote oil, largely used by the navy; of creosote, which is an important preservative of timber; and of another form of creosote used for making disinfectants; of other disinfectants and antiseptics such as naphthalene and carbolic acid; and of innumerable drugs, perfumes and flavourings, including aspirin, phenacetin, antipyrine, sulphonal, sal-volatile, lysol, saccharine and saxin.

Home-produced Material for Use on Roads and in Motors

And tar is itself, of course, when properly specified and prepared, an unrivalled material—and *an all-British material*—for the surfacing of roads. Other vitally important by-products are benzole, for use as (*home-produced*) motor fuel; pitch; sulphate of ammonia, the most rapidly effective and most economical of fertilizers; sulphuric acid; and ammonia salts. The coal-tar by-products industry, it has been truly said,

"is intimately woven into national security and protection; it is the key to the great textiles of the world, and has contributed greatly to the liberal arts and sciences."

Waste of Life and Property

What becomes of all these and other chemical by-products when we burn coal raw? They drop to the level of fuel, and poor fuel at that, of which the part that escapes combustion goes up the chimney in the form of smoke and noxious vapours to pollute the atmosphere, to destroy vegetation, to reduce historic buildings almost to crumbling dust, and to sap the vitality of town and city dwellers, both directly by rendering unclean the air they breathe, and indirectly by excluding sunlight. Worse even than that, the smoke curse positively stimulates disease. It represents at once waste of the constituents of coal, and wholesale destruction of property and health.

Waste of Labour, Space and Time

Nor is this all the waste involved in burning coal in its raw state. What of the waste of transport, entailed in the retail unloading, loading and cartage of coal, and the retail removal of the resultant ashes? What of the costly waste of space in storage of this fuel, and the cost of chimney stacks for factories and of unnecessarily large flues and chimney breasts in houses? What of the *waste of human energy and time* in the laying, tending and clearing up of fires, in hot and heavy stoking of furnaces, in carrying coal and ashes to and fro, in cleaning flues, in cleaning rooms—in all the other dirty and laborious work entailed in the direct combustion of this "solid black combustible substance"?

And where do all these questions lead us? To the clear answer that the first of our three ways of using coal—by burning it raw—is wrong, destructive and uneconomic. Such reckless waste can in the long run pay neither the nation nor the individual. But in spite of this to-day we suffer still from the unscientific habits which were good enough when coal was cheap to win and cheap to buy: for domestic purposes alone nearly 40 million tons of coal are burned raw in this country every year, and that is a quarter of our total home consumption. More than that quantity is burned raw for heating and power purposes in industry.

Many are asking at the present time whether the sound method of tackling this problem is not to adopt our second way of



Aerial view of Beckton works—the biggest gas works in the world

using coal, and abolish smoke, save labour, conserve coal and cheapen heat and power by burning our coal beneath electric-power station boilers and using electricity for everything. In passing I may make the significant comment that this would mean—what fate to the chemicals obtainable from coal? Destruction, of course, as before. But even that is not the sole point to observe.

Why Not Use Electricity for Everything?

The report of the Coal Conservation Committee, appointed by the Ministry of Reconstruction of pious memory, gave many people the impression that every good thing could be secured by the waving of "Electra's" fairy wand. From a number of new "super-power stations" electrical energy was to be distributed to every hamlet, village, town and city in the country; indeed, every cottage and farm was to have an electricity supply cheaper than coal or gas, and superseding both. And all this was expected to result in conservation of our coal resources. The unsubstantial character of these ill-founded hopes has been, however, easily laid bare.

I am not attempting to belittle electricity;

that is a task worthy only of Mrs. Partington and her mop. Electricity is a powerful and invaluable servant of mankind, its wonders are continually growing, its possibilities are as yet but very partially explored. We marvel at the telegraph, at the telephone; we are amazed at the marvels of "wireless" and the X-ray. We are familiar with the convenient and decorative electric lamp and useful electric motor. We recognize the value of electricity at every turn in naval, military and aerial operations. But our recognition of its possibilities and its advantages must not blind us to the facts which in some directions impose insuperable limitations upon its use; and I use the word "insuperable" advisedly.

It is an old, old error to suppose that some day, somehow, electricity will be able to do everything, without any call, or with but a negligible call, upon the sources of our national wealth. The warning of Stanley Jevons in his work on "The Coal Question," published in 1865, is needed as much to-day as then. "There is a large class of persons," he wrote, "whose vague notions of the powers of nature lay them open to the adoption of paradoxical suggestions. The fallacious notions afloat on the subject of electricity especially are uncon-

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querable. Electricity, in short, is to the present age what perpetual motion was to an age not far removed. People are so astonished at the subtle manifestations of electric power that they think the more miraculous effects they anticipate from it the more profound the appreciation of its nature they show." As Edison has well said: "We do not know what electricity can do; but we do know that it cannot do everything."

Some Important Data

A report (never challenged in any serious or effective manner) by Sir Dugald Clerk and Professors Cobb and Smithells gives the cold facts which shatter the idea of electricity as the magic key to social and industrial reconstruction. The facts were and are as follows:

1. The average electric-generating station of to-day uses up coal containing 100 heat units in the process of delivering to the consumer 7 heat units in the shape of energy—a loss of 93 per cent.

2. The most efficient generating station of to-day shows a loss of 88 per cent., delivering to the consumer as energy only 12 heat units out of every 100 in the coal burned under its boilers.

3. The best result anticipated for the suggested "super" stations is an efficiency of only 18 per cent.—82 units expended in generation and lost in distribution for every 18 delivered to the consumer.

4. Out of every 100 heat units in the coal carbonized at the "good practice" gas works of to-day (in round figures), 50 are returned to the solid-fuel market as coke, 5 are recovered as tar, 22.5 are expended in the process of manufacture and lost in distribution, and 22.5 reach the consumer as gas; so that out of 100 heat units in the coal carbonized 77.5 are delivered to the community and only 22.5 are used up in the process.

5. In the gas works of the future it is possible that coal will be as completely as possible gasified, and that 75 heat units out of every 100 in the coal treated will be available for distribution as gas, as against 18 out of 100 available if the distribution be in the form of electric energy.

6. After allowing in both cases for all losses in transmission and utilization—that is, after giving electricity credit for its somewhat higher "efficiency of utilization" than gas—there would be involved in the doing of equal heat work for the consumer

the using up of 4 tons of coal at the electric-generating station of to-day, as compared with 1 ton at the gas works of to-day; or 3 tons at the super-station of the future, as against 1 ton at the gas works of the future.

7. To give the consumers of to-day equal service to that rendered them for a consumption (net) of 10 million tons of coal (i.e., 20 million tons carbonized, less 10 million tons of coke sold), the electric-generating stations of to-day would destroy 40 million tons and the "super" stations 20 million tons at least—and *in so doing would destroy all the valuable by-products recovered when coal is carbonized.*

These are very conclusive figures from the point of view of coal conservation, and let me emphasize again the fact that if coal is burned at an electric-generating station the valuable by-products, of which I gave particulars above, are lost to the community just as much as if the coal were burned in our own grates or furnaces.

What About Cost to User?

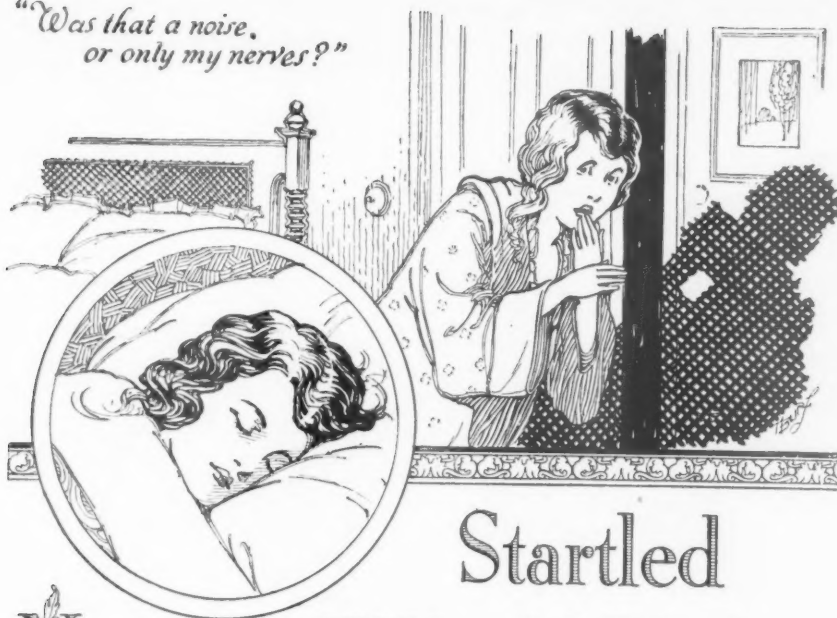
It still has to be asked, however, how all this works out from the individual consumer's point of view. The case for the scientific method of carbonizing coal as practised at modern gas works, and for the use of gaseous fuel, is conclusive from a national point of view. Which is the least costly fuel for the individual household—gas, crude coal, or electricity?

First of all, it is necessary to point out and to emphasize strongly the fact that in considering this aspect of the question we must have regard not merely to fuel cost compared with fuel cost, but we must take into consideration the domestic or industrial budget as a whole—we must take into account the questions of waste or economy of transport, health, energy, time, storage space, etc., to which I have already referred, before we can pass a final verdict as to comparative cost in any given case.

For continuous firing, either for industrial or for domestic purposes, fuel cost for fuel cost, gas at any price at which it can be commercially supplied to-day is dearer than coal or coke. For intermittent use, gas is generally as cheap as solid fuel, fuel cost for fuel cost—is indeed sometimes actually cheaper—and by reason of its incidental economies easily holds the field.

I have made some interesting comparisons of the cost (*the fuel cost only*) of useful heat obtainable by coal, coke, gas and electricity respectively. The term "useful heat"

"Was that a noise,
or only my nerves?"



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COAL AND ECONOMY

definitely excludes heat wasted through inefficiency of utilization or through the unavoidable burning of fuel at times when no heat is required. Taking coal and coke each at 50s. per ton, gas at 8d. per therm, and electricity at 1d. per unit, it is found that the cost per therm of useful heating varies with coal from 9d. to 2s. 3d., according to whether regular or intermittent heating is required; with coke from 8d. to 1s. for fairly constant heating; with gas from 8d. to 1s. 3d., according to the efficiency of the process concerned; and with electricity from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 4d.

The conclusions to which these figures lead us are that *for constant use coke is the cheapest fuel*, if fuel cost alone is reckoned; and this is particularly the case in regard to steam raising. Secondly, gas used in the most favourable circumstances is actually cheaper in direct fuel cost alone than coal used in less favourable circumstances, and vice versa. Which has the lower cost, therefore, depends entirely upon the circumstances. *For intermittent use gas easily beats all comers*; but when comparative costs of heating by coal and by gas for considerable periods are required, it is essential to consider other factors which affect the total cost to the consumer substantially though indirectly.

The Incidental Advantages of Gas

There are with gas, as I have already pointed out, all the advantages of a fuel which entails no time and labour in handling or in cleaning, and no waste of space on fuel storage. The importance of these points in industry is obvious, and in addition the use of gas in industrial processes has the further advantage that, by reason of the exact control of temperature which it renders possible, a higher and more uniform quality of product, a much lower percentage of rejects, and a greater certainty of output is frequently obtained; and at the same time healthier and less exacting conditions are secured for the employees engaged upon the heating operations.

Domestic Considerations

In the home, incidental economies of all kinds are equally important. *The budget must be taken as a whole*. Due allowance must be made, as I indicated earlier, for saving effected in connexion with building costs and therefore rents; wear, tear and

cleaning both of the building and more particularly of its contents; storage space for fuel and the rent for such accommodation; service costs—a very considerable item; the drain upon not only the time but the nervous energy of the housewife, which, though unpaid, has an economic value; and expenditure of nervous energy directly or indirectly by other members of the household, with its not unlikely consequences of doctors' bills or deterioration of earning capacity.

Some of these factors are frequently neglected; but they are far from negligible; and it would be easy to illustrate the truth that these and other matters are closely related to domestic economy, as they are largely dependent on the choice of the domestic fuel. They should certainly figure as prominently in the domestic budget as the more obvious but often misleading item represented by fuel costs alone.

Conclusions

Let me attempt, in conclusion, to sum up my argument.

The conservation of coal is of vital importance to the prosperity and, indeed, the whole future of our nation. It stands for economy of our material resources.

The abatement of coal smoke, which destroys property and costs enormous sums of money, but above all is the insidious enemy of public health, is hardly less urgent. It stands for economy of human life and man-power, as well as of property.

These two objectives, coal conservation and smoke abatement, happily go hand-in-hand. Both are achieved by the same means, and one means only—the high-temperature carbonization of our coal. Carbonization, moreover, while serving these national ends, serves also the ends of individual consumers. It can provide them with a fuel which is without doubt superior for an enormous and expanding range of industrial and domestic purposes, and which is entirely satisfactory from the consumer's standpoint, particularly when the consumer is alive to the economic importance of other factors than mere fuel costs.

Electricity, while having a great and growing field of usefulness in the service of man, *cannot be used in this country as a source of heat* except at a cost in coal to the nation, and in money to the consumer, that cannot be entertained by a practical people.



Problem Pages

Women's Rights—Temporary Separations—Children's Letters By Barbara Dane

Marrying a Foreigner

DO you think there is a reasonable prospect of happiness in marriage with a foreigner?" That, in brief, is the question put to me in the first letter which my postman brought me to-day.

The writer is an English girl who, on a recent holiday in Italy, met a young Italian doctor, who asked her to become his wife.

She says: "I have lived all my life in England. My father is a country clergyman, and my holiday in Italy was my first abroad. I was introduced to the doctor by some friends. He is in a very good position, and my people, who also met him, liked him; but they are rather prejudiced against marriage with a foreigner. It is not on account of difference in religion, but simply that they think that as I am only twenty-two I ought to wait some years before coming to a decision; that if I marry within the next few months I may regret it, finding differences in point of view. I love this man dearly, and I believe that he loves me; but at the same time I do realize that English people look at things from a different aspect, and that we might have differences, and perhaps serious differences, that would mar our married life. Should be so glad if you would give me your views. Of course, it is obvious that I cannot keep the man I love waiting indefinitely for a reply."

I think a marriage between these two ought to be perfectly happy, provided that the man shows as reasonable a frame of mind as my correspondent. Disaster in such alliances comes, I think, when neither husband nor wife will recognize that there is a point of view other than their own. But when it is appreciated from the very beginning that there must be differences, due to upbringing and national traditions, and where there is the intention to accept such differences good-naturedly, surely love will overcome all other difficulties. I know Italy well and like the Italians, and it seems to me that if you get the best of the English character allied to all that is finest and most charming in the Italian character you ought to have a very good result.

By all means have a reasonably long engagement. At the age of twenty-two marriage might well be postponed for a year, in which time it should be possible for the young Italian doctor to come to England and learn more of English ways. I wish my correspondent the greatest possible happiness, and shall be interested to learn from her later that all her dreams have been fulfilled.

A Question of Mourning

A very pitiful letter comes to me from a young widow, who says that she is severely criticized because, within a few weeks of her husband's death, she has gone to theatres and concerts and taken some part in social life.

"I cared deeply for my husband," she writes to me. "Our love for each other was the greatest thing in my life. I am left fairly well off, but I have no children, and my sense of loss has been so acute at times that I have been compelled to try and forget my sorrow by going out, and getting my mind distracted. As a result, my husband's relatives say that I am callous, and I am afraid I have caused them some pain. And yet I find that if I assume a gay attitude towards life it helps me to conceal my misery, and in a sense helps me to bear it better. You seem to understand curious problems so well that I thought I would write and ask you what you think about it all."

What I think about it, my dear, is simply this: sorrow ought to be regarded as private property. Each one of us has our own particular way of bearing pain, and getting through the dark patches of life. For some the way is seclusion, and all the outward signs of mourning. For others it is the way of distraction which you have chosen, and it is no one's business to criticize or to say which is the better way. Many people, I am sure, have been driven to insanity because they have nursed their grief, and allowed it to dominate their lives, and others have come through to a brave resignation by a plucky attempt to live as

'people that know have finished
with the old time drudgery'



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normally as possible. I should not think of criticizing women who feel that in their widowhood they must hide themselves from the world, live solitary lives, and deny themselves all outside interests. But equally should I refrain from criticizing women who, like yourself, have sought some other way of easing the pain. And if you feel that theatres and concerts and intercourse with your fellow-creatures is going to help you, go ahead, and be indifferent to the opinion of your neighbours. If you believe, as I think you must, that somewhere the man you love is thinking of you, and caring for you, it will be your comfort that he understands; and it seems to me that all that is necessary for you to do is, should you have the opportunity, to explain your attitude gently and shortly to his relatives, so that they shall know that a mask of happiness sometimes hides a broken heart. I think you are very plucky, and having the courage of your convictions I should not worry about what others say.

Women's Rights

A letter which has interested me deeply comes from a University woman graduate, who confesses to a great disappointment with the present position of women. "It seems to me," she writes, "that women are in great danger of slipping back to the place they occupied in the days before the great suffragette campaign. I do not mean to suggest that professions to which they now have the entry will be closed to them again, or that laws amended in their favour will be put back into their old place. But there does seem to be a quickening of that old prejudice among men which denies women the opportunity to work on terms of equality. In spite of the great strides which women appear to have made, I ask you, is the progress real or merely illusory?"

Well, I suppose that my answer must be yes, and no. I think that even the most modern minded of men must feel that women must always be physically inferior to men, that their physical inferiority is a biological fact that admits of no argument, and that being so, they will desire, if they are the best type of men, always to show to women some courtesy, some care, some protection. And personally I would not have it otherwise. But again, the best type of men know that in the world as it is to-day women, or very many of them, are compelled to earn their living, and that being so, they will wish that women should have

the best possible chance to get the best possible working conditions, and the remuneration which their intelligence and enterprise deserves. I think that opinion is steadily working in this direction, but that it must be a slow process. History is one long series of actions and reactions, and if, as seems to be the case, there is a reaction at present, I feel very sure that it is purely temporary and that the full results of the early efforts of the suffragists will be known, if not in our time, at least in the years to come.

Temporary Separations

"My husband and I have been very unhappy together for some time," writes "Ruth." "He suggests a temporary separation. We both feel that we have got on each other's nerves, to use a colloquial expression. It is not that we have any interests apart from each other; it is simply that we have become out of tune, and my husband thinks that if we lived apart from each other for a time we should come back with fresher minds, and the better able to take up life together again. What do you think? We agreed to accept your decision."

This is rather a responsibility for me, is it not? I do not know whether to feel flattered or anxious. But let me say at once that I have not much faith in temporary separations. The tragedy of them is that they so often become permanent. Habit is often a great force for good, and it is my experience that husband or wife, deprived of their life together, and of the companionship and the joy of home, often make "temporary" attachments which are not temporary. A holiday of three or four weeks is often a valuable tonic, but if it is prolonged into a separation of an indefinite period, too often there is no coming together again, but the end of married life. So my advice to these two unhappy people is to have a holiday by all means, but to let it be no more than a holiday, and to make up their minds to return to each other at the end of it, with a very strong determination to make the best of their marriage. The more interests they have apart from each other, provided, of course, that they are innocent interests, the better. But I cannot for the life of me see that an intention to part for an indefinite period is going to be much help in bringing two young people closer together again.

Often, in reading the letters I get from my puzzled readers, I wonder what is the

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matter with modern marriage, and feel inclined to shed a few tears about it all. I do most sincerely hope that I shall hear that these two have allowed my "decision" to become effective, and that they are making an effort to live happily together.

An Exchange

A Southampton reader, whose name and address I will give to any inquirer, writes: "I wonder if any of your readers would like to exchange monologues and recitations with me. I have several, which are up to date, but I have recited them several times, and thought someone might like to have them. Titles could be sent before any exchange is made."

Flat-letting

Another reader says that her daughter has a flat to let "early in August." I must remind readers that these replies to letters are prepared some time in advance of publication, and that while I am always ready to answer any urgent letters by post, the majority must wait their turn for reply in *THE QUIVER*. And I ought to add that if I were to accede to every request which I receive to help people to find or let rooms, to sell their work, to be put in touch with lonely folk, to get information about special schools, and so on and so on, I should have little time left for the duties of my private life. It is not that I would not gladly do all these things had I the time, but my purpose in these pages is to help men and women in their mental rather than in their material problems. Will they remember this, and make allowances if I cannot do all that they desire?

Children's Letters

If I were you, "Mother," I should not open the letters which your children receive. Most children receive very few letters, and it is such a joy to them to open them and read them, that I should not deprive them of the pleasure. At the same time, I think you might very well put into their minds the idea that you are interested in their correspondence, and that you would like to see their letters, so that quite naturally they would be handed over to you, and you would in that way be able to exercise all the supervision needed. If children are brought up to understand that freedom must not be abused they very rarely abuse it; but if you allow them for some time the privileges of an unrestricted correspondence,

and then suddenly demand to see their letters, it is not surprising that their little hearts should rebel, and that deceit should follow. Be watchful, but not suspicious.

Clerical Calls

I agree, "L. M.," that some clergymen are very remiss in their pastoral duties, and that many people who would gladly welcome a visit from their clergyman never see him from one year's end to the other. At the same time it should be remembered that when clergymen do call on people in their parish they are not always welcomed, and that a great many hard-working vicars and curates prefer that their parishioners should intimate to them that a friendly visit would be appreciated. I cannot imagine any clergyman worthy of his high calling being remiss in visiting when once it is known that his services are required; but if, indeed, you have found it to be so, I can only suggest that you change your church and your clergyman. I am afraid the old days when almost every family had a family doctor and a family parson are gone for ever. People move from house to house, and from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, so much more often in these days, that the old friendly relations between a clergyman or doctor and a family are difficult to maintain.

The Best Six Books

I can only tell you, "Mary," which are the six books I myself should take if I were going on a long voyage where it was impossible to carry much luggage, and as tastes differ so widely I do not know that my own choice would be much guidance for you. I should take the Bible, I need hardly say, because in addition to its eternal spiritual inspiration it contains some of the finest literature and the most interesting stories of any book ever written. And I should take Shakespeare, if not for the plays, certainly for the sonnets. To distract my attention in worried moments I should want an adventure book, and I think I should take "The Count of Monte Cristo" or one of the Dumas books. And perhaps also "Jane Eyre" or "Lorna Doone"; I can hardly decide which. And I think I should like the poems of Keats, and a little volume of companionable essays such as Belloc writes. Well, there are six to begin with, and probably after I had packed them up I should want to make my choice all over again. What do my readers say?

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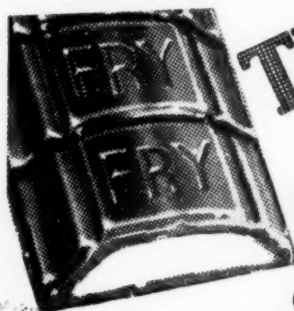
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CHOCOLATE CREAM TABLETS

Lighting in the Country House

By Agnes M. Miall

(Photographs by Technical Editorial Service)

NATURALLY, where the installation of electric light or gas is possible, and within reasonable means, there is no hesitation as to choice of the one or the other as a method of lighting, but in many out-of-the-way country places the authorities are still reluctant to install either of these facilities owing, doubtless, to the heavy expense it would entail. Under these circumstances there is nothing for it but to fall back upon the old-fashioned lamps and candles; and these, though admittedly more trouble than electric light, are by no means the bugbear they are often supposed to be.

For country houses good paraffin lamps are hard to beat. Please notice the word "good"; for though lamps can be had very cheaply, it pays over and over again to give a fairly high price for them. Duplex burners—that is, those with a double wick—give the best light, and the reservoir should never be of glass, owing to the risk of breakage if accidentally overturned; fortunately glass reservoirs are usually only found in very cheap lamps, such as cannot be recommended.



FIG. 2.—A very handy grip candlestick that can be moved readily into dark corners



FIG. 1.—A thoroughly reliable duplex lamp, with reading shade. It cost 35/-

For the dining-room and kitchen hanging lamps, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, give a much more even light than either the standard or table variety. They are far the most suitable for the nursery, too, as they are out of reach of small fingers; in fact, any room regularly occupied by small children, even if it is the drawing-room, is most safely lighted from above.

In any other case a drawing-room or lounge gains greatly in restfulness and decorative effect if illuminated by two or three standard and table lamps, placed near the fire, at the writing-table, and wherever a good light is needed. For conversational purposes silk or painted parchment shades are soft and add a gay note to the room; but for continued reading or study of any kind, such as the children's home lessons, supply the necessary lamps with green, white-lined cardboard shades.

Fig. 1 shows such a shade, which costs only a shilling or so. It concentrates the light downwards on the work while protecting the eyes from any direct glare. Incidentally the soft, mellow light of a good paraffin lamp is far healthier for the sight than any form of gas and than any but very carefully shaded electricity. People with weak vision, subject to eye headaches, can cure them almost entirely by using a paraffin reading-lamp for all work, even if more modern lighting is available. This I know from years of personal experience.

THE QUIVER

For the hall and staircase suspended or wall bracket lamps, of lower candle-power than those in the sitting-rooms, can be recommended. Hung lamps are more difficult to replenish, bracket ones more liable to be overturned or to cause minor burning accidents. It is, I think, a mistake to provide no proper lighting for the staircase; this simply means that people carry candles



Fig. 3.—For an intimate little dinner there is nothing quite so pleasant and restful as tall, shaded candles

about and sprinkle grease liberally in their tracks.

A good deal of nonsense is often written about the necessity of taking lamps to pieces frequently and boiling the parts in soda water. My own experience is that good, fairly high-priced lamps never need such drastic treatment, but can be kept perfectly clean with ordinary household cloths. The only other labour they involve is filling, which is certainly rather a nuisance, and the replacing of wicks when they burn out.

Prompt attention to the second job lessens the first, for a short wick will fail to reach the oil unless the reservoir is quite full, and so mean much more frequent attention.

Lighting in the country house usually involves candles upstairs, but they can be so charmingly decorative that this is no matter for sighing. Be liberal, however, in this department; nothing is more annoying than to be restricted

to a single candle when one is searching for a lost article or dressing for a dance!

A useful modern gadget is a metal candlestick supplied with a strong, rubber-covered clip. This can be easily attached anywhere where extra light is temporarily wanted—say at the piano or the dressing-table—the rubber preventing any possible marks on the furniture. Fig. 2 shows this handy device, which costs only 3s. Its only disadvantage is that the candle-holder is reduced to a minimum and has little or no metal to catch drips; but a simple remedy for this—and indeed for any candlestick which does not project sufficiently to catch melting wax—is to cut a round of cardboard from a post card with a hole in the centre to slip over the candle. Little porcelain catchers are also sold for the purpose, but the post card, being unbreakable and very easily renewed when soiled, I have always found preferable.

One real joy of country house lighting is the opportunity it gives of little restive dinners by candlelight. With this simple illumination, shining under gay shades, the table is made so attractive that many town hostesses adopt it too. Candlelight is such a perfect illuminant for eating and talking; it concentrates attention on the diners, while the rest of the room sinks into shadow.

The candlesticks should be firm and fairly plain. Those in Fig. 3 are of twisted dark oak. But the candles and their shades should be as pretty as possible. Cromwellian candles, an American variety hand-made from bayberry berries, which are now obtainable in England, are ideal for festive and decorative occasions. They are made in many very soft and very vivid colours. Fig. 4 shows

the characteristic and graceful tapering end of this type of candle. It has a practical advantage, too, as it burns down in a little hollow, and so rarely spills grease or produces unsightly "winding sheets."

It is worth remembering that candles, like soap, last longer as they grow older. Therefore they should be bought in largish quantities and stored for some time before they are used.

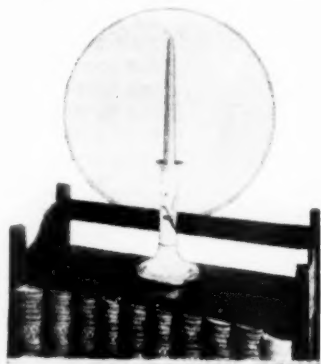
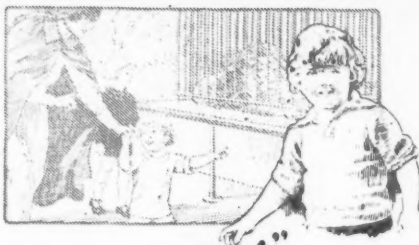


Fig. 4.—The graceful and almost dripless bayberry candle



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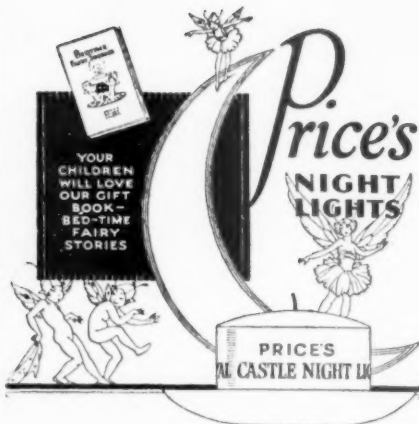
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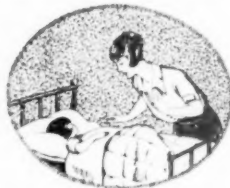
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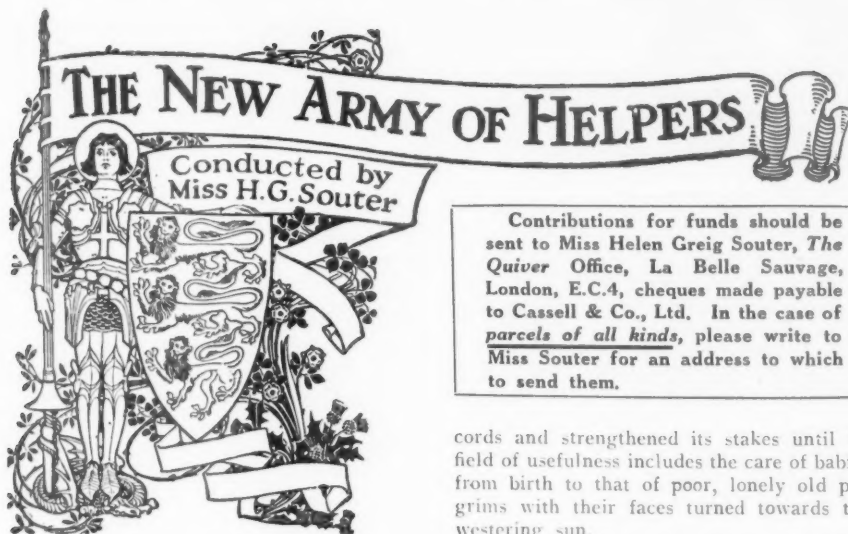
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Light at Eventide

MY DEAR READERS,—Once upon a time the Salvation Army was the object of much obloquy, derision and hostile criticism of its sensational methods, even on the part of good Christian people who did not see eye to eye with its founder. Now it appears as if the splendid organization were in grave danger of the Biblical woe and the warning "when all men speak well of you," for it is a noticeable fact in my experience—and yours also, I make no doubt—that one never hears anything but the heartiest praise of all its manifold activities. The Diamond Jubilee Gathering, with its crowds of 50,000 people at the Crystal Palace last July, was a magnificent demonstration of the progress made since the days when William Booth started in the Mile End Waste in 1865. This mighty army with banners has set a girdle round the earth and preached the glad tidings of the gospel in no fewer than eighty countries and in fifty-four different languages.

One of its most important and live sections is the Women's Social Service under the very capable direction of Commissioner Adelaide Cox, whose public-spirited labours were recently recognized by His Majesty the King, when he conferred on her the Order of C.B.E. It started, too, nearly forty years ago in a tiny house in a grim, grey street in the East End, which was converted into a shelter for a small company of straying women, and since then it has lengthened its

Contributions for funds should be sent to Miss Helen Greig Souter, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4*, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Miss Souter for an address to which to send them.

cords and strengthened its stakes until its field of usefulness includes the care of babies from birth to that of poor, lonely old pilgrims with their faces turned towards the westerling sun.

A friend of mine, a deaconess in a Presbyterian church in town, engaged in work in the slums, which lie tucked away behind the most luxurious mansions of the West End, finds that her sympathies go out most freely to many an ex-church worker, who, after struggling against fearful odds to keep soul and body together, lives from day to day with the terrible thought in the back of their mind that when health fails them utterly and old age creeps on, then they may end their days in the workhouse. She believes that each congregation should possess its home to which such men and women might retire to spend the autumn and the winter of their lives, or, failing that, the churches of the various denominations should combine in such a Christlike and necessary enterprise.

A "Darby and Joan" Home

Strangely enough, a short time after we had discussed the matter at some length, we found ourselves at an "At Home," where Commissioner Cox and her "right-hand man," Lt.-Col. Emily Turner, were telling something of the Sunshine Service of the Army, which includes no less than eight homes for old women at Clapham, Sydenham, Hampstead Garden Suburb, Pegwell Bay, near Ramsgate, Glasgow, Manchester, etc., and a "Darby and Joan" home, the only one of its kind as far as I can learn in this country at present, at Rosemead, Southborough, Kent.

My interest was so aroused that I seized

THE QUIVER

the first opportunity of visiting the establishment. It is a charming place—two houses situate in a shady country lane have been combined and converted into one. A beautiful garden surrounds the house, and from the upper windows a most extensive view of the finest scenery in Kent is obtained, to say nothing of the glimpses of the star-strewn heavens at night and the glories of the snowy clouds set in a firmament of azure by day, which afford the keenest delight to several of the guests, accustomed to the merest patches of sky in London homes.

Rosemead is under the kindly direction of Commandant Oliver and her staff of officers and helpers, and is conducted on the simplest and homeliest lines. Nothing in the house or its service suggests an institution or aught but a well run, comfortable family abode with a delightful atmosphere of love and affection.



The two oldest couples, Darby and Joan Home

A Quiet Resting-place

The Salvation Army, with that wonderful psychology for which its founder and his officers are noted, realize that old people don't wish money lavished on them, nor have they any desire for gorgeous electrically lighted buildings, but they do love to have a quiet room of their own where they can have their treasures about them, where

they can shut out the world, do exactly as they like, and when they are ill or in trouble have some kindly sympathy and consideration shown them—even a little humouring and petting, and that's exactly what they get at Rosemead. The house is decorated throughout, from the cosy sitting-room of the officers to the topmost bedroom, with a white rose-patterned wall-paper which is decidedly cheerful. The furniture is perfectly simple, and everything is as spotless, neat and orderly as willing, capable hands can make it.

The dining-room is a long apartment, with windows at each end looking out on the garden, and its small tables accommodate two or four. If the latter, then congenial spirits share their meals together. The smoking-room is reserved exclusively for the sterner sex, who may indulge their love for a pipe here, and play various games such as draughts and dominoes. The bedrooms

are beautifully bright and airy, furnished with all that is necessary for comfort, and supplemented in most instances by a few relics from home, an array of photographs and pictures, and in some cases with china, books and chairs. One or two of the couples, fearing lest the couches might be hard, brought along their own feather beds, but they rather regretted it, since the spring mattresses are decidedly soft and downy.

There is sufficient accommodation for fourteen couples, and all the rooms save one are occupied. One dear old Darby and Joan, both over ninety

years of age, who have been married for sixty-seven years, were strolling round the garden arm in arm. "Daddy" is an enthusiastic gardener, and "Mother" acts as his assistant. She vows that they have never had a quarrel, not a real one anyhow, but, of course, he has to be kept in order sometimes, for he will not stop working when he is tired. Like the others to whom I talked,

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS



Group of residents with Commandant Oliver (centre behind),
Darby and Joan Home

they were loud in their praises of the home. The old lady lives in the hope that they may celebrate their hundredth birthday there, and their prayer is that then the Lord may take them together to Himself.

Another couple have recently celebrated their golden wedding, and are more than thankful for this peaceful resting-place. The majority belong to the working class, and a few have been in business, but misfortunes deprived them of their little capital.

One husband and wife, living in a house of their own, were compelled by degrees to give up room after room until they were reduced to a tiny one, and there seemed nothing ahead of them but the workhouse when the Army proved a veritable friend indeed.

No Rules

The guests enjoy every comfort and freedom, and there are practically no rules save the unwritten ones which govern every household, regular meal hours, of which there are four a day, and the time of retiring. Most of them are Old Age Pensioners, and they are permitted to retain a shilling a week pocket-money; but, needless to say, nine shillings does not anything like cover the cost of board, let alone lodging. Some have not even that amount to give weekly, and so there is an urgent need for funds to carry on this work, which reveals so unmistakably the spirit of the Master.

Several are members of the Army, the others worship where they will, at church or chapel, and a service is held every Sunday evening in the house. One of the

officers is a trained nurse and ministers to them in time of weakness and sickness.

In the other havens of rest quite a number of women, prematurely worn out with the hard struggle of making ends meet and failing after a plucky struggle against ill-health and unemployment, are not in receipt of any pension and are entirely dependent on the Army for everything.

Lt.-Col. Emily Turner fondly hopes that the day may soon come when she can admit into the homes all who appeal for shelter and food, but until Christian people in sympathy with those who have not been blessed so materially as themselves, have been worsted in life's battle and stranded helpless, poverty-stricken, and lonely, realize their responsibilities and fill the coffers with evidences of metallic sympathy, then she must refuse many a pathetic case.

If sons and daughters, in memory of dearly loved parents who have passed to the Home Above, would endow rooms, it would prove a beautiful memorial of those "not lost but gone before."

Those who cannot give money may help in various ways by sending gifts of clothing for both men and women, blankets and household furnishings, food, magazines, books and papers, either to Commandant Oliver, Rosemead, Southborough, Kent, or to Lt.-Col. Emily Turner, 280, Mare Street, Hackney, E.S.

The Personal Touch

During these summer months, when my work is not quite so strenuous as later on in the season, I have been privileged to make

THE QUIVER

the acquaintance of several Helpers and invalids, and as time and opportunity allow I hope to go on doing so, for there is no doubt that the personal touch means a great deal, and with a more intimate knowledge of the various needs of those requiring assistance, I may be the better able to lend a helping hand.

In diverse ways and from the strangest quarters Helpers bring the claims of poor, "shut-in ones" under my notice, as well as friends. One of the latter was stretching a point and paying a nurse for an elderly woman who had been brilliantly clever, rendered excellent service during the war, and spoke half a dozen languages. Illness and financial disaster had overtaken her, and she was quite helpless and alone in a little house in the country. My friend had arranged that she should be taken to a nursing home in London, but the problem was how to get her moved comfortably. An ambulance was finally obtained, but there was no one to accompany the poor invalid on the long journey and settle her among strangers. A timely gift from the SOS Fund provided a kindly nurse, whose help and presence were immensely appreciated by the invalid, who is now in rather easier circumstances and in more congenial surroundings.

Wants and Wishes

One invalid whom I visited, an ex-governess in much weakness, sickness and pain, unable to walk or stand, with increasing expenses and a vanishing and wholly inadequate income, is in need of a warm rest- or dressing-gown, which will slip on without trouble, and also a pair of slippers with low heels, No. 4's.

Baby clothes are urgently required by an expectant mother. Clothes and boots or shoes are much in demand for several families.

A deaf and dumb woman in a country place near Derby would be grateful for any mending or plain needlework, which she would do very cheaply in order to earn a little money, as she is in distressed circumstances.

Christmas Gifts

Miss W. W. asks me to state that she will be pleased to send on approval parcels of ratha and cane work, etc., suitable for

Christmas gifts from 6d. upwards to anyone who is interested.

Miss E. S. writes that she is very, very grateful for the money sent her by kind Helpers and readers, and that she is in hopes that next year she will do quite well with her canaries.

Gifts of Clothing, Books and Letters, etc.

Will the following please accept my best thanks for the above?

Miss Tapley, Mrs. H. King, Miss Garratt, Miss McAdam, Mr. J. McClellan, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Mills, Miss Pike, Mrs. Latham, Mrs. Kyle, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Whitaker, Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. Langley, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Newland, Mrs. Hargreaves, Miss Fox, Mrs. McOustra, Mrs. Laird, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Tylecote, Miss Pye, Mrs. Kirkwood, Mrs. Sanders, Miss Mel drum, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Hill, Miss Clough, Miss Rooker, Mrs. E. S., Miss E. Shirley, "Sincere Sympathiser," Southport, Anon., a pair of shoes, etc. etc.

SOS Fund.—Mrs. C. W. Parkes, £1; "T. E.," 10s.; Miss Mary Richards, 2s. 6d.; Miss M. I. Hawkins, £2; "H. A.," £1; M. S. Richmond, 2s. 6d.; "R. S. C.," 5s.; "M. B. H.," £1; Mrs. Malcolm McNeill, £3; A Well-Wisher, 5s.; A Loving Heart, 10s.; Miss E. H. Lowther, £2 2s.; Miss K. Richardson, 10s.; Mrs. L. Cowdery, 10s.; A. M. C. Smith, £5; A Grateful Woman, £5; P. A. Fletcher, £1 1s.; H. A. Butler, £1; Anon Donors, £1; A South Shields Reader, 2s. 6d.

Children's Country Holiday Fund.—Miss E. M. Wood, £1 8s.; "R. I. M.," £1 10s.; "T. E.," £1 10s.; Misses A. and N. S. Scott, £2; A Well-Wisher, 10s.; "E. M. N.," 5s.; Mrs. A. G. Hill, £1 8s.; "E. F. H.," 5s.; "C.," £1; M. Smith, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Mogg, £2; "M. B. H.," £1.

Waifs and Strays.—"T. E.," 5s.

Church Army.—P. A. Fletcher, £1 1s.

British Home for Unfortunates. Anon., 5s.; "Arethusa," 10s.

St. John's Hospital.—"T. E.," 10s.

Dr. Barnardo's.—"T. E.," 5s.; P. A. Fletcher, £1 1s.; A South Shields Reader, 5s.

Reedham Orphanage.—P. A. Fletcher, £1 1s.
British and Foreign Sailors Society.—Miss A. McClelland, £3 3s.; Two Readers, £2; Anon Donors, £1.

It would be a great help to me if those applying for addresses would kindly enclose a stamped envelope, and if, when they do send articles of clothing, etc., they would give their name and address to the recipients, as it is often a real source of trouble that they cannot return thanks personally for the favours received.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN GREIG SOUTER.

For
Ideal Autumn Holidays
go to the
Ocean Coast

The Autumn Holiday Maker needs a
climate where chill is ABSENT from
the EVENING AIR

The Ocean Coast enjoys such a climate

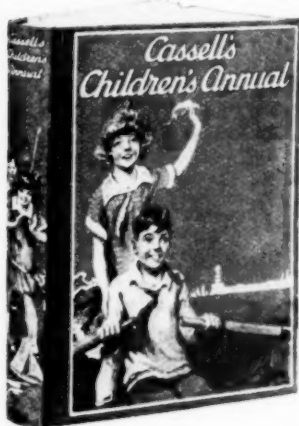


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Services, Fares, etc., obtainable at G.W.R. Stations
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Beautifully produced, this old favourite is a perfect feast of colour. In addition to the handsome coloured plates there are many pages in which different colour combinations have been used with charming effect.

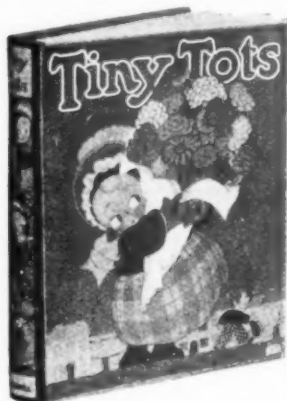
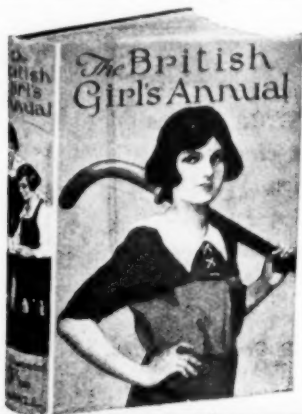
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Joys that last all the year round

Cassell's

Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—One of the most interesting developments of modern life, and one which strikes the attention of anyone, and particularly any woman who returns to England after a lapse of some years, is the serious way in which we are at last trying to solve the problem of keeping our homes clean and comfortable without being slaves to drudgery.

A few years ago the British housewife was too prone to look at any labour-saving device with a good deal of suspicion. If the mistress were inclined towards any innovation in method or equipment she found herself "up against" the conservatism of her servants. Since the war, however, domestic help has been so scarce that the housewife has learnt to turn her own hand to practically every household task.

When one does a task oneself one quickly realizes its particular difficulty, and also what apparatus or equipment is likely to make the work less onerous. Thus in the new houses that are springing up in such numbers up and down the country one never sees the inconvenient planning and absence of facilities for keeping the house clean and comfortable that were such serious defects in many an old-time house.

The feminine influence makes itself felt in the demand for a really well-arranged kitchen. The kitchen is the housewife's workshop, and her very natural demand is for a place where she can prepare and cook meals in comfort and where the surroundings are in themselves so pleasant that the burden of the work is much lightened by an attractive environment.

One of the signs of progress is that we no longer think that dark walls and dark paint are most suited to a kitchen "because they do not show the dirt"! A more enlightened view is that washable materials in light colours make the kitchen more cheerful. The old-fashioned flagged floor is replaced by a floor-covering in patterns closely simulating tiles, but soft and resilient to the feet and kept clean by a rub with a cloth.

At one time backache was regarded as an almost inevitable sequence of culinary effort. The newest gas cookers, however, are raised to eye-level with oven and hot plate side by side, so that stooping is entirely eliminated. The idea that fatigue must be incurred by many steps between kitchen and larder is dispelled by the use of an up-to-date kitchen cabinet with closed doors, preferably of glass, behind which are kept the utensils and ingredients for an ordinary meal.

Thus by intelligent use of up-to-date equip-

ment the modern housewife finds she is gradually becoming more independent and that she would prefer to do the work efficiently herself with its timely aid rather than depend on unskilled and undependable hired help.

Ever yours,

PAMELA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.

INFORMATION REQUIRED. Monique (Yarm-on-Tees).—I am not quite clear exactly what you want to know, but I imagine that you could get useful information by writing to the medical school attached to any large London hospital.

AN ECONOMY HINT. Leila (Edgbaston).—Your letter interested me very much, and I think you are a very fortunate girl to be engaged on such very interesting work. It is certainly a pity that the remuneration is so small, but, as you point out, it is progressive, and in a few years' time your income will not be so circumscribed. You seem to have apportioned the sum you set aside for dress very well, but I note that you mention certain articles of attire as if you had to buy them each year. Now I should think that a mackintosh, a dressing-gown, and an umbrella were purchases you would only need to make once in every two or three years. With regard to the umbrella question, I can make a very practical suggestion, and that is this. Instead of buying a new umbrella when your old one looks a little shabby, just wrap it up carefully and dispatch it to Messrs. Stanworth and Co., Northern Umbrella Works, Blackburn, together with a P.O. for 7s. 6d. To your surprise and delight the old umbrella will come back by return just as good as new. I feel sure this will interest you and enable you to economize very satisfactorily.

OLD EXAMINATION PAPERS. Governess (Stirling).—Your idea is admirable, for it is not easy to judge whether the children are advanced or not up to the average without such a test. However, at such an early age you would not find a public examination suitable. You can, I believe, buy cards of test questions for children of various ages, and it might be worth your while to make inquiries at the leading booksellers in your town.

RELIABLE UNDERWEAR. Martha B. (Exeter).—With the approach of colder weather it is most

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important to overhaul one's wardrobe and make sure that the underwear available is warm enough and in good condition. When you lay in your new supplies for this winter I can confidently recommend to you Atheenic Scotch woven underwear. You can obtain this from Atheenic Mills, Hawick, Scotland, and you will find it most warm and comfortable, and also very hard-wearing. This is an important point, for although we all feel the need of wearing warm underwear we cannot all conveniently renew it frequently.

A CURIOUS EPISTLE. Dodo (Ramsgate).—Personally I think you were quite right not to answer the letter. It was certainly very curiously worded and not really very polite, so you were well advised by your friend to consign it to the flames!

A SATISFACTORY OUTFIT. Lancelot (Portsmouth).—As you are so soon going abroad and may be stationed where it is not easy to buy new clothes, you must be careful to start with a good supply. I can confidently recommend Luvisca for its delightful appearance, and also for its admirable wearing properties. You can get it by the yard and also in garments ready to wear. It looks like silk, but, unlike silk, is very durable, and also it is much cheaper than silk. You might write to the manufacturers, Messrs. Couttauld, Ltd. (Dept. 83), 19, Aldermanbury, E.C.2, and ask for an illustrated book-let and also for the name of your nearest dealer.

FOR THE TERTH. Iris (Middlesbrough).—Yes, you can certainly use salt occasionally, but it must be of the finer kind used for the table, not the coarsely crystalline variety used in cooking. Moisten your brush and dip it in the salt and then rub the teeth well with it. This makes the teeth wonderfully clean and has a beneficial effect upon the gums too. Rinse your mouth well afterwards, and repeat the treatment once or twice a week if you wish.

FOR THE SAKE OF HYGIENE. Petiwinkle (Huddersfield).—I do not think you are in the least fussy. In fact, in my opinion most people are not particular enough in these matters. It is most sensible to train your children to always wash their hands before each meal, and you cannot do better than invariably let them use Lifebuoy Soap. This soap is so scientifically prepared that it really does confer perfect cleanliness. The real danger of dirt lies in the disease germs which lurk in it. When children are taught from their earliest days to be particular in these matters it is a great step in advance, and certainly aids the prevention of epidemics.

CHOICE OF COLOURS. Daphne (Redhill).—I quite agree with you that nowadays the woman past her first youth has a better chance than she had years ago of making herself look attractive. The great improvement in processes of dyeing fabrics has caused the disappearance of those crude colours that are unbecoming except to extreme youth. Nowadays there is a wide choice of soft and neutral tones, pastel shades, etc., that do not rob their wearer of colour, and that bring out the natural tints of skin and hair.

Years ago an elderly woman who had worn blues with success for years was obliged, if she wished to wear blue, to take her choice between deep shades of navy and royal and paler shades of sky and saxe blue. Now there are a countless number of intermediate shades, some merging towards lavender, others towards grey, and yet others towards mauve and pink.

AN INSTRUCTIVE HONEY. Michaelis (Doncaster).—As your son is evidently very handy and likes to do little repairs about the house, you should certainly encourage his taste for carpentry, soldering, etc. You might well give him a Fluxite soldering set, which only costs 7s. 6d., complete, and includes a special "small-space" soldering-iron with a non-heating metal handle, a pocket blow-lamp, Fluxite, solder, etc., and full instructions. Such a gift will be most acceptable to him, and you will find that he will not only be happy for hours with it, but also do all manner of little repairs about the house, to his cycle, etc., and thus save the expense of calling in outside help. You might write for further particulars from Fluxite, Ltd. (Dept. 226), West Lane Works, Rotherhithe, S.E.16.

FOR THE HANDS. Doreen (Oswestry).—I am sorry you have let your hands get into such a neglected state, for, of course, it will take time to get them right again. Although as a general rule it is best not to wear gloves at night, you had better do so for a week or two, smearing the hands plentifully with cold cream first. When you are engaged in housework wear a loose-fitting pair of rather thick gloves. This is a great protection to the hands, and when you are doing work such as washing-up, which to some extent necessitates putting the hands into water, wear rubber gloves into which you have shaken a little french chalk. If, in spite of care, your hands get stained, take a slice of lemon, dip it in salt and rub the stains with it. Then rinse well and wash the hands in the ordinary way.

A PROGRESSIVE FIRM. Laura M. (Handsworth).—I was interested in your letter telling me you had lately been visiting friends at Selly Oak, which is, of course, quite near Bournville, where Messrs. Cadbury Bros., of chocolate fame, have their great factories. You must have been very interested to see the new Day Continuation School which this firm has lately erected for the education of their employees. The usefulness of these education buildings is revealed by the figures for 1925, which indicate that about 2,400 girls and boys attended these schools. The new buildings, which occupy a central position in the village, are very up to date and well equipped. For the boys there are workshops, laboratories, etc., and for the girls a room where cookery and allied domestic subjects are taught. There is also a large music room, a library, gymnastic apparatus, and other useful equipment. The value of education and training is thus fully appreciated, and Messrs. Cadbury Bros. are to be congratulated on their progressive views for the education of their employees.

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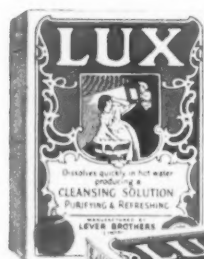


the wonder of that first step!

The wonder of that triumphant little stagger which is baby's first step! It's all the repayment that any mother asks for in return for the care she has given so freely.

Only a mother knows just how much washing there is in keeping baby happy and comfortable. That is why the Lux way makes it so much easier. It washes baby clothes quickly, keeps them soft and unshrunk, so that tender skins are never irritated.

The little garments last longer, for Lux cleanses gently—there is less mending to do. Lux guarantees the safety of all your treasured and dainty fabrics. You must not risk making the baby clothes harsh, thereby perhaps causing serious chafing, beside roughening your hands. Don't accept substitutes for Lux—so-called 'cheap' loose flakes masquerading as Lux. Lux costs a little more than soap but saves its cost many times over. Economise by buying Lux in the big new 10d packet. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.



LUX

Only in cartons

Not coddled but cared for

*Mother—
the health doctor*



Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton, 6d



**Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH**



S SMALL boys have a horror of being coddled. They like to imitate their older companions' independence of girlish nonsense, to feel that they are men and can take care of themselves. Mother, the health doctor, encourages this youthful pride. Knowing it is good for their characters, she lets them believe they are quite capable of doing without her.

The soap that Daddy uses
Her greatest care for them is her deliberate choice of Lifebuoy Soap, the jolly stuff which they like to use because Dad always washes with it. It is a good, manly soap; it makes them puff out their chests with a glowing sensation of fitness, which is joy to their sturdy natures. They love the healthy smell—so refresh-

ing at the moment, so quickly gone. The odour vanishes, but the protection remains. Quietly in the background, mother, the health doctor, helps them to form the Lifebuoy habit.

Mother knows

She can't expect them to take the germs very seriously, to shun a fellow who's a good footballer simply because he's not as clean as they.

Mother won't ask the impossible, but she'll see to it that the cake of Lifebuoy is always at hand to render her boys immune from the dangers which surround them when they are outside her supervision.

She knows that Lifebuoy cleanliness is the arch-enemy of disease. Rely on Lifebuoy. Put a cake of Lifebuoy in every place in the house where hands are washed, to be used by everybody—old and young.

Buy it in the new pack. Two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

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